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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España, sacada de varios Manuscritos y Memorias Arabigas.* Por el Doctor Don José Antonio Conde, del Gremio y Claustro de la Universidad de Alcala; Individuo de numero de la Academia Española, y de la de la Historia, su Anticuario y Bibliotecario; de la Sociedad Matritense; y Corresponsal de la Academia de Berlin. Madrid. 1820-1. 3 tom. 4to.

2. *Histoire de la Domination des Arabes et des Maures en Espagne et en Portugal, depuis l'Invasion de ces Peuples jusqu' à leur Expulsion définitive; redigée sur l'Histoire traduite de l'Arabe en Espagnol, de M. Joseph Conde, Membre de plusieurs Sociétés savantes, Bibliothecaire de l'Escurial, de l'Academie d'Histoire, &c.* Par M. de Marlès. Paris. 1825. 3 tom. 8vo.

IT was one among the many odd speculations of Major Jardine, who obtained considerable reputation some forty years ago by his *Letters from Barbary and Spain*, that the peculiar excellencies of the Spaniards were to be accounted for by the great mixture of races which in the course of so many revolutions has been effected in that nation. The theory might afford matter for a discussion in which many curious physiological facts might be adduced, but which could lead to no conclusion. It is, however, remarkable that purity of blood should have been so scrupulously regarded in a country where the intermixture, beyond all doubt, has been greater than in any other part of Christendom. There is the old Iberian stock, derived we know not whence, for no affinity to any other tongue has yet been discovered in the Basque language: Kelts, Carthaginians, and Romans succeeded; and then a swarm of Gothic nations possessed the peninsula for three centuries. In addition to all these varieties, the Greeks long maintained their dominion upon the coast; and there was from early times a large infusion of Jewish blood—the only ingredient of which “the most Catholic” nation is ashamed; though of all pedigrees, that which ascends to Abraham might properly be esteemed the proudest.

Then came the Mahommedan conquest; under that appellation men of many countries were included—

“ Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
Persian, and Copt, and Tatar.”

The after-influx was mostly from Africa, and for the greater part was drawn from the Berber tribes, who were probably, as they considered themselves to be, of Arabian origin, but with a Numidian, and perhaps an Egyptian and a Punic cross. The Moors remained nine hundred years in Spain, and though difference of religion rendered any approach toward such an union as should have formed the Christians and Mahommedans into one people impossible, a very considerable intermixture took place, at first in favour of the Moors, latterly of the Spaniards, when they in their turn obtained the ascendancy. The Roman and Gothic conquests have produced most effect upon the language and institutions of the people: the Moors have left the noblest remains, and in the south of Spain the manners and physical characteristics of the inhabitants to this day bear traces of their Moorish descent. Of this the French often reminded them in times when the rivalry between the two nations was at its height. Thus Ronsard speaks of

“ *l'escadron ardent*
Des peuples bazanés, mi-Mores d'Occident ;”

and in the Satire Menippée the same appellation is given them in bitterness, as if it conveyed a national and stinging reproach.

Yet Spain may regard the Moorish ages of its history with pride, in whatever light they are considered. Except the expulsion of the Moriscoes, (which is the most extensive and dreadful act of remorseless policy that has ever been carried into effect in modern times, and by a Christian people,) there is nothing in this whole portion of its annals but what is honourable to the Spanish character. It comprizes the heroic ages of Spain; the romance, the chivalry, the poetry of Spanish history begin and end with it. Hitherto we have only received it as represented by the Spanish historians, except in the brief, but curious and authentic work of M. Cardonne, which he composed from Arabic materials. The deficiency would now have been well supplied, if the author of the work before us had lived to prepare the whole of his papers for the press; and, imperfect as he has left them, they form a most important addition to the historical literature of his own country.

Don José Antonio Conde was born at Peraleja, in the province of Cuenca, and educated at Alcalá. He was intended for the legal profession; but loving literature for its own sake, and

having from an early age applied himself to the oriental languages, he obtained an appointment in the Royal Library at Madrid, and was thus fixed in the very situation where he could be most usefully and most happily employed. His first publication consists of translations from Anacreon and Theocritus—a juvenile production, which was well received. His second was a version of that part of Edrisi the Nubian's Geography which relates to Spain: the Arabic text was published with it, and he added notes, which, according to M. Silvestre de Sacy, are of little value.. He was, however, a diligent student, who neither mistook the nature of his own talents, nor overrated them, but was contented to be one of the pioneers of literature. His merits were properly appreciated, and the Academy of History appointed him their Antiquary and Librarian; but the even tenor of his life was interrupted by Buonaparte's usurpation of Spain. A few men of letters (to the honour of letters and of the Spanish character they were but few) took what they supposed to be the strongest side, and acknowledged the intrusive government. Conde was one of that unworthy number, and he accepted, under the Intruder Joseph, the appointment of *Archivista*, or Keeper of the Records for the Home Department. Consequently he found it necessary to fly when the French were driven from Madrid, and the battle of Victoria made him an exile. He took shelter in France, and remained there in retirement till the year 1817, when he was permitted to return into his own country. The indulgence of the government was not extended further, and therefore he was not restored to his office in the Royal Library; but the Academy of History replaced him on their list of members, and reappointed him their Antiquary. A proper distinction was made here; the government could bestow nothing more than forgiveness upon one who had given his assent and consent to a foreign usurpation, but it did not interfere with the proceedings of the Academy, which, as a literary body, took no cognizance of political offences. In Conde's case the offence proceeded wholly from moral weakness; he was one of those men whose minds are too much occupied by their favourite pursuits to have any room for ambition, or for avarice. In 1820 he published the first volume of his Moorish History—the great object to which he had devoted his life; he died before the second was prepared for the press; in its rough state, however, he had brought the work down to the conquest of Granada, which terminates the history of the Moorish dominion, but not alas! of the Moors in Spain. His unpublished papers consist of a translation of the Canticles, with notes, which are said to display much erudition; and a collection of Arabic poems, with

Spanish versions, and a dissertation upon the effect which the Arabian has produced upon the Spanish poetry. His library was sold in London: it was singularly rich in manuscripts, and in the rarest Spanish books.

If the author were living, it would become us rather to thank him for what he has performed in this valuable work, than to censure the plan upon which he proceeded. He has contented himself with compiling a narrative from certain Moorish historians, presenting, he says, almost always a faithful translation of their own words, in order that the reader may better understand their genius and style. His book, he tells us, is to be considered by the Spaniards as the reverse of their own histories, for as the Spanish writers say little or nothing of the Moorish dynasties, he in like manner disregards the affairs of Castille and Leon. Without attempting to reconcile the relations of the different parties, or even to compare them, he gives the story simply as the Moors gave it, and even presents the names of places and persons as they are disfigured and disguised by the Moorish pronunciation. The notes are few and unimportant; and the only assistance which he has afforded the reader, is that of inserting the Christian date of the year in the margin, when the year of the Hegira is mentioned in the text. It is indeed evident that Conde, whose mind was neither strong nor capacious, had grown enamoured of his subject, insomuch that his intellectual habits were more Moorish than Castillian. He preferred an Arabic word in many cases where his mother tongue might have supplied one precisely equivalent, and he attributed to the Arabic a far greater share in the structure of the Spanish language than belongs to it. That rich tongue, he says, is so much indebted to the Arabic, not in its vocabulary alone, but for its idioms, phrases, and metaphorical expressions, that it may be considered in this respect as a mixed or corrupted Arabic dialect. And he asserts, that some of the oldest Castillian works, the *Coronica General* for example, are written in the Arabic syntax, and that were it not for the mere sound of the words, they might be taken for books elegantly composed in that language—"no las falta sino el sonido material de las palabras para tenerlas por obras escritas en muy propia lengua Arabe." He seems, indeed, to have been so intent upon his favourite pursuit, that he thought and dreamt in Arabic; and he acknowledges that he had neither a full knowledge or command of his own language.

In all this the writer's predilection is manifest; for of the component parts of the Spanish language, the Arabic holds only the third place, and that at a long interval, even if the third be

allowed it. The basis of the tongue is Latin. The Gothic king, Athaulfus, wished to make the conquered people acquire the speech of their conquerors, and lay aside their own for it; but though this was a favourite object of his ambition, he found it beyond his power. The proportion of Teutonic words greatly exceeds those which are of Moorish extraction. The Portuguese have a dictionary of all the words in their language derived from the Arabic; they are comprized in 160 small quarto pages, and certainly do not amount to 1500: the list might be extended; but if all the Moorish words which are preserved throughout the peninsula were collected, including even such as have become obsolete, they would not form a fiftieth part of the vocabulary. A Portuguese of great learning, the late Desembargador Antonio Ribeiro dos Santos, was of opinion that the proportion of Basque roots was greater—a result of his inquiries which could not have been expected in that part of the peninsula. It is probable that the words of Keltic extraction are quite as numerous. With regard to the Arabian character of style which Señor Conde ascribes to the early Spanish chronicles, there is in those chronicles a remarkable resemblance to what in a country where (thank Heaven!) the Bible is in the hands of the people, we may call scriptural language; indeed a faithful translation of those chronicles necessarily falls into the manner and phraseology of our Bible in its historical parts. At first this might appear to confirm Conde's assertion, that the general construction of the Spanish is derived from the Arabic; but the true solution is, that barbarous, or semi-barbarous, history has a character of its own, which is the same in all countries, except where some great corruption of taste has become national, as in some parts of the east. The subject-matter is the same wherever war has been considered as the great business of life, and the noblest employment of men; where there is this similarity of circumstances, a scanty vocabulary, and a simple straight-forward manner of expressing clearly what is strongly felt, occasions the resemblance of style. The difference arises wholly from allusions to local images and customs.

The French translator, M. De Marlès, has supplied the chasms in the original, by inserting throughout the work, a brief account of contemporary events in the Christian kingdoms of Spain; he has judiciously used the proper, or rather the French names of those places which Señor Conde has left his reader to discover, if he can, in their Moorish disguise; and he has prefixed a convenient chronological table. A good book has thus been rendered more generally accessible, and more agreeable for those who can be satisfied without much research. The most noticeable error occurs in the title-page, where he has made Señor

Conde Librarian of the Escorial, not knowing that what is called the Royal Library is a separate collection at Madrid.

The Spanish writer gives a brief account of the manuscripts which he has followed. There is one of which it is to be wished he had made more use; it is the work of Abdala Aly ben Abderahman ben Huzeil de Granada, upon the sacred wars against the Christians, and the art of war in all its branches, as practised in those times by the Moors. The manuscript is of considerable antiquity, and very curious, Señor Conde says, as relating to the manners and customs of the Spanish Moors. A translation of this is greatly to be desired. If it be as good in its kind as a similar work upon the Spanish art of war in America, by Captain Bernardo de Vargas Machuca, it would be one of the most valuable additions that could be made to our historical knowledge of Spain. No references are given in the course of the work; in one point of view the omission is of less consequence than if the history had been compiled from materials more generally intelligible and more accessible; but in another it is of more: for though few persons have acquired the knowledge necessary for consulting his authorities, and few of those who are so qualified could have the opportunity, the difficulty of referring to any particular fact is very much greater than it would be in printed books, or in any European language.

Señor Conde has also noticed in his preface certain works, in which information upon the subject of his history might be sought for and not found. He speaks of the Arabic authors published by Selden, Pocock, Erpenius, Golius, Schultens, and Reische, as containing very little that relates to Spain. There is little in Elmacin, but more than in any other of those authors. Cardonne is here said to have had no other authorities than those which the Archbishop Don Rodrigo has used in his history, except what is found in D'Herbelot; and to have followed, without any exercise of his judgment, the Spanish relations of miracles and heroic exploits, upon which the Moorish writers are altogether silent. This passage would not have been suffered to appear if Señor Conde's manuscript had been submitted to the censure of the Holy Office. With regard to the miracles at which he hints, there can be but one opinion any where, except among the apostolicals of Spain; but concerning the celebrated victories of the Spaniards, exaggerated as they may have been, no conclusion against them could fairly be inferred from the silence of the Moorish writers, even if those writers had been more exact and copious in their narration than they professed to be. In the official accounts published by Buonaparte's government during the war in Spain, some of our victories were never noticed, and

others were claimed for the defeated party. And in a sketch of Irish affairs during the reign of Charles I. by an Irish friar, there is no mention of the Massacre;—Father Harold, though hearty in the cause, was humane enough to have some misgivings concerning that part of the tragedy, and therefore he passed over it in silence.

Casiri, whose extracts from the Escorial manuscripts were published in a splendid form, is censured by Señor Conde as a hasty, superficial, and inexact writer, and the unfavourable opinion is ratified by M. Silvestre de Sacy. There are two English works of modern date which would have been noticed in his preface if they had been known to the author. Bourke's *Concise History of the Moors in Spain* is one; a quarto volume, compiled with the least possible knowledge of the subject, and without any merit of any kind. The other is Major David Price's *Chronological Retrospect of the principal events of Mahomedan History, from the death of the Arabian Legislator to the accession of the Emperor Akbar, and the establishment of the Moghul Empire in Hindustan, from original Persian authorities.* This, which was printed at Brecknock, (1812-20,) in four quarto volumes, is the most extensive historical compilation that has as yet been made from Oriental materials, and a most interesting and valuable work it is; but except an incidental notice of the conquest of Spain, it contains nothing relating to that country.

Señor Conde has observed, that the Moorish writers were as ignorant of Spanish history, as the Spanish historians were of theirs; but in this he is unjust to his countrymen, for they were much more so, and the cause for it is apparent. During the height of their power, the Moors scarcely bestowed a thought upon the Spaniards; they regarded them as a handful of barbarians, who had taken shelter in the most inaccessible and worst part of the Peninsula, and were allowed to remain there in independence, because nothing was to be gained by subduing them; but the conquerors appeared to the Spaniards what they really were, a great and formidable enemy, upon whom no length of time could ever confer any legitimate right to the land which they had invaded, and from whom it was an hereditary and sacred duty for them to recover their country. The Spanish accounts for the three first centuries after the conquest are indeed of the most meagre kind, being little more than bare chronological notices; but the collateral materials are copious, and there is no country in which such materials have been consulted with more diligence than in Spain. Inscriptions, coins, monuments, deeds, charters have been investigated with great sagacity and consummate erudition; and if national pride and national superstition have too lightly

accredited popular tales, and sometimes given implicit belief to the impudent fabrications of interested priests and lying monks, there are Spanish historians and antiquaries who have manifested the greatest critical acuteness, and the soundest judgement, when their minds were not biassed by prepossessions, which they would have thought it impious to doubt, and which it might actually have been dangerous for them to have called in question. Florez is an example of this, one of those quiet and happy-minded men, who, by their patient and useful literary labours, have made some amends to society for the evil connected with the continuance of the monastic orders. Ambrosio de Morales is an earlier and more illustrious instance. He was the Leland of Spain, but happier in this respect than Leland, that he lived to make use of the materials which he collected, and brought down the history of his native country from the earliest times, to the middle of the eleventh century, with a fidelity and industry which have never been surpassed.

The portrait of Ambrosio de Morales, (first published by Florez with his *Viage Santo*, and afterwards prefixed to the collective edition of his works,) is one of the most characteristic that has ever been engraved. It represents him in his priest's dress, with a pen in his hand, and spectacles astride his ear; the head, which is perfectly bald, inclined a little on one side, and the eyes raised with an air of anxious thoughtfulness; but the intellectual is less remarkable than the physical expression, "*porque en su fisonomia se conservan vestigios nada equivococos del defecto que padecia Morales, y en que le habia hecho caer su excesivo y considerado zelo en conservar la pureza virginal.*" These are the words of his last editor. Morales had been a fanatic in his youth. He was educated for the clerical profession, and at the age of nineteen entered the Jeronimite Order. Having incurred an obligation which is opposed to the intention of nature, and consequently cannot have been enjoined by the revealed will of the Creator; he rendered it impossible for him to break his vow, by a desperate act of madness, which would have qualified him for a priest of Cybele, had he lived under a pagan instead of Papal superstition. This was early enough in life for the effects to be strongly marked in his countenance; the change produced in his moral and intellectual nature was from burning fanaticism to a sober but earnest bigotry. The pleasure which as a special devotee of St. Dominic (whom of all saints in the calendar he had chosen as his favourite), he might else have taken in making new martyrs, was innocently derived from hunting out the relics of old ones, visiting their shrines, restoring their worship, and investigating with pious zeal their history, legendary or real. Such

researches were connected with his pursuits as Royal Chronicler to Philip II.; and that king sent him through Leon, Galicia, and Asturias, to examine the state of the relics, archives, libraries, and royal monuments in those provinces. There is perhaps no other historian whose personal character is so distinctly and yet so naturally developed in his works, and this gives them a peculiar interest. You smile at his credulity, you wonder at his weakness, and sometimes pity his prostration of mind; but you become acquainted with Morales, and like him at last the better for foibles which individualize him, detract nothing from his real worth, and even afford the most complete evidence of his scrupulous veracity. Whenever such a history of Spain shall be composed, as may leave no wish of the judicious reader unsatisfied, the author of that history will be more indebted to Morales than to any other of his predecessors.

The order which he pursued was that of the kings of Castille and Leon, in which kingdoms the other principalities and monarchies of the peninsula, had in his days, been all absorbed. A general history of Spain, in which the different kingdoms are separately treated, was composed by his contemporary, Estevan de Garibay y Zamalloa. It has been erroneously said that, Garibay as well as Mariana, was much beholden to Morales,—for Garibay's work was published first; they had both pursued the same course of research, among the archives, and the deeds and charters of the monasteries; and subsequent writers, as well as Morales himself, have borne testimony to the diligence with which Garibay consulted these documents, and the fidelity with which he has used them. There is a curious instance of simplicity in the dedication of his labours to Philip II. He, who with unweariable industry had written four large and full folios, could not conceive that any person should think it an arduous undertaking to read them; and therefore with the confidence of a simple heart, he requests the king to bestow some portion of the little leisure which his great and numerous affairs allowed, in the perusal of this history; or at least, that he would be pleased to look at it in those intervals of business when he called for a book.*

Though the struggle with the Moors forms the principal matter of Spanish history, from the conquest down to the age of

* “*Esto pues suplico a V. Magestad, que algunos ratos de los pocos, que de tanta copia y excesivo numero de negocios continuos le restaren, quiera hazer me mercedes, en leer esta Chronica, recibienndola con la Real benignidad que de V. M. espero: a la menos la quiera ver en aquellos pocos espacios, quando por mayor y mejor expedicion de negocios trasladandose a algunas partes no remotas de su Real casa y corte, y pede V. M. concluydos los negocios, le den algun libro, y a vezes qualquiera que mas a mano se hallare, como me consta de relaciones de criados suyos, fide dignos.*”

Ferdinand and Isabella, Garibay nevertheless has treated of the Moorish transactions in a separate portion of his work. Neither he nor Morales had any knowledge of Arabic. The Moorish part of their materials therefore was wholly derived from the Archbishop Rodrigo, and from an early translation of Rasis. In the next generation a chronicle of the Moors in Spain was published by Fr. Jayme Bleda, one of the fiercest bigots that ever inculcated from the press and the pulpit the duty of persecution. He claimed the merit of having exerted himself with greater zeal and success than any other person, in bringing about the expulsion of the Moriscoes; and the large portion of his work which relates to that dreadful measure, is truly valuable; in the other parts he has either followed his predecessors, or adopted in preference the fabrications of Miguel de Luna. For though Bleda was stationed for some years among the Moriscoes, to forward their conversion, it does not appear that his knowledge of their language extended beyond some acquaintance with the mixed speech which he could not help acquiring, and which at that time was more Spanish than Arabic; and if he made any search for their books, it would have been only for the purpose of destroying them as heretical and impious. Of the other writers who have undertaken a general history of Spain, Mariana contented himself with presenting in a popular form, the materials which he found in Morales, Garibay, the chronicles, and the provincial histories. Ferreras was a more laborious and critical writer; but he also was unacquainted with Arabic. The importance of that language in all historical researches concerning the chivalrous age of Spain was strangely overlooked by all the Spanish historians, from the time of Archbishop Rodrigo Ximenes, till Señor Conde made it the business of his life. Yet the Archbishop had led the way in which they ought to have trod; and another example was afforded them by Joam de Barros, who in his history of Portuguese Asia, made use both of Arabic and Persian authorities. It is likely that in composing his *Europa Portuguesa*, he had recourse to Moorish documents; but that work, with many others of this great man, has unfortunately been lost.

Señor Conde observes, that impartiality is of all requisites for an historian the most essential; it is however evident, in his preface, that during the long attention which he has bestowed upon this branch of Spanish history, the Moors have found favour in his eyes. He represents their conquest of Spain almost as a blessing to the conquered people. "The conditions which they imposed," he says, "were such, that the people felt them as a benefit instead of an oppression, and when they compared their

condition with what it previously had been, they thought themselves fortunate. The free exercise of their religion, the preservation of their churches, and the security of their persons, goods, and chattels, compensated for the submission and the tribute which the conquerors required." If this author had been asked in what respect the Wisigoths found the exercise of their religion more free, their places of worship better preserved, and their persons and property more secure under the Moors, than under their own kings and their own laws, he would have found it difficult to explain or justify the inconsiderate assertion. There were in Spain certain classes and certain parties, to whom the conquest afforded either relief, or, what to some of them was more gratifying, revenge. Among the latter were the members and partizans of a depressed dynasty, as also Count Julian and his friends, by which parties the invasion was invited and assisted. Among the former were the Arians, the Jews, who had been most inhumanly persecuted, and the slaves, who, if their condition may be estimated by the laws concerning them, were in a miserable state of helpless and unprotected servitude. But the great body of the people had no motive for desiring a change which brought to them no possible advantage. Neither was there anything in the manner or consequences of that change which might reconcile them to the loss of their privileges, and of their very name as a nation. They were free as well as independent under the Gothic kings, whose government was so little oppressive, where there was no mistaken principle of religion to render it so, that the Romanized inhabitants of Spain preferred their dominion to that of the Romans; a decisive fact, for which there is the contemporary authority of Orosius. But that the yoke of the Moors was not easy, nor their burthen light, appears (if new proof were needed) from Conde's own relation, where it is stated, that before the conquest, many African Christians migrated into Spain, rather than continue in Africa under the Mahomedans.

The Moors who entered Spain were in a very different state of civilization from that which their descendants attained in the splendid ages of Cordoba and Granada. With all the enthusiasm they retained much of the barbarity that characterized the first propagators of Islam, from whom, indeed, they were only in the second generation. But in their arms they are said, by Conde's Arabic authorities, to have had an advantage over the Wisigoths, which compensated, in the first battles, for their great inferiority in numbers. This is remarkable; for the Spanish sword, which the Romans had condescended to adopt, and which in early times was celebrated for its temper, might have been thought as efficient in action as the best scimitar of Damascus; and the ar-

mourer's craft is one, which, as it can never fall into disuse in war-like ages, is not likely to have partaken in the decline of the arts. Here, however, it is affirmed, that the main body of Roderick's army had no other defensive armour than the shield. The sling also is mentioned among their weapons; this is more likely to have been retained by the Spanish population, than introduced or adopted, either by the Romans, or by any of the northern nations. The account which Muza gave the Caliph of the people whom he had conquered, was, that they were lions in their strong holds, eagles on horseback, and women when in their ranks on foot; but that if they saw an opportunity, they knew how to profit by it, and when defeated, they were goats in flying to the mountains. Yet the Moorish writer describes the battle of Guadalete as being terrible as the day of judgment, and lasting three days, the furnace of the combat continuing to burn and rage from day-break till night. They had never, Muza said, made one of his standards retreat, and his Mussulmen had never hesitated to attack double their own number.

It was in that confidence that the invasion had been undertaken, for the Mahomedan armies as yet had gone on from victory to victory, conquering, and, as they believed, still to conquer. The Caliph, when he approved of the undertaking, said, that among the traditions which had been handed down to him from the Prophet, was a promise of the extension of his law into the farthest west, and its establishment by conquest in the uttermost parts of the earth. This was one of that class of prophecies which tend to bring about their own fulfilment; and if having thus fixed themselves in Europe, they had pursued their enterprize with undiminished ardour, there was nothing beyond the Pyrenees which could then have opposed a successful resistance. But the leaders were like Buonaparte's generals in the same country eleven centuries afterwards; they were jealous of each other: there was no agreement in their views, and the main object of each was to secure for himself as large a portion of the plunder as he could get together. Muza is represented as the most rapacious. He sent to Damascus a head which was said to be Roderick's, preserved in camphor; for the Moorish writer says, that Roderick was slain in the action by Tarik, with a spear, and observes, that such is the fate of kings who make themselves conspicuous in battle. And when Muza was recalled to Syria himself, he is said to have taken with him four hundred males of royal family from Spain, all wearing crowns of gold, and golden girdles. This has an air of fiction, like the story that in an apartment in the palace of Toledo they found the crowns of all the deceased kings, four and twenty in number, each adorned with precious stones, and inscribed with

the name of its former owner, the years of his reign, and of his age. Muza's own fate is one of those stories which might serve to point a moral in a school-boy's declamation. The riches which he had amassed in his conquests were seized by the Caliph, he was beaten, he was exposed in the sun, and finally thrown into prison, while orders were sent into Africa and Spain, for putting all his sons to death. And here we have an example of the morality which the Mahommedan religion inculcates. These orders were delivered to two commanders in Spain, they were both intimate friends of Muza, and of his son Abdalaziz, who was then governor of that country. They happened to be together when the despatches arrived, and the letters, it is said, fell from their hands, when they saw the fatal contents. "Is it possible," said one of them, "that the enmity and envy of Muza's rival can have been carried so far, and prove so successful as to procure this recompense for his services!" But they concluded in the true spirit of their false religion,—“God is good, and he enjoins us to obey the Caliph's commands.” In order, therefore, to bring about the destruction of Abdalaziz, which, because of his popularity, was an enterprise of considerable danger, they raised against him a false accusation that Roderick's queen, whom he had taken to wife, had perverted him from the faith, and that he favoured the Christians for the purpose of revolting against the Caliph, and obtaining the kingdom of Spain for himself. And by this artifice the soldiers were induced to execute the Caliph's order, and put him to death. His head was preserved with camphor, and sent in a precious casket to Damascus, when the Caliph, with Oriental inhumanity, uncovered it in Muza's presence, and asked him if he recognized the face! The father turned away his eyes and answered, “I know it well! the curse of God be upon him who has assassinated a better man than himself!” He was then permitted to go whither he would, and grief and indignation soon brought him to the grave.

This act of Mahommedan policy was far from strengthening the authority of the Caliphs in Spain. The Turkish writer, Ewlia, accounts, entirely to his own satisfaction, for the numberless mutinies and revolutions which have occurred in Constantinople, by the unfortunate position of the heavenly bodies when Constantine laid the foundation of his imperial city. The sun was in Cancer, therefore what but obliquity, and commotion, and insurrection, could be expected? Had Ewlia been asked to explain by what fatality it was that the same evils have continually disturbed the capitals of every Mahommedan government, he would have found some fanciful solution as satisfactory to himself, and quite as valid, rather than have looked for the real cause in the institutions

of a false religion, with which polygamy and despotism are inseparably connected. Polygamy makes the succession insecure, so that in the most regular governments of this kind, the sultan commences his reign as naturally by putting his score or two of brothers to death, as the queen bee commences hers by darting her sting into every cell that contains a princess-royal. Despotism takes away all security for life or property; but the irresponsible ruler is not more secure than the unprotected subject, and the effect of the system upon those who are armed with power, is to render them reckless and merciless while their authority lasts. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is the philosophy of a Mahommedan governor, though he may, perhaps, be sincere enough in his belief, to substitute some other mode of indulgence for drinking. A different result is produced upon the great body of the people, whose better fate it is to suffer injuries rather than to inflict them; they learn a habit of obedience; they acquire a passive fortitude which is not to be overcome, a spirit of resignation under all trials, which, though forced upon them, and made as it were a part of their nature by unhappy circumstances, partakes, nevertheless, of religion, whereon it rests, and in the perfect submission which it induces to the will of God, brings with it, we may be allowed to hope, a saving as well as a consoling virtue. There are parts of the world in which Islam has produced good, and nothing but good; this it has done in the interior of Africa, where it has reclaimed men or freed them from such horrors as are practised among the Giagas, the Ashantees, and the people of Dahomey. There are other parts in which it may be doubted whether the good or evil of its triumph has been greater, and some there are where the evil plainly and greatly preponderates; but every where this effect is found, this resignation to the will of Providence; and this is the redeeming part of the Mahommedan religion.

By the removal of Muza, and the murder of Abdalaziz his son, the Caliphs accelerated that sort of anarchy to which such governments uniformly tend, and to which Spain was then more liable than any other part of their dominion, being the most remote from the seat of empire, and divided from all other parts of the Mahommedan world by the sea. The conquerors were no longer kept together by old habits of respect or of attachment to the representative of a distant Caliph, and they arrayed themselves in factions according to their different countries, Syrians or Arabs, Egyptians or Moors: they did not yet proceed to hostilities against each other, but they plundered the Christians without mercy; and the unhappy Goths, who had submitted to the yoke, had reason to envy the condition of their braver brethren,

who maintained their independence in the Pyrenees, in Asturias, and in Galicia. An Emir was sent from Africa with an army of Mograbins, composed chiefly of men who were too mutinous to be safe subjects in their own country. He found that the best means of restoring subordination was to divide the land, and to settle the different nations, and even different tribes, in such parts of Spain as most resembled the land of their nativity. Spain has been blest with so many natural advantages, that the Moors delighted in comparing it with all the most fortunate parts of their known world : it was Syria, they said, in the beauty of its sky and the fertility of its soil; Yemen the happy, for its temperature; India for its flowers and aromatic plants; Hegiaz for its fruits and other produce; China for its precious mines; Adem for the utility which its coasts afforded. But even Spain had its favoured provinces, and there was a competition between the Syrians and Arabs for the country about Cordoba, which was terminated by the Emir's authority. In the compromise which he adjusted, Murcia was allotted to some of the Arabs, and the allotment brought to the proof that good faith of the conquerors which Señor Conde has unthinkingly extolled.

There was a Gothic baron, by name Theudemir, who made a brave stand against the invaders after the defeat and disappearance of Roderick. Voltaire, upon very insufficient grounds, has endeavoured to identify him with Pelayo; following in this, the Archbishop Pierre de Marca, who not only contrived to persuade himself that Theudemir's successor, Athanagild, is the same person as the first Alfonso; but endeavoured to persuade others, that Athanagild and Alphonso were the same name, because the last syllable of the former is found in Ildefonso. M. De Marlés supports Voltaire in this opinion. Had there been any thing more than a mere gratuitous supposition in its favour, the statement of the Arabian writers, whom Rodrigo Ximenes followed, and of those from whom Conde's materials are drawn, would be sufficient to disprove it: the scene of Theudemir's actions being there as distinctly placed in the south of Spain, as those of Pelayo are in the north, by all the Spanish historians. It may here be observed, that the stratagem which Theudemir is said to have practised at Orihuela, making the women disguise themselves as men, and mount the walls, and obtaining good terms by this false display of strength, is like the story of William Tell and the apple, a twice-told tale, borrowed from earlier Mahommedan history; Khaled, "the sword of the Lord," having been deceived by a similar artifice at Yemaumah, after the defeat and death of Mozeilama. This, however, is certain, that Theudemir succeeded in concluding with the Moors more favourable terms

than were accorded to those who submitted after less opposition; or opened their gates to the invaders; the payment of a fixed tribute was to leave his vassals free, not only from any other demand, but from all interference. This treaty, which had been made by the Moors with all formality "in the name of God," was now set aside; and the Mussulmen reconciled their consciences to a direct and gross breach of faith, by maintaining, that though it was binding so long as Theudemir lived, they were not bound to observe it with his successor. Accordingly they took possession of his domains, and divided them among themselves.

The partition was not made with more violence than the Normans exercised, when they took possession of England; nor did it approach within any measurable degree to the iniquity and cruelty practised by the Spaniards of a later age in their Indian *repartimientos*. But the feudal system of the northern nations carried with it seeds of improvement which sprang up wherever that system was established, though some of them fell among thorns, and some upon stony ground. Mahomedanism has carried with it tares and poisonous weeds. Except in the co-extension of the language with the religion of the Koran, and the feeling of religious fellowship which the pilgrimage to Mecca, and the importance attached to that point upon the globe may induce, its whole tendency is barbarizing. Everywhere where it found civilization, it has checked it, and keeps it down to its own low standard. Despototic governments have been called patriarchal by an abuse of language and of reasoning, because they are a corruption of the patriarchal form; and there is this resemblance between a family and such a government, that the members of a household are not more dependant for their comfort upon the disposition and conduct of the master, than the subjects of a despototic state are upon the personal character of the despot. They enjoy a season of prosperity under a benevolent ruler, if vigour be found in him united with benevolence; but the union is rare: it is the natural effect of despotism to destroy both in those who are in a station which places them above all restraint; and when the sceptre is in a weak hand, the weight of tyranny is felt everywhere. In this age the Caliphs were not weak; but they were distant from Spain, and the effect of distance was what that of weakness would have been. Therefore this was an age of anarchy, and the Moorish writers have told us what was the condition of the people. The sole object of the chiefs was to maintain their own authority, which, under such circumstances, could only be done by allowing their followers full license. The inferior governors looked upon the people committed to their care as sheep, whom they were not to protect, but to fleece. Their only occupation

was in passing from place to place, with an armed force, to collect tributes, and levy arbitrary imposts. The great part of the Mahomedan population suffered little less than the tributary Christians. The independent Christians are spoken of as having no other asylum than the defiles and recesses of the mountains, where they were hunted like wild beasts. Wild beasts they are called, and the war against them is described as a chase. The time came when the Spaniards took up the metaphor in their turn.

It is likely that this state of general lawlessness and insecurity disposed the Spanish Jews to the extraordinary movement which took place among them in this first age of anarchy. The Moorish conquest had been a desirable event for them, and great numbers of this ill-fated race had migrated in consequence from Africa into Spain; many of them were, probably, the survivors or descendants of those who had been driven out by persecution: They were wealthy as well as numerous; this is expressly noticed. Doubtless the greatest part of the plunder had passed through their hands, as regular dealers in whatever was exportable. At present the wealthier and more cultivated Jews hold but loosely to their religion; and indifference brings about gradually and imperceptibly a change of profession in their families, while the inferior classes are thoroughly debased by the most sordid pursuits of gain. For this reason it is, that in latter times appeals to their national faith have been made in vain; Richard Brothers excited no stir among them by his prophecies and promises; and when Napoleon felt the pulse of the Jewish people, he found no encouragement for proceeding in the projects which he might have formed for restoring them to the Promised Land. The love of gain naturally became their besetting sin, when they were shut out from the more honourable ways of ambition. But in former ages it had not eaten into the core of the nation; that stubbornness which one of our old divines has so finely called "a strong hope malignified," was then not only a lively, but an active principle, alert and always expecting the fulfilment of its impossible hope; and therefore every one, whether impostor or madman, who appealed to that hope, found multitudes to follow him. The Moorish history tells us, that all the Spanish Jews, and many of the same nation from France, set out for Syria, with the intention of joining one of their countrymen there, by name Zonaria, who called himself the Messiah: it is added, that they forsook every thing for this expedition, and that the whole of their property was taken possession of by the Emir, for the use of the state. The fact is confirmed by a manuscript which the Archbishop Pierre de Marca had consulted, but the impostor is there called

Serenus, and the account seems to express that he led the Jews out of Spain, not that they went to join him. The miserable end which must have awaited the expedition is no where stated.

The Spaniards were not able to profit by the disunion of their invaders at this time ; but it afforded them an interval of comparative rest. There is no other example in the modern history of Europe of so complete an overthrow as that by which the dominion of the Wisigoths was subverted and swept away. The slaughter had been very great, for they fought well, and in the pursuit no mercy was shown : during three days, the Caliph was assured the edge of the sword had not been turned aside from the fugitives : the apostasy it may be believed was greater, for the Moors went as the armed missionaries of the Prophet ; and in whatever country they established themselves they were joined by that portion of mankind to whom all professions are alike. The women who fell into the hands of the conquerors, whether they retained their own religion or forsook it, became the mothers of Mahomedan children. And the great body of the people who submitted and lived as tributaries, gradually lost their language, though they preserved their faith, and adopting with the speech of the Moors many of their customs, acquired the name of Muzarabes. When the kingdom of the Wisigoths was destroyed, their very name as a living people was extinguished. The disappearance of an appellation by which the kings and lords and military part of the nation had proudly and jealously distinguished themselves during three centuries of dominion, seems to indicate that the character which they had acquired during their supremacy, rendered the name inconvenient after their downfall, and that they were glad to merge it in the general appellation of Spaniards, toward which no enmity was borne by the people of those provinces wherein they found shelter, neither by the Basques or old Iberian race, nor by the Sueves and Alans, whose descendants were in possession of Galicia and the adjacent parts of Portugal. The hypothesis which would find a remnant of the Spanish Goths in the Cagots of the Pyrenees, is as gratuitous and as untenable as that which derives the origin of these miserable people from the Moors, who escaped after the great defeat by Charles Martel. The only probable supposition concerning the Cagots is, that they were lepers, who were originally separated from society on account of their malady ; and whose descendants inherited the obloquy and odium attached to that disease, after the disease had worn itself out. This supposition is supported by every thing that appears concerning their history, and even by the name which is given them in certain laws : *Gaffos* they are there called. M. Ramond, in his very interesting volume upon the

Pyrenees, writes the word *Caffos*, following some erroneous authority. It would otherwise have reminded him that *Gafo* is the Spanish word for a leper.

The lesson which the Moors received from Charles Martel was not lost upon them. Before that memorable event the character which they gave of the people of Afranc was, that they were infinite in number, prompt in attack, courageous in fight, but heartless and fearful in defeat. After this battle they remarked, that "he who struggles against the eternal decrees of fate, wearies himself in vain." Under the indefinite name of Afranc every thing beyond the Ebro appears to be designated in these volumes: some conquests they made beyond that river, and retained them; but when they reached the Pyrenees, *plus ultra* was not to be their motto. Narbonne, which they called one of their many Medinas, they were not able to maintain; and when a powerful dynasty was at length established in the Peninsula, any zeal which arose for an *Atiget* or Anti-Crusade, found sufficient employment upon the Leonese and Galician frontiers. The revolution which introduced that dynasty, and with it the splendid age of Mahommedanism in Spain, is one of the most remarkable in Oriental history. Merwaun, the last caliph of the Ommeyah race, was a man of great experience, and distinguished for ability as well as courage: his general was unrivalled in military reputation, and his minister is said to have been second to no statesman upon earth in sagacity and political skill. "Had these things been otherwise," says the thoughtful historian, whom Major Price has followed, "man in his short-sighted and imperfect survey of events, would have ascribed the result to the ordinary operation of weak counsels, pusillanimity, and indolence. But God so ordained it, to afford us an awful example, that the fate of states and empires doth not depend upon the degrees of human capacity, but upon the inscrutable operations of his mysterious providence." Merwaun had been warned of danger in time by the chief on whom he relied most, and who deserved his confidence. The warning was given in verse:—"I have seen sparks among the cold ashes—I fear they may kindle into a flame. If it be not extinguished by a timely hand, that flame will consume not trees and forests, but the lives of men. I saw this and said, oh! who can tell me whether the representative of Ommeyah sleeps, or is awake and watchful?"—Many poems and fragments of poetry are inserted by Conde in his history, as connected with it, and illustrative of the Moorish character; but much to their injury he has presented them in verse, which he should not have done without annexing a literal translation, even if he had been more confident of his skill in his own language.

The Caliph Merwaun was not awake; he disregarded more urgent representations till ruin was near and inevitable. When he understood his danger it roused him to an act of cruelty, he seized the representative of the house of Abbas, and put him to death by tying up his head in a bag of quick lime. His own head was soon embalmed and sent to the brother and successor of the Imaum, whom he had thus execrably destroyed. A creature of the weasel species carried off his tongue when in the process of embalming it was torn out and thrown away, and verses were made upon the occasion; stigmatizing him for the blasphemies which that tongue had uttered; for many of the Ommeyyads are said not to have believed in the religion of which they were the popes. The house of Abbas had injuries to revenge; and the black standard which they hoisted in the revolution, and the black attire wherein their adherents were ordered to appear from head to foot, manifested the spirit in which vengeance would be exacted. Their odious oppressors, they said, should be slaughtered under every rock and every stone to which they might fly for concealment. This determination was carried into effect with such relentless inhumanity, that exclusive of those who were slain in battle, six hundred thousand persons are said to have been put to death by one of their commanders: that number is positively stated—for the sake of human nature we may believe it has been exaggerated, but how enormous must it have been to have occasioned such exaggeration! Abul Abbas, the first of the Abbasside Caliphs, obtained the dreadful appellation of Asafah the Bloody. Ninety members of Ommeyyah's unhappy race had submitted, and were living in honour and, as they hoped, in security at Damascus, where Abdallah Ben Aly, the uncle of the Caliph held his court. They were assembled at a banquet to which he had invited them, when one of the victorious party entered the hall, and addressed Abdallah in a poem composed for the occasion. He called for vengeance upon these guests in the name of the Imaum, and of the other Abbassides whom the Ommeyyades had put to death. "Destroy the root," said he, "that no scion may spring up! Towards thee they are daggers which are sharpened, and are athirst for blood. We who love thee and are alarmed for thy danger, see them treading on thy carpets! Away with them! God has cast them down—why dost not thou trample upon them!" This abominable exhortation found willing ears. Abdallah ordered the men whom he had invited, ninety in number, to be beaten to death in his presence; and when the last had fainted under the executioner, the bodies of the dead and dying were piled together to construct a horrible platform, upon which carpets were spread, and on these carpets

this monster and his guests sate at their repast, careless of the groans and the agony beneath them! Wherever any of this proscribed race could be found they were slain and thrown to the dogs. The bones of the deceased Caliphs were disinterred, and the single corpse which the grave had not consumed, was fastened to a stake and burnt. But Omar II. had left so saintly a reputation for his innocence and virtuous life, that even these enemies refrained from offering any insult to his remains.

"Blessed," says the historian of the Spanish Ommeyades, "be that Lord who giveth might, and majesty, and dominion to whom it pleaseth him, and taketh them from whom he will. Lord God, thy kingdom alone is eternal, and subject to no change! Thou only art Almighty! It was written on the secret table of thine eternal decrees, that in spite of the Beni Alabas, and of their determination to destroy the whole family of the Beni Ommeyahs, already despoiled of the caliphate and the sovereignty of the Mussulman empire, a branch from that famous trunk should be planted in the West, and there strike root and flourish." One of that race, by name Abderahman Ben Meaviab, had submitted to the new dynasty, and with his kinsman Suleiman was living at Damascus, (probably before the tragedy of the banquet,) when Abul Abbas the Bloody sent for both their heads. Abderahman received at the same time from some faithful friend tidings of his own danger and of Suleiman's fate. Jewels were given him to secure his subsistence, and horses provided for his escape. Knowing that there could be no safety for him in Syria, he sought refuge among the Bedoweens in Egypt. He was in the twentieth year of his age, and had been nursed in the lap of luxury; but he accommodated himself at once to the change of his fortunes. In Egypt, however, he felt himself in continual danger of discovery, strict search being made for him; his nights even in the desert were past in fear, and at daybreak he was always the first to bridle his horse: he removed, therefore, to the province of Barca, and became a favourite with the tribe which received him there. The governor of that province had received a description of his person, with orders to search for him in all directions, and a party of horsemen upon that quest arrived at the tents in which he was sheltered. Providentially he was absent, and the Arabs apprehending from the manner of inquiry that there was an intention of killing him, sent the horsemen to seek him in a wrong direction, while six of their young men accompanied him upon his flight to the Zenata tribe. The last Ommeyad Caliphs, who were connected in blood with the Greek emperor, the Great Khan of the Tartars, and the old royal family of Persia, derived no advantage in their hour of need from this illustrious consanguinity: but Abderahman, who

had hitherto concealed his name and persecuted extraction, declared them when he reached his tribe, because his mother was of their stock, and he was at once acknowledged by them as a kinsman, and received into their protection. From thence he was invited by the chiefs of the Syrian and Arabian parties in Spain, to come among them as the representative of the Ommeyades, and put an end to the anarchy in that country by establishing himself there as their Caliph. Abderahman did not hesitate to accept this invitation; the old sheik of the Zenates gave him his blessing. "My son," said he, "since God has called thee into this path, follow it bravely; and in truth it is with the horse and the spear that the honour of a lineage is to be maintained." The young men of the tribe volunteered to follow him. He landed with a thousand horsemen, and in a few days was joined by twenty thousand men.

Abderahman's reception in Spain resembles in many respects the restoration of our Charles the Second; there was something of a similar hereditary attachment, a similar anarchy preceded, and the like necessity of a settled government was acknowledged. Two chiefs resisted—Jusuf, the one, was slain in battle; the other made his peace, was apprehended afterwards upon a true or false accusation, and was put to death in prison. The history of Jusuf's son Abulaswad is extraordinary enough for romance, and might form the subject of a tragic poem. He was young enough to have his life spared in compassion after his father's death; but this compassion extended only to his life, and he was closely imprisoned at Cordoba in one of the towers of the wall, where his brother's head was exposed on a hook over the city gates. Hard hearts will sometimes be softened by the patient sufferings of the innocent and helpless; and after many years his keepers took upon themselves the responsibility of allowing him to come out into the light and air! Whether he had premeditated a scheme of escape if opportunity should ever be afforded him, or whether the hope and the design at that moment instantaneously occurred, on coming into the light, he moved his arms and eyes as if long confinement in darkness had extinguished the sense of sight; and so well he acted a blind man's part, that more indulgence was given him, and he was at length permitted to pass the night in a lower apartment, which was cooler than his prison, and to fetch water for his own use from the cistern. Some friends of his family obtained access to him, with whom he concerted his plans, escaped from a window of the staircase which led to the cistern, swam the Guadalquivir, found a horse and garments ready for him, and fled first to Toledo, then to the mountains of Jaen, where a body of outlaws were ready to

receive him as their leader. When Abderahman was informed of his escape, which was concealed in fear of his resentment as long as it could be kept secret, he observed that it was a lesson of eternal wisdom to teach him, that we can never do good to the evil without doing evil to the good. There is worldly wisdom in the maxim: and that wisdom never teaches a worse lesson than when it makes men repent their acts of generosity and mercy. But Abderahman had in this case no such cause for self-reproach. Better had it been for Abulaswad to have been put to death in youth than to have grown up in the solitude and darkness of a prison; and in the miserable course of his remaining life, he felt that it would have been better also to have died in that imprisonment than to live in continual insecurity, with no other hope than that of prolonging a precarious and wretched existence from day to day. He had been gladly received by a set of outlaws as their leader, because they expected to find in him one, who, like themselves, was ready to run all desperate hazards, and who had the hardihood of character, without which success in such a career is impossible: they were not bound to him by any sense of duty, any feeling of attachment to his family, or any compassion for his unmerited misfortunes. In the desultory warfare, which was all that his numbers enabled him to carry on, he was unsuccessful; and being driven from one place to another, there were persons who advised him to throw himself upon Abderahman's mercy, of whose character cruelty made no part. Abulaswad had felt that his mercy was cruelty; the choice however at this time was not in his power. He knew, he said, what must be the issue of such a contest, but in his situation he was compelled to do whatever the meanest fellow in his company thought fit to suggest. Yet these men had the virtue of fidelity, and none was found to betray him, when he was pursued like a hunted deer. He was driven into Algarve—escaped from the Alcaides of Badajoz and Alcantara, and withdrawing secretly from the handful of followers who still remained, entered Coria alone. There he was concealed awhile, but thither also he seems to have been tracked, for he withdrew into the woods, and there, says the historian, lived like a wolf in solitude, looking back upon the years which he had spent in captivity and darkness as a time of comparative happiness. This mode of life so altered his appearance, that he was no longer in fear of being recognized; and, therefore, venturing again among his fellow-creatures, he went to Alaria, in a part of the country where there were still friends of his family; and there, about a year afterwards, death delivered him from what had to him been indeed a miserable world.

In adventures of this kind our feelings are, and ought to be,

always with the oppressed and suffering party. But this is the only instance in which Abderahman appears like a Mahomedan despot, for he was not more vigorous in establishing and maintaining his authority, than he was popular for the general equity and beneficence of his administration. Aly Ben Mogueith, the Waly of Cairoan, invaded Spain with an African army, in favour of the Abbasside Caliphs: he was defeated and slain; and, to the dismay of the people of Cairoan, his head, one morning, was found fastened to the pillar in the market-place of that city, with a paper, saying, this was the punishment which Abderahman Ben Moavia Ben Ommeyah inflicted upon such rash enemies as Aly Ben Mogueith. But he received into his service the Africans who escaped from the defeat, thereby strengthening himself; and that he might have a preponderance of men on whose attachment he could rely, he sent emissaries to invite from Syria the surviving friends of his house. There was a feeling of gratitude and benevolence, as well as policy, in this. When Abderahman condemned Abulaswad to pine in confinement and darkness, he was made cruel by what appeared to him the necessity of self-preservation—fear and foresight influenced him; a man of sterner character would have ordered the youth to instant execution. But if Abulaswad had trusted to his compassionate nature, when all other hope had failed, that confidence would not have been deceived; for after his disappearance from the scene, a remaining son of Jusuf was taken prisoner, and brought in chains to receive his sentence: the prisoner threw himself at Abderahman's feet, and asked for mercy; he obtained not only his life, but honours and possessions suitable to his former rank, and the king had in him, from that time forth, a faithful subject. Abderahman felt himself then secure in his dominions. His disposition was naturally affectionate and benevolent, and prosperity and power did not corrupt it. There is a little poem of his addressed to the first palm-tree which was introduced into Spain, and which, by his command, had been transplanted in its full growth from Africa to the garden which he made at Cordoba. This poem, the Arabian historian says, was in the mouth of every one; it represented him, in the midst of worldly greatness, regretting the scenes of his youth.

“Fair palm-tree, thou also art a stranger here! The gentle airs of Algarbe-court and kiss thee. Thy roots are fixed in a fertile soil; thy head is erected towards Heaven: but thou too wouldst shed tears of bitterness, if, like me, thou couldst look back! But thou feelest not, as I do, the calamities of fortune. I wept under the palms which the Euxine waters, when my unhappy fate and the cruelty of the Abbasside compelled me to forsake what I so dearly loved. The trees and the river

have forgotten my sorrows, and thou, my beloved country, retainest no remembrance of me! But never shall I cease to lament for thee!"

While Abderahman cherished thus in himself those better feelings of humanity which counteracted the heart-hardening influences of his situation, he neglected nothing that could contribute to the security or improvement of his kingdom. He erected arsenals in the sea-ports, and built ships that the coast might be protected by a maritime force. On the side of Leon he granted peace to the Christians, on condition of their paying him annually, for five years, ten thousand ounces of gold and ten thousand pounds of silver, the same number of good horses, the same number of mules, and of cuirasses, swords and spears one thousand each. *Señor Conde* offers some objections to this statement, which do not, however, necessarily prove any thing more than that the Arabian historian must have modernized the earlier author whom he appears to quote. There is more difficulty in discovering where the Spaniards could find the amount of gold and silver for the tribute; and there is also a difficulty in reconciling the date of the Moorish instrument with the time of Aurelio's reign, by whom it was that peace was purchased. A curious character is given of the Galicians, who, it is said, were mostly infidel fugitives from other parts of Spain into that country, where, confiding in its strength, they refused obedience to the king. "They are Christians, and some of the bravest of all Afranc; but they live like wild beasts: they never wash either themselves or their garments, nor do they at any time change their garments, but wear them till they drop off; and they enter into each others houses without asking leave." Abderahman's captains are said to have brought back much spoil and many captives from these people. The Spaniards, on the other hand, claim a great victory for their King Fruela, who, according to their account, took a son of Abderahman prisoner, and immediately beheaded him. But Abderahman could have had no son old enough to accompany an army while Fruela lived; and in the Spanish account there is the extravagant exaggeration of computing the slain Moors at fifty-four thousand. Moreover, it appears by the Moorish historians, that Abderahman was at no time inclined to make any great effort against the Spaniards, inasmuch that an attempt was made upon that ground to excite an insurrection against him: the tenth of all rents, produce and cattle, it was said, ought not to be rendered unto a man who employed it in maintaining his own authority against the Caliphs of the East, who were the true Commanders of the Faithful. But Abderahman's disposition was not warlike; nor were his officers fond of a war in which great danger was to be incurred, great privations to be endured, great difficulties encountered, little to

be gained in reputation, and nothing in plunder. The attempts which they made in the Pyrenees are described to have been obstinate, and confessed to have been unavailing; the Mussulmen wearying themselves, it is said, with following, among rocks and precipices, wild men, who were clothed in bear-skins, were armed with pikes and bills, and had nothing but their arms to lose.

When the Moors first entered Spain, they were astonished at the grandeur of the bridges over the Guadiana and the Tagus. They had never before, their historian says, seen edifices of such magnificence as these which were the work of the ancient *Jonios*, but which seemed rather to have been erected by divine *Genii*, than by the labour of mortal men. Hitherto the conquerors had been employed in destroying what vestiges of early civilization they found, not in constructing monuments of their own dominion. Jusuf afforded the only exception; for he restored the old military roads from Andalusia to Toledo, Merida, Lisbon, Astorga, Zaragoza and Tarragona, and repaired the bridges; allotting for this purpose, and for the mosques, a third part of the provincial revenues. But when Abderahman found himself in the secure enjoyment of that peace which had always been his heart's desire, he began to embellish the city of Cordoba, which he had chosen for his capital. It is said that he himself planned the Great Mosque, intending that it should surpass in splendour that which the enemy of his house had erected in his new city of Bagdad, that it should equal the one at Jerusalem, and resemble that at Damascus,—the scene of his youth, to which his imagination so frequently recurred. Large sums were expended upon this magnificent edifice, and in the endowment of schools and hospitals connected with it. Abderahman himself, as an act of meritorious piety, worked an hour every day at the building, little dreaming that this great and durable monument of his taste, his splendour, and his devotion, was destined long to outlast the Moorish empire in Spain, as a Christian cathedral. "When he was in his sixtieth year he went," says the Moorish historian, "to the mercy of God, exchanging the palaces of this perishable world for the eternal mansions of another life." In appointing Hixem for his successor, to the exclusion of two elder sons, he gave a last proof of that benevolence which was in him a principle as well as a feeling, the declared motive for this preference being that there was more gentleness of temper and rectitude of mind in Hixem than in his brothers,—an opinion which was fully justified by events. Hixem obtained from his subjects the honourable appellation of *Aladil, the Just*, and *El Radhi, the Benignant*. He inherited other of his father's good qualities; his love of literature, his talent in composition, his delight in rural enjoyments,

and his devotion, which led him also to bestow a portion of personal labour every day upon the great Mosque: it was completed in his reign; and perhaps the most imposing ceremonies of Romish worship which have been performed there since its second consecration, have been less impressive than the effect of the four thousand seven hundred lamps which illuminated it at evening service, when there was no tinsel, and frippery, and puppetry, to debase the structure. Hixem's charity extended to the poor of all religions: he ransomed the Mussulmen who were in captivity, and he made provision for the widows and orphans of those who fell in the wars, which he carried on zealously and vigorously against the Christians, both on the side of Galicia and of the Pyrenees. His letters, proclaiming a holy war, were read from the pulpits in all the mosques of Spain, and all true believers were required either to serve in person, or to supply arms and horses, or to contribute with their alms, that so they might be made partakers of the abundant and unspeakable rewards assured to those who should assist in so meritorious an enterprize. The Crusade is but a Christian name for an invention borrowed from the Mahomedans, when the condition of Europe and of Christendom required that their own devices should be turned against them, and that one principle of warlike fanaticism should be brought into action against another. In the course of this war, the mildness and humanity which distinguished Hixem were not found in his generals. At Gerona, by their own account, it appears that they put to death all the inhabitants, and at Narbonne they made so dreadful a carnage, that the historian says, "God alone, who created those who were slain, can tell their amount." The barbarians of Takerno, as certain Spaniards are called, endeavoured to throw off the yoke; so many of them were slain that their country was depopulated, and the numerous prisoners who were taken were nailed to stakes.

Hixem had been advised to buy an estate near his favourite garden, because it was a valuable property; but not being like Ahab, desirous of the purchase, he composed a poem in reply to the advice.—

"A free and liberal hand is the glory of nobility: great souls disdain to grasp at interest. I love the solitude of flowery gardens, I love the air of the open country. I covet not villages. God hath given unto me only that I may give again. In time of peace I dip my open hand in the ocean of beneficence: in time of war I bathe my strong right-arm in a sea of blood. And ceasing to contemplate the moon and the stars, and the destinies of men, I take, as occasion requires, the pen or the sword."

While he was yet in the prime of life, an astrologer warned him

to employ the short remainder of his days in preparing for eternity, declaring, when he was pressed to explain the motives for such a warning, that the king would die within two years, for so it was written in the stars. It is said that Hixem, being a wise and learned man, and free from popular superstitions, was no believer in astrology. But the verses which have just been quoted imply a belief in it, and that belief belongs both to the philosophy and the faith of the Mussulmen. He manifested no disturbance at the declaration, nor any displeasure, but, on the contrary, ordered the astrologer to be rewarded with a new robe; and he went on with the amusement in which he happened to be engaged, after which he heard the singers, and played chess as usual, frequently however repeating "My hope is in God, and in him alone do I trust." Without delay he nominated Alhakem, his son, to be his successor, who was proclaimed accordingly, and received homage from the chief persons of the state. In the course of the following year Hixem felt that he was stricken for death; and he then gave his son the advice which, according to some writers, he himself had received from his father, bidding him always remember that it is God who disposeth of the kingdoms of this world, and giveth or taketh them away, as it to him seems best.

"Since, then," said he, "God in his bounty has entrusted thee with kingly power, do thou perform his will; which performance consists in doing right to all men, and more especially to those who are dependant upon thee, for all are the creatures of God. Punish, without remission, the officers who oppress thy people with arbitrary exactions. Rule thy troops with gentleness and firmness, when at any time necessity may compel thee to take arms; let them be the defenders, not the destroyers of the land; be careful therefore to make them contented, and disappoint them not in thy promises. Seek always to obtain the good-will of the people, for their good-will is the security of the state, their fear is its danger, their hatred is its certain ruin."

Such advice, when addressed to Alhakem, was like the good seed which fell upon a rock, for it found a stony heart. One of his Walis, to take vengeance for a popular commotion at Toledo, invited the principal persons of the city to meet the king's son at a banquet. As they entered they were led to the vaults of the palace, where one deep and wide grave had been prepared for their bodies, and in the morning their heads were exposed to the people! Whether the numbers were four hundred or five thousand (for thus widely the statements differ), the character of the act is the same: it is in the spirit of Mahomedan government; but there is a human feeling which makes the Mahomedan historians sometimes sensible of the atrocities which they record, and in this

case the Moorish writer observes with satisfaction, that the promoters of this wickedness did not long survive. A conspiracy was formed against Alhakem because of his cruelty; for, spending his days and nights in voluptuousness, he only remembered that he was a king, to gratify his thirst for blood: it was also matter of reproach against him, that he had contracted an alliance with the Christians of Galicia. The secret was revealed to him, and in the third watch of the night three hundred heads, warm from the scimitar, were placed before him on the carpet of his apartment! His father, and his father's father, had needed no guards for their protection, being secured by the love and reverence of their subjects. Alhakem had a force of 5000 men to protect him, and all were strangers; 3000 being Andalusian Christians, the remainder Slavonians,—probably Albanians, a race of men who were in great esteem for their personal appearance, their courage and their fidelity. A duty upon certain goods was levied at the gates for the payment of these guards: this occasioned discontent; the collectors were insulted and set at defiance; ten ring-leaders in the riot were apprehended, and Alhakem ordered them to be nailed to stakes. A crowd assembled in the great market-place to behold this abominable execution; a soldier wounded one of the people, accidentally it is said, but an uproar arose in consequence, and the mob attacked such of the obnoxious troops as happened to be upon the spot, killed many of them, and pursued the rest to the very gates of the palace. Upon this Alhakem, deaf to the advice of all his counsellors, armed himself, and at the head of his horse-guards sallied upon the people, who were presently routed, trampled under the horses' feet, and cut down. Three hundred were taken, and these miserable wretches were nailed to stakes in a row along the banks of the river. As the disturbance had originated in the southern suburbs of Cordoba, that part of the city was given up to pillage for three days, no other restriction being laid upon the soldiers than that they were not to outrage the women. At the expiration of that time Alhakem ordered the whole suburb to be destroyed and levelled to the ground, and drove all the surviving inhabitants into exile, giving them their lives only upon this condition. Some of the exiles took refuge in Toledo and the surrounding country, throwing themselves upon the compassion of their own countrymen. Eight thousand families were received at Fez, then a new city, where a distinct part of the city was allotted them. Fifteen thousand men having landed in Barbary, made their way to Egypt, and appeared before Alexandria: being refused admittance, they forced an entrance, made a great slaughter of the inhabitants, and kept possession of the city as masters, till the Governor of Egypt

made terms with them, and by the payment of a large sum induced them to depart, and settle themselves in some one of the Greek Islands. They made choice of Crete, which, being thinly peopled, was easily won: there they established themselves, and with a fleet of twenty vessels infested the other islands and the coast of Greece. Having thus acquired great wealth, the desire arose of returning to their own country; but their leaders, wisely fearing to put themselves in the power of a frantic tyrant, from whom they had once escaped, put an end to this project by burning the ships.

Alhakem had his earthly punishment. An access of frenzy, indeed, seems to have hurried him into this wickedness, and when his vengeance was satiated, he was seized with remorse, and fell into a deep and settled melancholy, accompanied with continual fever, and with that kind of delirium which has its origin in a troubled conscience. Like Charles IX. after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, he fancied that he heard the sound of arms and the cries of the dying: frequently he called up his slaves in alarm at midnight, summoned his Cadies and Wazirs, or sent for singers and musicians to save him from his own thoughts and imaginations. In his calmer intervals he composed poems, which are said to be full of vivid imagery, and to express great feeling. Four years he survived in this state, and the agony of his repentance has availed on earth to redeem his memory from the execration which would else always have attended it. His son, Abderahman II. who succeeded, is described as intrepid and stern in war, benign and merciful in peace, of excellent parts and admirable learning, and skilled in composing verses with all the precision of metrical science. He, it is said, completed the glory of the Moorish empire in Spain, and eclipsed his predecessors both in greatness of mind and in magnificence. He established it as a general law in his dominions, that sons should inherit the whole property of their fathers. From the connexion in which this fact is introduced, it may be inferred that the property of persons holding appointments under the government, fell to the crown at their decease, but there is nothing in these volumes to explain what had been the general custom. Widows were to retain their dower and other allowances, and might dispose of the third part by will. The magnificence of Abderahman's reign arose in part from policy; we are told that he built mosques and palaces in various cities, and constructed other public works, for the sake of employing and maintaining the poor. He appointed also a Captain of the Roads in every province, with a certain number of couriers under him, that the government despatches might be expedited throughout his dominions. After

reigning one and thirty years he departed in peace, and the people of Cordoba and of the adjoining country followed his funeral, lamenting him like a father. Thus the Moorish historians relate the death of Abderahman II., noticing that his illness was of some days' continuance, and that through its whole progress the placid equanimity of his character remained unaltered. The Spaniards say that the angel of the Lord smote him, and he went immediately to burn in hell; and they say this not as if he went into that simple fire everlasting which, according to their charitable creed, is appointed for all Mahomedans, however sincere their piety and excellent their lives, but into that degree of high pressure which was due to him as an especial enemy and persecutor of the Christian faith. This relates to a very curious episode in the history of Spain, which in some of the Spanish historians occupies a considerable space, but to which there is not the slightest allusion in the Moorish writers whom Conde has followed.

The Muzarabic Christians enjoyed a greater degree of toleration than is allowed by the Mahomedans to any of their Christian subjects in other parts. They had their own governor at Cordoba, with the title of Count, as in the time of the Visigoths, though with a more limited jurisdiction, causes of importance being reserved for the Moorish tribunals. They had their bishops and inferior clergy through as many grades as were found convenient; their double monasteries of monks and nuns, separated, but in contiguous buildings; there was no restriction upon their religious ceremonies, and their church bells chimed for convoking them to the service as when they were an independent people. It has been seen that the Moorish kings employed Christians as their guards; they had them among their pages, and employed them both in civil and military offices of trust. Hixem made a law that all the Muzarabes should use the Arabic language, and no other, both in speaking and in writing. There was so much obvious advantage in their adoption of the common speech, that there seems to have been no necessity for enforcing this law, and accordingly we find that the few who wrote continued to compose in Latin. But the great body became Moors in their tongue, and in many of their customs. It was even not unusual for them to circumcise their children, a conformity for which no other reason can be assigned than the desire men have to conform to any prevailing custom when they can, a motive which must have led the Mahomedans themselves to adopt this rite; for it is no where enjoined in the Koran. Intermarriages were frequent. The Mahomedan scruples not in any country at taking a Christian for his concubine or his wife, the Prophet having declared that women and perfumes were created for the gratification of men;

but the Christian who intrigues with a Mahomedan woman, must, if he be detected, either forfeit his life or renounce his religion. The more tolerant practice which prevailed in Spain, was a good effect growing out of one of the ill usages of war. Even in the height of their power the Spanish Moors could not attach the same notion of degradation or profanation to such connexions, because a female captive was liable to be made the mistress of him into whose power she fell by the chance of war, or by purchase from the captor: there were obvious reasons therefore for acknowledging the validity of a legitimate union; moreover inter-marriages sometimes took place between the royal families of the opposite religions, and they could not with decency be prohibited to the people.

Nevertheless, although in individuals private attachments and social ties, and sometimes also humaner and more generous principles prevailed over national and religious animosity, there existed in the great body of the people on both sides a bitter feeling of rooted intolerance. The vulgar Moors manifested that sort of temper which the Mahomedans in their own country indulge at this day when they so heartily bestow upon a Christian the appellation of Dog and Unbeliever. They fancied themselves defiled if they touched even the garment of a Christian. There were many who stopped their ears when the church bells were ringing, to mark their abhorrence of the worship, and their repugnance to what they deemed an impious toleration of idolatry. Frequently they insulted the clergy in the streets of Cordoba; and when a Christian funeral was passing, they threw stones and filth at the mourners and attendants, and uttered imprecations against the dead. In the best age of the Moors, under their most liberal and beneficent kings, and in the very seat of government, the Muzarabes were subjected to these indignities. Such provocations were not needed for exasperating in them a feeling which was already but too strong. The details of the tragedy which ensued are as authentic as they are curious, coming from persons, one of whom was an eye-witness, and the other deeply concerned in the events, and finally involved in the catastrophe.

There was a certain abbot in Cordoba, whose name was Speraindeo, or Hope-in-God, names in the taste of Praise-God Barebones and his brethren being as common in some of the monastic orders as they were among the saints of the great rebellion. The word abbot, in that age and country, signified a parochial priest, as well as the principal of a monastery; and it is not known in which relation it is applied to Speraindeo. Churches were then the only schools; and as a teacher and author, he is said to have "dulcified all Betica with the rivulets of his wisdom."

No drop of these saccharine streams has descended to posterity, but he had two remarkable men for pupils, whose writings have survived and are curious monuments of the ninth century. They were Eulogius and Alvarus Cordubensis. The former name stands as that of a saint and martyr in the Romish Kalender, honours which he obtained by the part which he sustained, "doing or suffering" in the events which are now to be related. His works were first published by Ambrosio de Morales, and afterward by Scotus, in his *Hispania Illustrata*. The works of the latter had been seen by Morales, but remained in manuscript till they were edited by Florez in the eleventh volume of his *España Sagrada*.

Speraindeo was versed in the scriptures, and in that study his pupils were trained. They were in a school of patience, but not of meekness: the patience was of that kind which is at this day recommended to all travellers in that country, *paciencia por fuerza*; and discretion he was not likely to teach them, for he had composed a treatise against the Mahommedan religion, which exposed him to death if it had been discovered. From the writings both of Eulogius and Alvar it appears that the Muzarabes were not less intolerant in their feelings than the Moors; being the weaker party, their imprecations were not loud but deep. The grandfather of Eulogius used to stop his ears as piously when the crier from the mosque summoned the Faithful to their prayers, as the Moors deafened themselves when the bells chimed for church; and he accompanied the action with a supplication from the Psalms, "Hold not thy tongue, O God; keep not still silence: refrain not thyself, O God: for lo thine enemies make a murmuring, and they that hate thee have lift up their head!" Eulogius inherited this feeling. He says it were better to die than endure the state of oppression under which they existed. And his friend Alvar curses Meroz, just as Meroz used to be cursed by the Parliamentary preachers. Both Moors and Christians are alike inexcusable, upon their own ground of faith, for their utter want of charity toward each other; but unhappily each regarded the other's religion only in that point of view which justified a strong dislike. The Christians (as these documents show) looked to the shameless impurity of Mahommed's life, and the license which had in consequence been given to his followers, and taken by them in its utmost extent. The Moors were shocked at image worship, and what a Jesuit has well called the Marian religion.

In the early part of Abderahman II.'s reign, two Christians had been put to death in Cordoba for their faith. Speraindeo wrote an account of their martyrdom, but it perished with his other writings, and therefore nothing of the circumstances is

known. Some five-and-twenty years afterwards certain Moors of Cordoba conversing with a priest whose name was Perfectus, questioned him concerning the grounds of his own religion, and of his objections to theirs. The priest entered readily upon the former subject, but demurred at the latter, lest he should offend against the laws; they however assured him that conversing as they were with confidential freedom, he might say what he pleased safely; and upon this encouragement he ventured to argue against their faith, and represent their Prophet as an impostor. His argument was directed against Mahommed's personal vices, and he urged it in a strain such as is found in Alvar's works, and which probably both derived from Speraindeo's treatise: it was less likely to persuade the Moors than to irritate them, and accordingly it left so rankling a resentment that, seeing him some few days afterwards accidentally in the streets, they raised a cry against him as one who had blasphemed the Prophet, and hurried him before a judge to receive sentence. His courage failed at this unexpected accusation, and he denied the charge. He was however sent to prison and put in chains, there, it is said by Eulogius, to remain till the end of Ramadan, and then on the great Feast of breaking the Fast, to be put to death as an acceptable victim. Alvar merely says that he was sent to prison, and this is more consistent with the character of Abderahman's government, and its conduct throughout these transactions. There was probably a wish to save him. But when Perfectus was left to take counsel with his own heart in solitude, he felt an unendurable shame and remorse for having attempted to save himself by a denial of the truth; and overcoming all weakness, he declared that he had uttered the words of which he was accused, and that he was ready to repeat and to enforce them, and should rejoice to suffer death in such a cause. After this he was detained some months in prison till the festival, a delay which could only have been ordered in the expectation that he might be induced to save his life by renouncing his religion. The day came, he continued resolute, and was beheaded, denouncing with his last breath eternal torments, not to the false Prophet alone, but to all who believed in him. Here was the zeal and the courage of a Christian martyr, but not the meekness! and Eulogius was so thoroughly possessed by the same uncharitable spirit, that he represents the fate of two wealthy Moors who were drowned that day in returning home down the Guadalquivir after attending the mosque, as an act of God's immediate vengeance for the death of Perfectus, *ut non esset vacua Scriptura quæ dicit, Ego Dominus dabo impios pro morte tuâ et divites pro sepulturâ tuâ*,... the most perverse application that ever has been made of this important and prophetic text!

The temper of the Moorish judge was farther evinced by an incident which occurred shortly after the death of Perfectus. One Juan, a Muzarabic tradesman, had, according to Eulogius, excited the envy of the Moors by his success in trade, and was for no other reason charged by them with dishonesty in his dealings. While this charge was pending, they reproached him one day with speaking lightly of their Prophet, and swearing by him sometimes, not less in mockery of their faith than for the purpose of deceiving those who were not aware that they were bargaining with a Christian. This reproach provoked him to exclaim, "Cursed be he who wishes to name your Prophet!" and for these words he was carried before the Cadi on a capital charge of blasphemy. Juan denied the blasphemy; and the Cadi, affecting, it is said, to show himself mercifully inclined, pronounced that the evidence was not sufficient for convicting him upon the capital charge, but sentenced him to receive five hundred stripes, and to be paraded through the city on an ass, with his face toward the animal's tail, and a crier before him to proclaim that thus it should be done to any Christian who presumed to mock at the Prophet or his religion. The Cadi and the Moors evidently regarded the man as a fraudulent tradesman, who deceived his customers by taking Mahommed's name in vain; but the Christians considered him as a confessor for his sufferings, and this circumstance increased the emotion among them which the fate of Perfectus had excited. There was a monk, by name Isaac, residing in the monastery of Tabanos, about two leagues from Cordoba, which one of his kinsmen had built, endowed, and peopled with his relations. This Isaac, according to Eulogius, spoke three times before he was born; but his mother was every time so much alarmed at this extraordinary occurrence, that she could not understand one word of what he said, ..most unfortunately, considering how good an opportunity was lost for determining the famous question, of which a very unsatisfactory solution was afforded by the well-known experiment of King Psammetichus. He received his name also, upon the same authority, in mysterious typification of the sacrifice which he was to offer; and he had been seen in a vision to take in his hands a ball of fire which descended from heaven, and to swallow it, ..with such an unhappy and invincible propensity to fable and falsehood have the writers of the Romish Church been possessed, even when they had facts of the most serious and curious kind to relate! Isaac being well versed in the Arabic tongue, and moreover a person of good extraction and considerable wealth, held the high office of Receiver General in Cordoba, before he thought proper to forsake the world and retire to what may be called the family convent. But thither the news of Cordoba followed him; and

the story of Father Perfect's martyrdom produced in him the desire and then the determination of aspiring to the same reward in heaven and the same renown on earth. To Cordoba therefore he went, and presenting himself before the Cadi, said that he was ready to embrace the Mahommedan religion, if the judge would give him an account of it, and instruct him therein. The Cadi, though the matter was somewhat extra-official, consented with great good will, and indulged him with a summary exposition of the doctrines of the Saving Religion, as they had been revealed to Mahommed, and through him to mankind. The greatest conflict with himself which Isaac endured, must have been while he listened to this discourse. When it was ended, he replied in a vehement tone, to the astonishment and horror of the Cadi, "The wretch lied in all this! The Devil possessed him; and therefore he taught a devilish doctrine, which will carry all who believe it to hell, where he himself is!" The Cadi at this so far forgot himself that in the impulse of his anger he struck the fanatical monk, for which the elder Moors who were present reproved him, and reminded him that by their law no previous punishment ought ever to be inflicted upon a person who must be condemned to suffer death. He then told the monk that either he was stricken with madness, or drunk with wine, to come thus insanelly and provoke the certain penalty of death: and Isaac, who protested that he was in his perfect senses, and desired only to teach them the way of salvation, and die for so doing, was sent to prison while Abderahman was informed of the proceedings. Abderahman ordered the monk to immediate execution: he was beheaded accordingly, and his body was suspended from a stake by the feet on the other side of the river.

Two days afterwards, Sancho, a native of that city which afterwards gave name to the Albigenses, presented himself to suffer death in the same cause. He was a youth who had been taken prisoner, and for his prepossessing appearance had been placed in the palace, there to be educated for preferment. His wish was gratified without delay: he suffered as Isaac had done, and was exposed afterwards in like manner beside his body. This was a case in which a reasonable and virtuous motive may be imagined; but the desire of martyrdom had now become contagious, as it was in the days of Pliny. Sancho's execution took place on a Friday, and on the Monday following six aspirants for the palm offered themselves, the aged founder of the Monastery of Tabanos at their head: three of them were monks, but not of his monastery; the others were a priest and a deacon. They were come, they said, to say and maintain all that their sainted brethren Isaac and Sancho had maintained and said: and lest

this should not be sufficient to ensure their condemnation, they declared that Mahommed was an impostor, and that the religion which he taught was accursed. The old man, as the apparent leader of this party, was scourged, in violation of the law, before he was ordered to execution; they were then beheaded: their bodies were exposed for some days, and then with those of their predecessors they were burnt, and the ashes thrown into the Guadalquivir, that no trace of them might remain.

Prodigies now begin to be interwoven with the relation of these events; but they are such prodigies as the circumstances might well occasion; and although merely natural, may, with perfect good faith, have been believed and represented to be miraculous. A monk of Tabanos, taking his usual repose at noon, after having performed mass, saw in his sleep a beautiful child approach him from the east, (the quarter in which heaven was supposed to be) with a scroll of paper, beautifully written, in his hand; it contained these words, "Even as our father Abraham offered Isaac his son in sacrifice to God, so now hath the holy martyr Isaac offered sacrifice for the monks, his brethren, in the presence of the Lord." When he had read this, the monk awoke from his dream, and presently there came a messenger from the city, with tidings that their Abbot, and his five companions in martyrdom, had received their crown. This vision led to no consequences, except that it increased the agitation and excitement which now prevailed among the Muzarabes far and near. But there was a deacon in Cordoba, Sisenand by name, a native of Bejá, who fancied that two of these martyrs spake to him from heaven, and invited him to join them there; never doubting the reality of the call, he followed their course, and shared their fate; his body was left for the dogs upon the place of execution; after some days the scattered bones were collected, and deposited in the church where he had been a teacher. Before Sisenand presented himself at the tribunal, he exhorted his young friend Paul, the deacon, to set forward in the same glorious path, which led so speedily and surely to a happy eternity; the exhortation was soon strengthened by his example, and Paul also entered as a volunteer in the new corps of martyrs! And now scarce a day passed in which one or more persons did not present themselves in the high fever of enthusiasm, that they might curse Mahommed before the Cadi, and be forthwith dispatched to heaven.

Maria, sister to Walabonso, one of the six martyrs, was at this time a nun in the convent of Cuteclara, the abbess of which convent was mother to the two youths who suffered for their religion at the beginning of Abderahman's reign, and whose history Speraindeo had composed: the nuns in that convent, therefore,

were likely to read, talk, think, and dream of martyrdom, even before the present extraordinary occurrences made it the general theme of discourse. One of them dreamt that she saw Walabonso, and that he charged her with a message for his sister, saying, she was not to weep and lament for him as she was now doing, for she was soon to follow and partake with him in the blessedness of heaven. Maria received this as an immediate call to martyrdom, and obeyed it without delay. Nunneries were not then the close prisons which they have since been made; she left the convent to go before the Cadi, and curse Mahommed; and on the way she turned aside only to enter the church of St. Acisclus, and offer up a prayer to that martyr, that her desire might be fulfilled, and her heart strengthened to the end. There at the martyr's shrine she met a maiden, like herself in the flower of youth, who, entertaining a like purpose, was come thither to make a similar prayer. The history of this now sainted enthusiast exemplifies the miserable discord which the conflicting religions introduced into private families. Flora was the daughter of a Moorish father, and a Christian mother; her father was dead, and her brother being a bigoted Mahommedan, would not permit his sister to make an open profession of the faith in which they had been baptised and brought up. On this account, Flora left his house; but finding that he occasioned great trouble and vexation to the clergy and nuns of Cordoba, whom he accused of harbouring her, she returned, and assured him that all persecution on his part would avail nothing, for she had deliberately resolved to persevere in her religion, and to profess it also. Upon this, the brother thinking to intimidate her, carried her before the Cadi, and said that the Christians had seduced her, being a Moor by birth, to apostatize from the faith. This falsehood she resolutely denied, protesting that she had never acknowledged the Mahommedan belief, but from eight years old had lived a Christian, and as such had dedicated herself to Christ her Lord. The judge ordered her to be punished in his presence with stripes on the head, which left her bleeding and half senseless, and in that state directed her brother to take her home, and have her properly instructed in the true faith. Then she was strictly confined to the house, but escaping by night over the back wall, "the angels guided her" to the house of a Christian, where she was concealed during some days, after which she proceeded to a place called Marlôs, and was received there by one of her sisters. Here Flora might have remained in peace and safety; but when the tidings of so many voluntary martyrdoms reached her, her heated mind was in a state to receive the enthusiastic feeling which induced others to commit this kind of

suicide. Accordingly she returned to Cordoba, for the purpose of following their example, and there, in the church of St. Aciscus, found Maria the nun, who partook the same feelings, and was ready to become her companion in death. A stranger meeting was never imagined in romantic fiction : " Our Lord," says Morales, " was, as he had promised, with these two persons who so truly were met together in his name ; he united them in love, enlightened their hearts, and strengthened their steps, till they presented themselves fearlessly before the judge, with a fortitude as much to be admired and respected as the direction which it had taken is to be pitied and condemned.

Flora began by recalling herself to the recollection of the Cadi. " I," said she, " am the person whom you punished with stripes, because, being the child of a Moorish father, I would not renounce my faith in Christ. Till now I have concealed myself, because the flesh was weak. Now having my trust in God, the spirit through his grace, is willing. I come here with more courage than you formerly found in me ; to proclaim that Christ is the true God ; and I curse your false prophet, for an impostor, an adulterer, and a magician." Before the Cadi could recover from his astonishment at this speech, Maria addressed him. " I had a brother," said she, " whom with his companions you sent to execution, because they confessed their Lord and Saviour, and cursed your prophet. Now, with the same zeal and firmness which they manifested, I confess what they confessed, and curse what they cursed !" What could be done with such enthusiasts, the law being positive, the offence wilful and public, and the people ferocious in their attachment to their own belief ? The judge ordered them to prison for the present ; less than this he could not do, and more he must have done, if the persons in authority had been as intolerant as the multitude. The Moors, even those who were most enlightened and humane, were all too bigoted to regard this infectious insanity in its true light ; but the judges had not, like the inquisitors of a later age in the same country, any passion to gratify, or purpose to serve by persecution. They were troubled at these occurrences ; and Abderahman, wishing to put an end to such executions, had called upon the metropolitan Recafred to interfere with his spiritual power, and forbid the Christians thus wantonly to insult the faith of the dominant nation, for the purpose of procuring their own death. The prelates, and most of the clergy, deplored the spreading madness ; and in this the sober part of the Christians, and all the powerful persons among them (Alvar, perhaps, alone excepted,) agreed with them ; every father of a family trembling lest his son or his daughter should be seized with a desire for martyrdom. The

question was vehemently discussed, whether or not they who offered themselves thus to death could properly be accounted martyrs, and in this the Moors took part. These persons, they said, voluntarily came forward to suffer death, in testimony that the religion which they professed was true, and consequently that Islam was false: if they were right in their belief, how was it then that no miracles were wrought to appal their judges, and reward their faith, and establish beyond all controversy the justice of their cause? The wiser part of the clergy, whatever they might think of this argument, supported the same opinion by one of the same kind. "Martyrs," they said, "these persons evidently were not, because their bodies had not remained uncorrupted." They reasoned upon better ground when they represented that these enthusiasts were rather to be deemed suicides than martyrs; that they had not been called upon to abjure their religion, which, on the contrary, they might have continued to observe and to profess; and that the spirit in which they presented themselves before the tribunal was not that which our Lord and Saviour inculcates when he commands his disciples to love their enemies, and to bless them: but these deluded creatures went with curses on their lips, that they might provoke a sentence of death! Some priests required from their parishioners more than a simple assent to these reasonable opinions: when they perceived or suspected any tendency of the prevailing enthusiasm, they exacted an oath from the persons, that they would not follow the forbidden course.

But there were others who inflamed the disease, and none more assiduously than Eulogius and his friend, who were both men of great influence for their character and station. Both were of good family; and Alvar, who bore the names of Flavius and Aurelius, which are proofs of noble extraction, possessed considerable property. The latter reviled, in indignant declamation, those doctors, bishops, abbots, and presbyters, the pillars of the church, who had not scrupled, he said, in the presence of Cynics, and even of Epicureans, to condemn the conduct of these martyrs of God;—yea, trampling upon conscience and faith, they had asserted that these true children of the Church, who had been fed at her breasts with pure milk, were an adulterous generation, and had been nourished with adulterate food. Eulogius, who held the rank of doctor, and whose opinion, therefore, carried authority, was not less zealous in the same fanatical cause. This remarkable person would have deserved the grateful remembrance of his countrymen, as one of those who fed and trimmed the lamp of learning, when it was in danger of going out: but it is for the reprehensible part of his life that he has obtained altars!

"Soaring to a sublime height," says Alvar, "on the wings of the virtues, Eulogius would have gone in pilgrimage to Rome, thereby to expiate certain frailties of his youth, if his friends had not dissuaded him by their intreaties, and detained him at Cordoba rather in body than in mind. After a while, however, he took a journey in search of his two brothers, who were travelling in France, and had not been heard of for so long a time, that apprehensions were entertained for their safety. The wars prevented him from proceeding beyond Navarre; but in that country he had the opportunity which he desired of going from convent to convent collecting manuscripts; and having ascertained from certain travelling merchants, that they had seen his brothers in safety at Mentz, he returned to Cordoba with the literary treasures which he had collected. These consisted of St. Augustine's great work *De Civitate Dei*, the *Æneid*; Horace's *Satires*, Juvenal, and some pieces of later writers. Alvar, indeed, asks what it was that his friend had not read,—what writings in prose or verse, whether of catholics, philosophers, heretics, or heathens, were unknown to him who was continually working among the ruins of antiquity, and bringing to light the treasures which had been buried there? He brought back also from his travels the rules of prosody, in which the most learned of his countrymen at that time were uninstructed; for the use of Arabic had become so general among the Muzarabes, that not one in a thousand could write a Latin letter. And then for rhetoric, his eloquence, according to Alvar, surpassed the sweetness of Cato's tongue, the lacteal stream of Titus Livius, the fervent genius of Demosthenes, Cicero's rich strain, and the florid Quintilian.

But Eulogius, who might have been of such signal service to his countrymen, by recalling them to those European studies which had well nigh fallen into disuse, had taken so active and indiscreet a part in applauding and propagating the madness which had now become a serious cause of disquiet to the Moorish government, and of alarm to the great and quiet body of the Christians, that Recafred had committed him to prison with other agitators of less note. He had lain some days in a dungeon, and was only indulged with what may be called the liberty of the prison, just at the time when Flora and Maria were brought there. They had been fully prepared to die, and had not this unwelcome delay been interposed, the bitterness of death would have now been past: they saw themselves in prison at the time when they expected to have been entering the gates of heaven, in the triumph of their faith: and Eulogius perceived that both, after the high excitement to which they had wrought

themselves, felt at that moment their spirits fail. He had long been acquainted with Flora, and doubtless had contributed to imbue her mind with those principles and feelings which had brought her to this fearful crisis. But if he had been a mistaken and a dangerous adviser, it was happy for her and her companion that they had such a spiritual counsellor to support and cheer them now; for he, with all the warmth of zeal, exhorted them to hold firm to their glorious resolve; and for their farther encouragement, he composed the Exhortation to Martyrdom, which is preserved among his works. Such advice, when it could be given with a safe conscience, was the best that then could have been offered. Life could only have been purchased at the price of self-degradation, which would have embittered it to its latest breath; unless, which is most probable, after long suffering, it had goaded them to seek again for martyrdom at last. It was best for them to die in their youth, in their sincerity, in the height and happiness of their heroic enthusiasm.

The friends of all who were in prison were allowed access to them. The Moors seem to have thought, that by the persuasions of affectionate and reasonable persons, these enthusiasts might be induced, having leisure for considering their situation, to make such an outward profession as might save their lives, after which no inquisition would have been made into their real belief, or secret practices. But the effect was altogether contrary. They who resorted thither regarded these confessors that were, and martyrs that were to be, with emulous admiration, not with pity; they went, not to shake them in their resolution, but to encourage them, and be themselves encouraged. It was with such a purpose that Aurelio and his wife Sabigoto visited the prison at this time. They were persons of rank and fortune. Aurelio was son of a Moorish father and Christian mother; both of whom dying when he was a child, he had been left to the care of an aunt, and she bred him up secretly in the Christian faith, true to her Catholic duties, but false to her trust. His wife also was a Christian, for there appears to have been as much secret Christianity among the Moors in that age, as there was secret Judaism among the Spaniards in later times. Both her parents were Mahommedans, but the mother married a second husband, who proved to be a Christian, and converted her; and then they had this daughter baptised, and educated her secretly in the Christian faith. Aurelio had a kinsman, Felix by name, who, with Liliosa, his wife, was in the same situation, professing a religion which they disbelieved and hated; and passionately holding one which it would have been death for them to profess. But Felix having once been charged with his secret faith, had in fear denied it;

wherefore he bore about a wounded conscience. Sabigoto also was troubled in mind at the dissimulation in which she lived; there was none to tell her that when Naaman, the Syrian, asked the Lord to pardon him, because he must bow down in the house of Rimmon, the prophet bade him go in peace. Her husband had entertained no such scruples till he happened to see Juan, the confessor, as he was called, led through the city for exposure, after his punishment; and then a sense of self-reproach arose within him, which made him understand his wife's feelings. No sooner had he assured her of his sympathy in this point, than they agreed from that day forth to begin a course of preparation for the sacrifice which they trusted God would enable them to offer; they made no apparent difference in their manner of life; but secretly they devoted themselves to prayer and austerities, and from that day slept apart, each lying upon sackcloth. They had two daughters, the eldest only eight years old, the youngest five; these formed a serious impediment in the way of their desires; and Aurelio, in his visits to the prison, becoming acquainted with Eulogius, consulted him upon this difficulty. If he avowed himself a Christian, his property would be confiscated; he wished, therefore, first to take means for securing it to his children: but there was a farther danger to which they would be exposed by the death of their parents; the relations upon whom their guardianship devolved would compel them to become Mahommedans, a change which at their tender age might easily be effected. Though Flora and Maria, in their peculiar circumstances, could have had no better adviser than Eulogius, Aurelio could not have betaken himself to one more dangerous. The fanatical priest replied, that if God should in his mercy enable Aurelio to attain the martyrdom whereto he aspired, all other considerations ought to be disregarded. Christ would then become the father and guardian of his orphan children. There was a ready way of providing for them, by removing them at once to some place of safety, disposing of part of the property for their support, and sending the rest of his riches to heaven before him, through the hands of the poor. But if the arrangement of his worldly affairs were any obstacle or hinderance in his way, he ought to set aside all such considerations, and leave the care of his children to the Lord, who could and would provide for them as was best. While the husband received these desperate lessons from Eulogius, Sabigoto passed whole days in the prison with Flora and Maria, whom she revered as already saints; in that belief she besought them that when they should have received their crown, and were in the presence of our Lord and Saviour, they would intercede with him for Aurelio and herself, and entreat him to

support them with his grace in their purpose, and enable them to press on steadily to the goal.

After Flora and Maria had remained some days in prison, the former was taken again before the judge, and in the presence of her brother was called upon to conform to the Mahommedan faith. She repeated the declaration of her belief in Christ, and accompanied it with a hearty malediction of the false prophet; and consequently she was ordered to execution with Maria, who persevered in the same course. The news of their death was received in the prison as tidings of great joy: Eulogius and his fellow prisoners past the remainder of that and the whole following day in thanksgiving to the Lord for the strength which he had vouchsafed to these his chosen servants, and in glorifying the new saints, who, having fought the good fight, were now enrolled in the holy army of martyrs. He sent Flora's girdle as a relic to the sister with whom she had resided after she fled from Cordoba: Their bodies had been left on the place of execution till the following day, and were then thrown into the river; Maria's was taken out by the Christians, and removed to the convent, of which she had been formerly a member, and was now the pride. Flora's was never found. The heads of both were deposited in the church where they had first met: there they had gone, said Eulogius, to supplicate strength for the fight, and having obtained the victory, thither they were borne to have their Christian rest. That Sabigoto should have dreamt she saw their glorified spirits, clothed in white, with flowery branches in their hands and a company of saints attending them, will not be thought miraculous; nor that she should have asked them in her dream what hope they gave her of attaining the end to which she aspired; nor that the answer should have been an exhortation to persevere in preparing for the martyrdom which would be vouchsafed her. They added, that God would provide a monk who should be the companion of her and her husband in death, and that when he joined them, they might know the hour was at hand. She communicated this to Aurelio, who received it, not as a dream, but as an assurance from Heaven. They proceeded to dispose of their property, distributing the greater part of it in alms; and they placed their daughters in the convent of Tabanos, under the abbess's care. Sabigoto also, one day when alone, and fervently engaged in prayer, saw the apparition of a child which she had recently seen expire, and the spirit said it was sent to tell her that the time of her combat was approaching, and that she would obtain the victory and the crown. After this waking vision she went to Tabanos to take a last leave of her children. A certain deacon, by name George, happened then to be visiting the abbot and

abbess of this double establishment, who were brother and sister. He was a monk of St. Saba's, in the Holy Land; had been sent on a mission to collect alms for the convent, and having met with little success among the poor Christians in Barbary, had come to try his fortune in Spain. He was made acquainted with Sabigoto's story, and with her business at that time, and then was introduced to her. Immediately she fixed her eyes upon him, and speaking like one who was inspired, said, "this is the monk who has been promised to us for our companion in the good fight! He will enter it with us." George fell at her feet, and partaking her enthusiastic feeling, expressed his gratitude and his happiness, unworthy as he was, that he should be thus chosen. Accordingly he wrote to his abbot, and told him in what his mission was about to end.

By this time Felix and Liliosa, acting in unison with their friends, had disposed of their property also among the poor and the churches, and all being ready for the catastrophe, they deliberated upon the best manner of bringing it about, for in this case some scruple appears to have been felt concerning the usual course of volunteering to curse Mahommed. They resolved that the two women should draw upon them an inquiry by going publicly to church. As they expected, Aurelio and Felix were called upon to explain this conduct in their wives, who had hitherto past for Mahommedans: they made answer, that their wives and themselves also were Christians, and as such were willing to bear testimony both in word and deed to their faith. Upon this all four were summoned, not before the ordinary tribunal, but before the royal council in the palace, and thither George accompanied them. Persuasions and intreaties were used towards them, and even large offers of wealth and honours were held out, if they would withdraw their declaration, and submit to live as they had formerly done; and when the judge, having no alternative, ordered them to execution, he would have had the monk depart in peace. But George was not to be disappointed of his desire. "Do you doubt my religion," said he, "because you have not heard me proclaim it, nor speak of your false prophet as he deserves? Well, then, I curse him now, and call him a disciple of Satan, for the devil it was who inspired him." They were all beheaded together, and their bodies being secretly taken away from the place of execution, were deposited in different churches.

Eulogius had been for some time at liberty, propagating this madness with great activity, and he had prepared George for receiving it. A young monk, by name Christoval, who was a kinsman, and had been a pupil of this most dangerous fanatic, no sooner heard of the last execution than he left his convent, which was at

some distance from Cordoba, presented himself at the tribunal, and cursed Mahommed. Leovigild, another monk, travelled twenty miles with the same intention, and when he reached the city, went to ask Eulogius for his advice and his prayers. This desperate adviser exhorted him to go forward with his purpose, gave him his blessing, and sent him away in such a paroxysm of zeal, that he outwent all his predecessors in the maledictions which he poured forth before the Cadi: the provocation was such that he was punished with stripes on the spot, and heavily ironed in prison. There he found Christoval; they were beheaded together, and their bodies thrown into a fire, from which the Christians collected the half-consumed remains. Two more monks, Emila and Jeremias, presently followed their example and their fate; both Cordobans by birth, of good family, and distinguished for their attainments: Eulogius says that the sky, which had before been bright and clear, became suddenly overcast at their execution, and there was a terrific storm of thunder and lightning and hail. Before they left the prison, Rogellius and Serviodeo were brought in; the former was an old Muzarabic monk, Brother I-serve-God was a monk also, but young, and a native of Syria: both were eunuchs—probably by their own act—and they were much attached to each other. They had gone together into the great mosque when the congregation was assembled there at the service: for a Christian to profane a mosque by entering it at any time was an offence punishable by death; and these fanatics not only interrupted the service by their presence, but proclaimed their own belief aloud, and as loudly declared unto the Moors, that the prophet in whom they trusted was in hell, and that hell would be their everlasting reward for trusting in him. The magistrates had some difficulty in saving them from being beaten to death upon the spot; they were only rescued to be reserved for a more painful death: the council assembled, and it was resolved, that for so heinous and unheard-of an offence, the hands and feet of the offenders should be cut off before they were beheaded. This they suffered, not only with firmness, but with exultation: their trunks were then exposed on stakes, with the bodies of Jeremias and Emila on the opposite side of the river.

The same infatuated bigotry which has made historians and martyrologists applaud these victims of their own enthusiasm, has made them affirm that the Moors were dismayed at the number of martyrs who continually presented themselves, and that they apprehended the total overthrow of their faith. Such an apprehension would have been as irrational as the actions which are said to have occasioned it. They who affirm this ought to have remembered that there was at that time more intellectual cultivation

at Cordoba than in any other place in Europe; that it was the seat of all the arts and sciences which then existed; and that literature never, in any age or country, was more liberally encouraged than by the Ommeyad kings in that city: it is, indeed, one of the remarkable contrasts between the Spanish and Moorish historians, that the former introduce into their works an account of the contemporary saints, and the latter of the contemporary poets and men of learning. Abderahman and his ministers were troubled, as they well might be; but if they had any fear, it was for the consequences which the intolerance of the people, when thus provoked and insulted, might produce. The peculiar madness which affected so many of the Christians, strange as it was, is not without example both in ancient and modern times. The reader will at once call to mind the well-known story of the Milesian virgins, who were only to be deterred from suicide by a decree for exposing their bodies after death. The modern instances may, perhaps, not be so generally known: it occurred some three score years ago in Denmark, where many persons believing they should secure their own salvation if they died by the hands of the executioner, committed murder for no other motive, always choosing a young child for the victim, whose salvation they thought would also be secured if it were sent thus, in its innocence, to heaven! This madness became contagious, as any madness may which is connected with any religious feeling, however perverted, or with any political opinions: it was stopt, greatly to the credit of the government, by imprisoning the fanatics for life, thus at once disappointing them of their object, and inflicting upon them a life-long punishment. Imprisonment would have been the appropriate cure at Cordoba, but it should not have been of a kind which would either excite compassion in others, or gratify the enthusiasts themselves in their appetite for suffering. They should have been kept apart from each other, and not permitted to hold any communication with their friends, those excepted who decidedly disapproved of their conduct; and then they should have been treated, with all humanity and tenderness, as persons afflicted with a mental disease, and at any time to be discharged upon an engagement, either to live peaceably or leave the country. But the Moorish government, absolute as it was, was compelled in some degree to follow the public opinion, and this was loudly and vehemently for severe and summary punishment in such cases. A general arrest of the Muzarabes was threatened, and it was understood that any Moor, if he heard a Christian blaspheme the prophet, might put him instantly to death, without bringing him before a tribunal for judgment. Upon this many of the Muzarabes fled from Cordoba, and many, whom the point of

honour alone had hitherto kept to their profession, took the opportunity of renouncing their faith, and thereby obtaining for themselves and their children the privileges which belonged to the dominant people. Some even of those who had before applauded the new martyrs, exclaimed against them now, saying that their rashness had proved most injurious to the Christian cause; and Eulogius was greatly censured for the part he had taken in encouraging the madness. Eulogius, however, sought to preserve himself as long as he could, for the purpose of keeping up the spirit of fanaticism, and therefore he shifted his habitation, removing in disguise under the cover of night.

Abderahman's wish was rather to stop the madness than to punish it, and with this view he ordered the Muzarabic prelates to hold a council at Cordoba, and exert their authority to prevent enthusiasts from insulting the national faith. But whatever these prelates might think of the extravagances which they were called upon to suppress, they well knew that the sufferers would be acknowledged as good martyrs throughout Christendom, and they perfectly understood the use of new saints and the value of new relics. Having, therefore, a regard both to their safety at home and their credit abroad, they had recourse to that sort of equivocation which has been carried to such perfection in the Romish Church. They worded their decree so artfully, say their apologists and encomiasts, that the infidels, looking at the bark of the words, understood them to prohibit these voluntary martyrdoms, and to condemn them as sinful; whereas the clearer-sighted Christians, who searched for the pith of the meaning, discovered that no disparagement of the martyrs was intended, and no discouragement presented to those who might aspire to follow their example. They succeeded in satisfying the Moorish government, which, as it acted with good intentions and good faith, looked for plain dealing and sincerity in return: but Eulogius complains that this simulation was not blameless, because it deceived the illiterate people; for they understood the decree in its ostensible import, and believed that it was declared unlawful by the Church to curse Mahommed for the sake of being put to death. The Christians were at this time sufficiently perplexed with controversies among themselves, and vexations of various kinds. The new Bishop of Cordoba, being an admirer of the martyrs, was in prison. The Bishop of Malaga, who took the opposite part, was quite as unreasonable in a different way; he held the old heresy of the Anthropomorphites, and had invented a new one, maintaining that our Saviour was conceived in the heart of the Virgin Mary. This fancy was gravely opposed by Abbot Samson, who, because the bishop's name was Ostegeſis,

called him always *Hostis Jesu*: the abbot, however, notwithstanding his propensity to punning, was a sensible man, and took the sensible course in such distempered times—of quitting the country. Other troubles were occasioned by Bodo, a German by birth, who had been deacon of the palace at the court of Louis le Debonnaire, but having obtained permission to travel, had turned Jew, sold his attendants for slaves, married a Jewess, and taken the name of Eleazar. One of the reasons which he assigned for renouncing Christianity was, that he had seen persons professing fourteen different religions at the French court. This man, having removed from Zaragoza to Cordoba, advised the Moorish government no longer to tolerate so turbulent a sect as the Christians, but compel them, on pain of death, to embrace either the Jewish or the Mahommedan faith. The proposal is sufficient proof of insanity, but madness is sometimes as much connected with pravity of heart as with obliquity of intellect. Bodo had influence enough to harass the Muzarabes in many ways at a time when the popular feeling was strongly excited against them; and they wrote letters in consequence to the King of France, and to the prelates and nobles of that kingdom, requesting them to reclaim the person of their malignant enemy. Meanwhile Alvar engaged with him in controversy. Bodo's letters have been cut out from the manuscript in which Alvar's were preserved; and from the tenour of Alvar's answer the reader unexpectedly finds himself disposed to approve what at first must be deemed an act of great imprudence as well as of intolerance, for it appears that he had pursued a course of argument as loathsome as it was in every respect abominable.

This was the state of the Christians at Cordoba, when, Morales says, "it pleased God to display his accustomed mercy, and extend his miraculous protection to the afflicted church; for Abderahman ascending the terrace of his palace at this time to enjoy the prospect, happened to see the bodies of the last four sufferers, exposed each on a stake, beyond the river; and he gave orders that they should be immediately cast into a fire. This was done without delay, and the Christians collected the bones and ashes, which they deposited reverently in the churches. 'But, O marvellous power,' says Eulogius, 'O tremendous virtue of our Lord and Saviour! that mouth which had given its command that the bodies of these servants of the Lord should be consumed, was smitten at that moment by the angel of the Lord, and it never spake more. His attendants bore him in their arms to his chamber, and before the fire into which their remains were cast was burnt out, he began to burn in hell.'" Bleda also, calling the death of Abderahman miraculous, repeats this ferocious lan-

guage, and the same spirit is breathed even by the meek and venerable Florez, in the eighteenth century! The death which is thus exhibited as an immediate infliction of the Almighty's wrath, was in truth one of the easiest that Nature in its mercy has appointed for man—a stroke of palsy in old age. Abderahman was in his sixty-sixth year, and the Moorish historians, who never seek to dissemble the vices of their sovereigns, affirm, with apparent truth, that he died as peacefully as he lived, retaining his serenity of mind till the last, and lamented like a parent by the people, whom he had governed equitably and mercifully during more than thirty years. His death was far from producing any relief to the Muzarabes, for Muhamad, his son and successor, was less patient, and considering the madness of a few to be a manifestation of the general temper, he ordered all the churches which had been erected since the conquest to be pulled down, and all additions which had been made to the old ones to be demolished. They had hitherto been indulged beyond the established limits of Mahommedan toleration, but now he was resolved that they should be kept strictly to the terms upon which they had submitted. He was strongly inclined, it is said, to more violent measures, and would have compelled them to profess Islam, or have put them to death and banished their wives and children, if his counsellors had not represented to him that neither the government nor the country could afford to lose so many productive subjects. Many Christians, however, consulted their interest by going over to the Moorish faith, and the Moors exultingly taunted those who remained faithful, saying, this was the fruit of their boasted martyrdoms! “The Lord,” says Morales, “succoured his church in this tribulation;” by which he means, that the mania which for a little while had been allayed, reappeared. A young monk of Tabanos led the way, and suffered. Two men followed his example and his fate on the morrow; and before the sun went down, a nun of Tabanos, whose name was Digna, who desired always to be called *Indigna*, and who of course is complimented as *Dignissima*, presented herself also, cursed Mahommed, and was beheaded without delay, and then suspended by the heels with the other three. The next day an aged matron chose the same mode of leaving the world, and then the five bodies were burnt. She was succeeded by one who obtained considerable celebrity as a saint in the Peninsula, Columba, or Comba as she is called in Galicia and Portugal, sister to the Abbot and Abbess of Tabanos; her body was sown up in matting and thrown into the river, where, after six days, some monks pretended to find it entire and uncorrupted; and the body which they produced was reverently deposited in one of the churches. An old nun of ano-

ther convent could not rest when she heard of Columba's fate, but set out by night along a perilous mountain path, cursed Mahommed, suffered as she desired, and was buried at Columba's feet.

There was then another cessation of the madness for ten months, when a priest being wrongfully accused of blaspheming the prophet, interpreted the accusation into a monition from Heaven that he ought to do so, and accordingly poured out some hearty maledictions—(*dixit grandes vituperios de Mahoma*). Sundry other volunteers of both sexes followed; the two last were Roderick and Saloma, whose bodies Eulogius went to venerate as they lay upon the place of execution: he says that they were beautiful to behold, and that they looked as if they were alive, and could have answered if they had been spoken to. He was in a state of mind to believe that he saw whatever he wished to see; but it is apparent now that the priests were beginning to interfere with their pious frauds. Roderick's head and body were exhibited twenty days after his death in the sweetest odour of sanctity; the fragrance was pronounced to be miraculous by the bishop, the clergy, and the people, who kissed the remains, and buried them with a display that proves they were at that time in no fear of offending the Moorish government: and shortly afterwards the priest, in whose apartment this exhibition was made, saw Saloma in a dream, and was informed by him where his body also might be discovered, buried in the sand. The tragedy was now in its last act. There was a young damsel, Leocricia by name, whom Alvar describes as "*genere nobilis, mente nobilior; ex gentiliū face progenita, et ex luporum visceribus prodita*." A kinswoman had persuaded her when yet a child, to be secretly baptized, and her parents, who were zealous Mahomedans, could not, either by entreaties or severity, induce her to conform to their faith. She found means to inform Eulogius of the domestic persecution which she was enduring. Eulogius had recently been elected to the archbishopric of Toledo, but some unexplained impediment had caused the election to be set aside, most probably the imprudence of his conduct throughout these transactions at Cordoba. But in that conduct he still persevered with unabated fanaticism, raising volunteers for martyrdom, and recording their exploits and their triumph with a pen which Baronius says might seem to have been dipt in the inkstand of the Holy Spirit—"in pyride Spiritus Sancti calamus intinxisse videatur?" She applied also to his sister Anulona, a nun, and they concerted a scheme for her escape. By their advice Leocricia feigned a disposition to comply with her parents' wishes, and even to take a Moorish husband; she altered her dress, affected a wish to adorn her person, regained the affection of her

deluded parents, and having thus obtained more liberty, went out as a wedding guest, and took that opportunity of absconding. Search was made, many Christians who were suspected of harbouring her were arrested, and it is said tortured, to make them disclose the place of her retreat. At length she was found in Eulogius's house, and consequently he was carried before the Cadi to answer for the offence of concealing a Mussulman's daughter. Believing that his hour was come, he cut short the proceedings by reviling Mahommed, and was forthwith sent to the royal council, as if he were a person of too much consequence to be ordered to summary execution by the sentence of any inferior court. One of the judges was well acquainted with him, and had that respect and kindness towards him which his better qualities deserved. The Moor intreated him to say something which might save his life, assuring him that he might act just as he pleased afterwards, for that no compulsion should be used, and no inquiry made into his proceedings. But it would not have become Eulogius to have shrunk from the path in which he had exhorted others to proceed; he provoked an immediate sentence of death, and demeaned himself so calmly in the spirit of a Christian sufferer, that when one of the guards smote him on the cheek, he turned to him the other also. "O admirable and happy saint," says Alvar, "who sent before him, as the fruit of his labours, so many martyrs, and left the virgin Leocricia to follow him! He suffered as he had encouraged others to suffer, and bearing the banner of victory in his hand, presented himself, a pure sacrifice, to the Lord." Alvar has added, that a dove, white as unsullied snow, descended upon the body, and could not be driven from it, but when the Moors attempted to seize it with their hands, the dove fled to a tower immediately above the spot, and remained there, looking intently upon the corpse below. And when Leocricia suffered, four days after him, and was thrown into the river, her body, instead of sinking, remained buoyant and erect in the water, from whence the Christians were permitted to take it. They purchased the head of Eulogius, and were allowed to remove his body also, without molestation.

Leocricia was the last victim, for the mania ceased when the person who had so zealously laboured in propagating it was removed. The story should be wound up, did our limits permit, with Alvar's high-strained peroration; and the subsequent adventures of the various heads and bodies, the honours which they received, the cures which they performed, and the miracles which were exhibited to compliment them, might form a second part not less characteristic than the tragedy itself; but these details would lead us from the Moors in Spain, of whose history that of

the Cordoban persecution is the most singular episode. What a beam must have been in the eye of the Spaniards, who, in the age of the Philips, could look upon this as a great persecution! The Moors were, indeed, more intolerant among themselves than they were to the Christians under them. Two unhappy men, who at different times ventured to broach new opinions in their faith, were examined, pronounced heretical, and impaled in consequence. But from the general tenour of their history the Moorish character seems to have been mitigated in Spain, either by the inexplicable influence of climate and local circumstances, or by the great intermixture of European blood: it cannot have been occasioned by intercourse with the Christians, because that intercourse, even when respect for each others strength rendered it most courteous, never abated the contempt and hatred with which each nation regarded the religion of the other.

Symptoms of disunion among the Moors reappeared in Muhamad's reign, and some ambitious Wahies, for the first time, sought to strengthen themselves by alliance with the Spaniards. That king was advised on this account to dismantle the walls of Toledo, when the city was delivered up to him, and the leaders of the rebellion had been put to death; but the historian says, it was not the will of God that this good counsel should be taken: he forgets that the city must have been deserted if its fortifications had been destroyed. Toledo was too near the debatable ground to be inhabited as an open town in times when the Spanish chiefs never lay down at night without having their horses in the room, ready to mount at the first alarm, and when the Spaniards compared their leaders and themselves, for the life which they led, to the devil and his ministers, whose whole delight it was, they said, to separate soul and body! The Galicians are always described in this work as the bravest of the Christians. Muhamad sent a naval expedition against them: it was wrecked off the mouth of the Minho; some of the Moors imputed this misfortune to the growing luxury and diminished zeal of the Mussulmen; others to the divine displeasure, that the true believers should have endeavoured to spare themselves the fatigue and trouble of marching by land in a holy war!

Muhamad, like his predecessor, encouraged literature, wrote verses, and moralized upon the cares of royalty and the uncertainty of human life. His son and successor, Almondhir, was slain in battle against a chief who had possessed himself of Toledo, always a disaffected city: the frequent revolts which occurred there are imputed to the number, and wealth, and temper of its Jewish and Christian inhabitants. Abdala, the brother of the slain king, succeeded; his reign was marked by so

dreadful a famine, that there were none to bury the dead, so that the dying crawled to the burial grounds, and there laid themselves down to expire, in hope that some charitable hand might strew the earth over them! Abdala was unfortunate in other respects: the Moors were defeated, with great slaughter, by Alonso the Great, near Zamora, and the conquerors took that city, and garrisoned its gates and towers with the heads of the slain; but Abdala made peace with them for the sake of directing his arms against the rebels, whom it was far more important to subdue, because they would have divided the kingdom, upon which the Christians could make little impression while it was united. The bigoted people were offended by a policy which they could not comprehend; a party was formed against him, and the name of the eastern caliph was substituted for his in the public prayer: his brother was put to death for being implicated in this treason; and it was believed also, that Abdala's son Muhamad, who had rebelled against him and been taken prisoner, was poisoned by his orders. Such tragedies are the frequent consequence of polygamy, and the unsettled principles of succession in Mahomedan kingdoms. It is, however, doubtful whether Muhamad died by any other poison than that of an irritated spirit; and his son Abderahman was chosen by Abdala to succeed him. Morales discovered among the archives of St. Isidore, at Leon, that this Abderahman III., the most magnificent of the Moorish sovereigns in Spain, was descended on the female side from the Navarrese King Inigo Arista, and this he calls "*una extrana novedad.*" The story exhibits one of those strange turns of fortune which give to history the appearance of romance. His account is, that Aznario Fortuniones married Iniga, his own aunt, who was daughter of King Garci Iniguez, and that Iniga being taken prisoner, and carried to Cordoba with her brother Fortunio, became one of Abdala's wives, and was the mother of Muhamad. Conde's authorities say that Abderahman, not Muhamad, was born of a Christian mother, and that her name was Maria. Iniga may have borne both names, or she may have changed that by which she was called in her own country, because it would be less painful for her family to suppose that she was dead, than to know that she had become one of the wives of a Mahomedan. The Moorish historian notices Fortunio's capture, and speaks of him as a valiant and distinguished Christian, who had his liberty given him, lived a long time in Cordoba, and attained to the great age of 126. The Archbishop Rodrigo, writing from Arabic materials, gives the same account.

In whatever relation Abderahman stood to Fortunio, Fortunatus he might have been called if worldly prosperity could make

men truly fortunate. So splendid a court as his, in comparison with all contemporary ones, Europe has never seen in any earlier or later age; scarcely perhaps at any time one so splendid in itself. Yet this was the monarch who, when he had reigned fifty years in the height of human power, declared that upon a sober retrospect of his life, he could only reckon up fourteen days in which he had been altogether happy. The cause for this existed in his unnatural situation, not in his personal character, nor in the constitution of human nature, to which, in the ordinary distributions of Providence, a much greater proportion of happiness is allotted. There would, indeed, be one damnable stain upon his memory (any weaker epithet would be inadequate), if the story of St. Pelayo were true; but that legend rests upon the veracity of a Cordoban, who related it to the Saxon nun, Rosweida; it has therefore no better authority than a traveller's tale, and the circumstances are as incredible as they are revolting. He has been charged also with putting his son Abdala to death, from jealousy, because of his popular qualities. But a very different and far more probable statement appears in the history which Señor Conde has followed. There it is affirmed that Abdala plotted against his father's government and the life of his brother Alhakem, whom Abderahman had designated for his successor. He was apprehended and confessed his guilt: Alhakem interceded for him; but the father replied that he could not act in this instance as his heart inclined him to do, and as if he were a private individual; being a king it was his duty to consider the public consequences, and leave an example of justice to posterity, though it would cost him tears of bitterness and a life-long regret.

The son whom he had chosen for his successor was worthy to succeed him. Two natural phenomena are noticed in Abderahman's reign: a shower of hail or rather fragments of ice, by which birds, cattle, and men were killed; and such a shower of meteors as was observed by Humboldt in his voyage to America. Alhakem was nearly fifty years of age when his father died. His delight from his earliest youth had been in books, and he had agents in all the principal cities of the Mohammedan world to collect them for his library; the catalogue of which is said to have filled fifty-four volumes, each containing fifty leaves. A love of literature was generally diffused among the Spanish Moors during his reign; even the women perceived the advantage of adding mental accomplishments to their attractions, and applied themselves to the severer studies as well as the ornamental branches of learning. Alhakem had women in his palace who copied manuscripts, excelling in calligraphy, and composed poems themselves; one of these was his confidential secretary. This

was the Augustan age of the Moors, but their historian says, it past away like a dream. Their happiness was thus transitory, because it depended upon the personal character of the ruler, not upon righteous principles and wise institutions. The intervals of prosperity which are enjoyed under a virtuous despot, are granted in mercy to mankind; the miseries which follow, and which are the sure consequence of false doctrines and erroneous systems, are the bitter lessons by which men are to be made to understand the folly and the wickedness of their ways. Alhakem's earnest desire was to keep peace with his Christian neighbours, to divert his own people from their warlike and turbulent habits to the quiet and beneficial pursuits of agriculture, and to improve by all the aids of art a country so blest with natural advantages. Then it was that aqueducts were constructed, and tanks formed upon a scale of oriental magnitude for irrigating the lands: the south of Spain was like a highly cultivated garden. The most illustrious Moors prided themselves upon improving their own grounds; and as the people of many villages are said to have betaken themselves to the care of their flocks, and resumed the Bedoween manner of life, it is probable that to this time the origin must be ascribed of that system of pasturage which still prevails in Spain. Whatever advice Alhakem addressed to his son Hixem, concluded, it is said, with exhortations to "seek peace and ensue it," and never to engage in war unless from necessity, and in a just quarrel. "What contentment," he would say, "can there be in destroying villages, laying tracts of fertile country waste, and spreading devastation and slaughter over the earth? Govern thy people in peace and equity: let no vanity or pride mislead thee; let thine eye be single: bridle thy desires: put thy trust in God, and then shalt thou calmly come to thine appointed end."

Alhakem, like the best of his predecessors, had the temporal reward of righteousness, for his days were long in the land. Hixem, when he performed the wonted ceremony of prayer at his father's funeral, descended into his sepulchre, and was overpowered by his emotions. He might well be so at the loss of such a parent, and perhaps also at that moment he had a sad consciousness of his own weakness and inexperience! He was Alhakem's only son, the child of his old age. Sobecha, his mother, had in great measure governed the late king during the last ten years of his life, and she now confided her son to the tutelage of Mohamad ben Abdala, famous in Spanish history by the name which he soon obtained of Almanzor—the Victorious. Almanzor was the *Campeador*, the "Great Captain" of the Spanish Moors; the most formidable enemy with whom the rising kingdoms of

Leon and Navarre, and what was then the county of Castille, ever had to contend. Their division favoured his progress, but their union could not have resisted it with success, for he was one of those commanders who inspire their own army with full confidence, and strike fear into those who are opposed to it. Ali and Caled, the Lion and the Sword of the Lord, as they were denominated in their day, were not more entirely possessed by the spirit of their warlike faith than Almanzor. The first act of his administration was to break the peace which Alhakem had so sedulously maintained with the Spaniards, and to declare perpetual war against them, with the intention of not leaving an independent Christian within the limits of Spain. This measure was condemned by those who approved the policy of the preceding reign, and who were of opinion that the government's first object should be to secure its internal stability and strength. Whilst he lived, that object seemed to be effected by his victories, which afforded employment not only for all the turbulent spirits of the country, but for auxiliaries whom he invited from Africa. The system was twice in every year to make a great inroad upon the Christians, sometimes beyond the Ebro, sometimes on the side of Leon and Galicia. A fifth part of the spoil was the King's; the Chiefs had the right of choice among the cattle and the prisoners, male and female; all that remained he distributed among the troops. It is said that he knew the person and the name of every one who served under him, for it was his custom to go frequently through the camp and into their tents: those who distinguished themselves he invited to his table, and after every victory he gave a feast to his whole army. Regarding his battles as religious works, the first thing which he did after every action was to shake the dust from his garments, and have it carefully collected and deposited in a coffer, which was always carried with the most valuable part of his baggage,—that with the dust thus gathered in the service of the Prophet, he might be covered in his grave.

Never was brave invader more bravely resisted; but his means and numbers, and name and fortune, prevailed; and had he been engaged against other people than the Spaniards, their subjugation must have been completed: their invincible spirit, their unweariable power of endurance, could alone have survived the series of defeats and losses which they sustained in two and fifty of his dreadful inroads. The bells of Santiago's own church were borne from Compostella to Cordoba as his trophies, and suspended to serve as lamps in the Great Mosque. The King of Leon found it necessary to remove the seat of government from that city back to the Asturian mountains; and the relics of the saints and the bodies of his predecessors were removed also. In

the sixty-fifth year of his age Almanzor found it necessary, after an undecided and hard-fought battle, to retreat, and cross the Duero in the night; and in this retreat he died, less of his wounds, it is said, than for grief and irritation at being thus repulsed. They buried him—like a Mussulman martyr, in his bloody garments, as they had borne him from the field; and they covered him in his grave with the dust of his fifty campaigns. There were other fine parts in Almanzor's character: he was the patron of letters; he was merciful to the conquered; he suffered no injury to be inflicted upon the defenceless; and once, upon receiving tidings of success from his son in Africa, he manifested his gratitude to the Giver of all victory by liberating 1500 Christian men and 300 women. But with all his virtues there was a worm at the core: ambition, even more than religious and military enthusiasm, was his ruling passion; it made him jealous of any who seemed to disapprove his measures, and none could excite his displeasure with impunity. He was not scrupulous in observing his word. He kept the king as a sort of prisoner in his harem and his gardens, ignorant of business, careless of all public events, immersed in sloth and sensuality. It was not doubted that Almanzor's intention in this was to prepare the way insensibly for a transfer of the throne to his own family, which appeared the more feasible as Hixem had no child. But this ambition proved fatal to the Ommeyades, to his own family, and eventually to the Moors in Spain.

The son whom he had intended for his successor succeeded to his power, and held it during seven years, when he died, not without suspicion of poison. Another son, Abderahman by name, then assumed the same station. In person he was the living image of Almanzor; and he is said to have been generous, brave and capable, though dissolute; like his father he governed the imbecile king, who placed implicit confidence in his keepers, contented that they should take the cares of royalty, and leave him to its enjoyments. But Abderahman, less prudent than his father and his brother, resolved that, on his return from his first expedition against the Christians, Hixem should publicly adopt him for his successor. The Ommeyad family discovered this; and no sooner had he left Cordoba than they got possession of the city and of the royal person, and deprived Abderahman of his office. He returned instantly, fully expecting to recover his authority: a severe struggle took place in the streets; he was severely wounded, and made prisoner; and Muhamad, who was the leader of the opposite party, ordered him immediately to be crucified. "This," says the Moorish historian, "was the fate of Abderahman, the son of the great Almanzor, the brother of the

illustrious Abdemelic; and yet there are those who trust in the ungrateful and inconstant people!" A series of revolutions ensued, such as are only found in the most turbulent ages of Mohammedan history: aspirant after aspirant rose, and was precipitated as the wheel of fortune went round. "Crown me to-day, and kill me to-morrow, if my stars will have it so," was the desperate exclamation of one of the last Ommeyyades, to those who would have dissuaded him from an ambitious course, which could end in nothing but his speedy destruction; but thus he replied to their advice, and after that day he was heard of no more, nor is it known how he perished. Thus, says the historian, the dominion and the fortunes of the Ommeyyades past away. Happy are they who have done righteously, and praise be to Him whose kingdom hath no end! In these words the author whom Señor Conde has followed in the most interesting part of his work, terminates his history.

During this anarchy some of the rival claimants called the Almohades to their aid. These Africans came, like the first invaders, with the strength and enterprising spirit of a new dynasty. The Christians could not have made head against them, if they had not found allies among the Moorish kings, who established at this time short-lived sovereignties; and who, when the Africans were finally expelled, fell themselves an easy prey. The Almohades delayed their ruin for a while, but it was only to accelerate it afterwards, by leaving another contending faction in the country when their supremacy was overthrown. The Christian states meantime acquired strength, and assumed a settled and regular form. Portugal was the first that cleared its appointed limits of the misbelievers; and when Joam I. captured Ceuta, and began a system of conquest in Africa, an end was put to all further danger from that quarter. Aragon completed its work soon afterwards; and Granada was at length the only kingdom left to the Mahomedans. With the conquest of that city Señor Conde concludes his work: it is to be wished that he had given us the Moorish account of the subsequent transactions, until the final expulsion of the Moriscoes. The two latter volumes, which form about half the history, would undoubtedly have received some improvement if the author had lived to carry them through the press, or even to prepare them for it: from the portion however which he did publish, his merits may be fairly estimated. He has added much, very much, to a most interesting and important part of the history of Spain: but in showing us the value of the Moorish historians, he has shown also how important it is that the whole of their remains should be secured from further danger, and published under the direction of the Spanish Aca-

demy of History. Twenty years ago this might have been hoped and looked for ;—twenty years hence,—alas, the present temper of parties in that country, their obstinacy and their mutual errors, may induce a fear that Spain may be in as miserable a state of anarchy and barbarism as when the empire of the Ommeyades was broken up!

ART. II.—*On the Supernatural in Fictitious Composition ; and particularly on the Works of Ernest Theodore William Hoffman.*

1. Hoffmann's *Leben und Nachlass*. 2 vols. Berlin, 1823.
2. Hoffmann's *Serapions-brüder*. 6 vols. 1819-26.
3. Hoffmann's *Nachtstücke*. 2 vols. 1816.

No source of romantic fiction, and no mode of exciting the feelings of interest which the authors in that description of literature desire to produce, seems more directly accessible than the love of the supernatural. It is common to all classes of mankind, and perhaps is to none so familiar as to those who assume a certain degree of scepticism on the subject; since the reader may have often observed in conversation, that the person who professes himself most incredulous on the subject of marvellous stories, often ends his remarks by indulging the company with some well-attested anecdote, which it is difficult or impossible to account for on the narrator's own principles of absolute scepticism. The belief itself, though easily capable of being pushed into superstition and absurdity, has its origin not only in the facts upon which our holy religion is founded, but upon the principles of our nature, which teach us that while we are probationers in this sublunary state, we are neighbours to, and encompassed by the shadowy world, of which our mental faculties are too obscure to comprehend the laws, our corporeal organs too coarse and gross to perceive the inhabitants.

All professors of the Christian Religion believe that there was a time when the Divine Power showed itself more visibly on earth than in these our latter days; controlling and suspending, for its own purposes, the ordinary laws of the universe; and the Roman Catholic Church, at least, holds it as an article of faith, that miracles descend to the present time. Without entering into that controversy, it is enough that a firm belief in the great truths of our religion has induced wise and good men, even in Pro-

testant countries, to subscribe to Dr. Johnson's doubts respecting supernatural appearances.

"That the dead are seen no more, said Imlac, I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another could not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears."

Upon such principles as these there lingers in the breasts even of philosophers, a reluctance to decide dogmatically upon a point where they do not and cannot possess any, save negative, evidence. Yet this inclination to believe in the marvellous gradually becomes weaker. Men cannot but remark that (since the scriptural miracles have ceased,) the belief in prodigies and supernatural events has gradually declined in proportion to the advancement of human knowledge; and that since the age has become enlightened, the occurrence of tolerably well attested anecdotes of the supernatural character are so few, as to render it more probable that the witnesses have laboured under some strange and temporary delusion, rather than that the laws of nature have been altered or suspended. At this period of human knowledge, the marvellous is so much identified with fabulous, as to be considered generally as belonging to the same class.

It is not so in early history, which is full of supernatural incidents; and although we now use the word *romance* as synonymous with fictitious composition, yet as it originally only meant a poem, or prose work contained in the Romance language, there is little doubt that the doughty chivalry who listened to the songs of the minstrel, "held each strange tale devoutly true," and that the feats of knighthood which he recounted, mingled with tales of magic and supernatural interference, were esteemed as veracious as the legends of the monks, to which they bore a strong resemblance. This period of society, however, must have long past before the Romancer began to select and arrange with care, the nature of the materials out of which he constructed his story. It was not when society, however differing in degree and station, was levelled and confounded by one dark cloud of ignorance, involving the noble as well as the mean, that it need be scrupulously considered to what class of persons the author addressed himself, or with what species of decoration he ornamented his story. "Homo was

then a common name for all men," and all were equally pleased with the same style of composition. This, however, was gradually altered. As the knowledge to which we have before alluded made more general progress, it became impossible to detain the attention of the better instructed class by the simple and gross fables to which the present generation would only listen in childhood, though they had been held in honour by their fathers during youth, manhood, and old age.

It was also discovered that the supernatural in fictitious composition requires to be managed with considerable delicacy, as criticism begins to be more on the alert. The interest which it excites is indeed a powerful spring; but it is one which is peculiarly subject to be exhausted by coarse handling and repeated pressure. It is also of a character which it is extremely difficult to sustain, and of which a very small proportion may be said to be better than the whole. The marvellous, more than any other attribute of fictitious narrative, loses its effect by being brought much into view. The imagination of the reader is to be excited if possible, without being gratified. If once, like *Macbeth*, we "sup full with horrors," our taste for the banquet is ended, and the thrill of terror with which we hear or read of a night-shriek, becomes lost in that sated indifference with which the tyrant came at length to listen to the most deep catastrophes that could affect his house. The incidents of a supernatural character are usually those of a dark and undefinable nature, such as arise in the mind of the Lady in the Mask of Comus,—incidents to which our fears attach more consequence, as we cannot exactly tell what it is we behold, or what is to be apprehended from it:—

"A thousand fantasies

Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beck'ning shadows dire,
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Burke observes upon obscurity, that it is necessary to make any thing terrible, and notices "how much the notions of ghosts and goblins, of which none can form clear ideas, affect minds which give credit to the popular tales concerning such sorts of beings." He represents also, that no person "seems better to have understood the secret of heightening, or of setting terrible things in their strongest light, by the force of a judicious obscurity, than Milton. His description of Death, in the second book, is admirably studied; it is astonishing with what a gloomy pomp, with what a significant and expressive uncertainty of strokes and colouring, he has finished the portrait of the king of terrors.

‘The other shape,—
 If shape it might be called, which shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb :
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,—
 For each seemed either ; black he stood as night ;
 Fierce as ten furies ; terrible as hell ;
 And shook a deadly dart. What seemed his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.’

In this description all is dark, uncertain, confused, terrible and sublime to the last degree.”

The only quotation worthy to be mentioned along with the passage we have just taken down, is the well-known apparition introduced with circumstances of terrific obscurity in the book of Job :

“Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ears received a little thereof: In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice.”

From these sublime and decisive authorities, it is evident that the exhibition of supernatural appearances in fictitious narrative ought to be rare, brief, indistinct, and such as may become a being to us so incomprehensible, and so different from ourselves, of whom we cannot justly conjecture whence he comes, or for what purpose, and of whose attributes we can have no regular or distinct perception. Hence it usually happens, that the first touch of the supernatural is always the most effective, and is rather weakened and defaced, than strengthened, by the subsequent recurrence of similar incidents. Even in Hamlet, the second entrance of the ghost is not nearly so impressive as the first; and in many romances to which we could refer, the supernatural being forfeits all claim both to our terror and veneration, by condescending to appear too often; to mingle too much in the events of the story, and above all, to become loquacious, or, as it is familiarly called, *chatty*. We have, indeed, great doubts whether an author acts wisely in permitting his goblin to speak at all, if at the same time he renders him subject to human sight. Shakspeare, indeed, has contrived to put such language in the mouth of the buried majesty of Denmark as befits a supernatural being, and is by the style distinctly different from that of the living persons in the drama. In another passage he has had the boldness to intimate, by two expressions of similar force, in what manner and with what tone supernatural beings would find utterance :

“And the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.”

But the attempt in which the genius of Shakspeare has succeeded would probably have been ridiculous in any meaner hand; and hence it is, that, in many of our modern tales of terror, our feelings of fear have, long before the conclusion, given way under the influence of that familiarity which begets contempt.

A sense that the effect of the supernatural in its more obvious application is easily exhausted, has occasioned the efforts of modern authors to cut new walks and avenues through the enchanted wood, and to revive, if possible, by some means or other, the fading impression of its horrors.

The most obvious and inartificial mode of attaining this end is, by adding to, and exaggerating the supernatural incidents of the tale. But far from increasing its effect, the principles which we have laid down, incline us to consider the impression as usually weakened by exaggerated and laborious description. Elegance is in such cases thrown away, and the accumulation of superlatives, with which the narrative is encumbered, renders it tedious, or perhaps ludicrous, instead of becoming impressive or grand.

There is indeed one style of composition, of which the supernatural forms an appropriate part, which applies itself rather to the fancy than to the imagination, and aims more at amusing than at affecting or interesting the reader. To this species of composition belong the eastern tales, which contribute so much to the amusement of our youth, and which are recollected, if not reperused, with so much pleasure in our more advanced life. There are but few readers of any imagination who have not at one time or other in their life sympathized with the poet Collins, "who," says Dr. Johnson, "was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination, which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meadows of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." It is chiefly the young and the indolent who love to be soothed by works of this character, which require little attention in the perusal. In our riper age we remember them as we do the joys of our infancy, rather because we loved them once, than that they still continue to afford us amusement. The extravagance of fiction loses its charms for our riper judgment; and notwithstanding that these wild fictions contain much that is beautiful and full of fancy, yet still, unconnected as they are with each other, and conveying no result to the understanding, we pass them by as the championess Britomart rode along the rich strand.

Which as she overwent,
She saw bestrewed all with rich array
Of pearls and precious stones of great assay,

And all the gravel mixt with golden ore :
 Whereat she wondered much, but would not stay
 For gold, or pearls, or precious stones, one hour ;
 But them despised all, for all was in her power.

With this class of supernatural composition may be ranked, though inferior in interest, what the French call *Contes des Fées* ; meaning, by that title, to distinguish them from the ordinary popular tales of fairy folks which are current in most countries. The *Conte des Fées* is itself a very different composition, and the fairies engaged are of a separate class from those whose amusement is to dance round the mushroom in the moonlight, and mislead the belated peasant. The French *Fée* more nearly resembles the Peri of Eastern, or the Fata of Italian poetry. She is a superior being, having the nature of an elementary spirit, and possessing magical powers enabling her, to a considerable extent, to work either good or evil. But whatever merit this species of writing may have attained in some dexterous hands, it has, under the management of others, become one of the most absurd, flat, and insipid possible. Out of the whole *Cabinet des Fées*, when we get beyond our old acquaintances of the nursery, we can hardly select five volumes, from nearly fifty, with any probability of receiving pleasure from them.

It often happens that when any particular style becomes somewhat antiquated and obsolete, some caricature, or satirical imitation of it, gives rise to a new species of composition. Thus the English Opera arose from the parody upon the Italian stage, designed by Gay, in the Beggar's Opera. In like manner, when the public had been inundated, *ad nauseam*, with Arabian tales, Persian tales, Turkish tales, Mogul tales, and legends of every nation east of the Bosphorus, and were equally annoyed by the increasing publication of all sorts of fairy tales,—Count Anthony Hamilton, like a second Cervantes, came forth with his satirical tales, destined to overturn the empire of Dives, of Genii, of Peris, *et hoc genus omne*.

Something too licentious for a more refined age, the Tales of Count Hamilton subsist as a beautiful illustration, showing that literary subjects, as well as the fields of the husbandman, may, when they seem most worn out and effete, be renewed and again brought into successful cultivation by a new course of management. The wit of Count Hamilton, like manure applied to an exhausted field, rendered the eastern tale more piquant, if not more edifying, than it was before. Much was written in imitation of Count Hamilton's style ; and it was followed by Voltaire in particular, who in this way rendered the supernatural romance one of the most apt vehicles for circulating his satire. This,

therefore, may be termed the comic side of the supernatural, in which the author plainly declares his purpose to turn into jest the miracles which he relates, and aspires to awaken ludicrous sensations without affecting the fancy—far less exciting the passions of the reader. By this species of delineation the reader will perceive that the supernatural style of writing is entirely travestied and held up to laughter, instead of being made the subject of respectful attention, or heard with at least that sort of imperfect excitement with which we listened to a marvellous tale of fairy-land. This species of satire—for it is often converted to satirical purposes—has never been more happily executed than by the French authors, although Wieland, and several other German writers, treading in the steps of Hamilton, have added the grace of poetry to the wit and to the wonders with which they have adorned this species of composition. Oberon, in particular, has been identified with our literature by the excellent translation of Mr. Sotheby, and is nearly as well known in England as in Germany. It would, however, carry us far too wide from our present purpose, were we to consider the comi-heroic poetry which belongs to this class, and which includes the well-known works of Pulci, Berni—perhaps, in a certain degree, of Ariosto himself, who, in some passages at least, lifts his knightly vizor so far as to give a momentary glimpse of the smile which mantles upon his countenance.

One general glance at the geography of this most pleasing “Londe of Faery,” leads us into another province, rough as it may seem and uncultivated, but which, perhaps, on that very account, has some scenes abounding in interest. There are a species of antiquarians who, while others laboured to re-unite and ornament highly the ancient traditions of their country, have made it their business, *antiquos accedere fontes*, to visit the ancient springs and sources of those popular legends which, cherished by the grey and superstitious Elde, had been long forgotten in the higher circles, but are again brought forward and claim, like the old ballads of a country, a degree of interest even from their rugged simplicity. The *Deutsche Sagen* of the brothers Grimm, is an admirable work of this kind; assembling, without any affectation either of ornamental diction or improved incident, the various traditions existing in different parts of Germany respecting popular superstitions and the events ascribed to supernatural agency. There are other works of the same kind, in the same language, collected with great care and apparent fidelity. Sometimes trite, sometimes tiresome, sometimes childish, the legends which these authors have collected with such indefatigable zeal form nevertheless a step in the history of the

human race; and, when compared with similar collections in other countries, seem to infer traces of a common descent which has placed one general stock of superstition within reach of the various tribes of mankind. What are we to think when we find the Jutt and the Fin telling their children the same traditions which are to be found in the nurseries of the Spaniard and Italian; or when we recognize in our own instance the traditions of Ireland or Scotland as corresponding with those of Russia? Are we to suppose that their similarity arises from the limited nature of human invention, and that the same species of fiction occurs to the imaginations of different authors in remote countries as the same species of plants are found in different regions without the possibility of their having been propagated by transportation from the one to others? Or ought we, rather, to refer them to a common source, when mankind formed but the same great family, and suppose that as philologists trace through various dialects the broken fragments of one general language, so antiquaries may recognize in distant countries parts of what was once a common stock of tradition? We will not pause on this inquiry, nor observe more than generally that, in collecting these traditions, the industrious editors have been throwing light, not only on the history of their own country in particular, but on that of mankind in general. There is generally some truth mingled with the abundant falsehood, and still more abundant exaggeration of the oral legend; and it may be frequently and unexpectedly found to confirm or confute the meagre statement of some ancient chronicle. Often, too, the legend of the common people, by assigning peculiar features, localities, and specialities to the incidents which it holds in memory, gives life and spirit to the frigid and dry narrative which tells the fact alone, without the particulars which render it memorable or interesting.

It is, however, in another point of view, that we wish to consider those popular traditions in their collected state: namely, as a peculiar mode of exhibiting the marvellous and supernatural in composition. And here we must acknowledge, that he who peruses a large collection of stories of fiends, ghosts, and prodigies, in hopes of exciting in his mind that degree of shuddering interest approaching to fear, which is the most valuable triumph of the supernatural, is likely to be disappointed. A whole collection of ghost stories inclines us as little to fear as a jest book moves us to laughter. Many narratives, turning upon the same interest, are apt to exhaust it: as in a large collection of pictures an ordinary eye is so dazzled with the variety of brilliant or glowing colours as to become less able to distinguish the merit of those pieces which are possessed of any.

But notwithstanding this great disadvantage, which is inseparable from the species of publication we are considering, a reader of imagination, who has the power to emancipate himself from the chains of reality, and to produce in his own mind the accompaniments with which the simple or rude popular legend ought to be attended, will often find that it possesses points of interest, of nature, and of effect, which, though irreconcilable to sober truth, carry with them something that the mind is not averse to believe, something in short of plausibility, which, let poet or romancer do their very best, they find it impossible to attain to. An example may, in a case of this sort, be more amusing to the reader than mere disquisition, and we select one from a letter received many years since from an amiable and accomplished nobleman some time deceased, not more distinguished for his love of science, than his attachment to literature in all its branches :—

“ It was in the night of, I think, the 14th of February, 1799, that there came on a dreadful storm of wind and drifting snow from the south-east, which was felt very severely in most parts of Scotland. On the preceding day a Captain M——, attended by three other men, had gone out a deer-shooting in that extensive tract of mountains which lies to the west of Dalnacardoch. As they did not return in the evening, nothing was heard of them. The next day, people were sent out in quest of them, as soon as the storm abated. After a long search, the bodies were found, in a lifeless state, lying among the ruins of a *bothy*, (a temporary hut,) in which it would seem Captain M—— and his party had taken refuge. The *bothy* had been destroyed by the tempest, and in a very astonishing manner. It had been built partly of stone, and partly of strong wooden uprights driven into the ground; it was not merely blown down, but quite torn to pieces. Large stones, which had formed part of the walls, were found lying at the distance of one or two hundred yards from the site of the building, and the wooden uprights appeared to have been rent asunder by a force that had twisted them off as in breaking a tough stick. From the circumstances in which the bodies were found, it appeared that the men were retiring to rest at the time the calamity came upon them. One of the bodies, indeed, was found at a distance of many yards from the *bothy*; another of the men was found upon the place where the *bothy* had stood, with one stocking off, as if he had been undressing; Captain M—— was lying without his clothes, upon the wretched bed which the *bothy* had afforded, his face to the ground, and his knees drawn up. To all appearance the destruction had been quite sudden: yet the situation of the building was such as promised security against the utmost violence of the wind. It stood in a narrow recess, at the foot of a mountain, whose precipitous and lofty declivities sheltered it on every side, except in the front, and here, too, a hill rose before it, though with a more gradual slope. This extraordinary wreck of a building so situated, led the common people to ascribe it to a super-

natural power. It was recollected by some who had been out shooting with Captain M—— about a month before, that while they were resting at this bothy, a shepherd lad had come to the door and inquired for Captain M——, and that the captain went out with the shepherd, and they walked away together, leaving the rest of the party in the bothy. After a time, Captain M—— returned alone; he said nothing of what had passed between him and the lad, but looked very grave and thoughtful, and from that time there was observed to be a mysterious anxiety hanging about him. It was remembered, that one evening after dusk, when Captain M—— was in the bothy, some of his party that were standing before the door saw a fire blazing on the top of the hill which rises in front of it. They were much surprised to see a fire in such a solitary place, and at such a time, and set out to inquire into the cause of it, but when they reached the top of the hill, there was no fire to be seen! It was remembered, too, that on the day before the fatal night, Captain M—— had shown a singular obstinacy in going forth upon his expedition. No representations of the inclemency of the weather, and of the dangers he would be exposed to, could restrain him. He said he *must* go, and was resolved to go. Captain M.'s character was likewise remembered; that he was popularly reported to be a man of no principles, rapacious, and cruel; that he had got money by procuring recruits from the highlands,—an unpopular mode of acquiring wealth; and that, amongst other base measures for this purpose, he had gone so far as to leave a purse upon the road, and to threaten the man who had picked it up with an indictment for robbery, if he did not enlist.* Our informer added nothing more; he neither told us his own opinion nor that of the country; but left it to our own notions of the manner in which good and evil is rewarded in this life, to suggest the Author of the miserable event. He seemed impressed with superstitious awe on the subject, and said, 'There was na' the like seen in a' Scotland.' The man is far advanced in years, and is a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood of Rannoch. He was employed by us as a guide upon Schehallion; and he told us the story one day as we walked before our horses, while we slowly wound up the road on the northern declivity of Rannoch. From this elevated ground we commanded an extensive prospect over the dreary mountains to the north, and amongst them our guide pointed out that at the foot of which was the scene of his dreadful tale. The account is, to the best of my recollection, just what I received from my guide. In some trifling particulars, from defect of memory, I may have misrepresented or added a little, in order to connect the leading circumstances; and I fear, also, that something may have been forgotten. Will you ask Mr. P—— whether Captain M——, on leaving the bothy after his conversation with the shepherd lad, did not say that he must return there in a month after? I have a faint idea that it was so; and, if true, it would be a pity to lose it. Mr. P—— may, perhaps, be able to correct or enlarge my account for you in other instances."

The reader will, we believe, be of our opinion, that the feeling

* It is needless to say that this was a mere popular report, which might greatly misrepresent the character of the unfortunate sufferer.

of superstitious awe annexed to the catastrophe contained in this interesting narrative, could not have been improved by any circumstances of additional horror which a poet could have invented; that the incidents and the gloomy simplicity of the narrative are much more striking than they could have been rendered by the most glowing description; and that the old highland schoolmaster, the outline of whose tale is so judiciously preserved by the narrator, was a better medium for communicating such a tale than would have been the form of Ossian, could he have arisen from the dead on purpose.

It may however be truly said of the muse of romantic fiction,

“*Mille habet ornatus.*”

The Professor Musaeus, and others of what we may call his school, conceiving, perhaps, that the simplicity of the unadorned popular legend was like to obstruct its popularity, and feeling, as we formerly observed, that though individual stories are sometimes exquisitely impressive, yet collections of this kind were apt to be rather bald and heavy, employed their talents in ornamenting them with incident, in ascribing to the principal agents a peculiar character, and rendering the marvellous more interesting by the individuality of those in whose history it occurs. Two volumes were transcribed from the *Volksmarchen* of Musaeus by the late Dr. Beddoes, and published under the title of “*Popular Tales of the Germans*,” which may afford the English reader a good idea of the stile of that interesting work. It may, indeed, be likened to the *Tales of Count Anthony Hamilton* already mentioned, but there is great room for distinction. “*Le Belier*,” and “*Fleur d’Epine*,” are mere parodies arising out of the fancy, but indebted for their interest to his wit. Musaeus, on the other hand, takes the narration of the common legend, dresses it up after his own fashion, and describes, according to his own pleasure, the personages of his drama. Hamilton is a cook who compounds his whole banquet out of materials used for the first time; Musaeus brings forward ancient traditions, like yesterday’s cold meat from the larder, and, by dint of skill and seasoning, gives it a new relish for the meal of to-day. Of course the merit of the *rifacimento* will fall to be divided in this case betwixt the effect attained by the ground-work of the story, and that which is added by the art of the narrator. In the tale, for example, of the “*Child of Wonder*,” what may be termed the raw material is short, simple, and scarce rising beyond the wonders of a nursery tale, but it is so much enlivened by the vivid sketch of the selfish old father who barterers his four daughters against golden eggs and sacks of pearls, as to give an interest and zest to

the whole story. "The Spectre Barber" is another of these popular tales, which, in itself singular and fantastic, becomes lively and interesting from the character of a good-humoured, well-meaning, thick-skulled burgher of Bremen, whose wit becomes sharpened by adversity, till he learns gradually to improve circumstances as they occur, and at length recovers his lost prosperity by dint of courage, joined with some degree of acquired sagacity.

A still different management of the wonderful and supernatural has, in our days, revived the romance of the earlier age with its history and its antiquities. The Baron de la Motte Fouqué has distinguished himself in Germany by a species of writing which requires at once the industry of the scholar, and the talents of the man of genius. The efforts of this accomplished author aim at a higher mood of composition than the more popular romancer. He endeavours to recal the history, the mythology, the manners of former ages, and to offer to the present time a graphic description of those which have passed away. The travels of Thiodolf, for example, initiate the reader into that immense storehouse of Gothic superstition which is to be found in the Edda and the Sagas of northern nations; and to render the bold, honest, courageous character of his gallant young Scandinavian the more striking, the author has contrasted it forcibly with the chivalry of the south, over which he asserts its superiority. In some of his works the baron has, perhaps, been somewhat profuse of his historical and antiquarian lore; he wanders where the reader has not skill to follow him; and we lose interest in the piece because we do not comprehend the scenes through which we are conducted. This is the case with some of the volumes where the interest turns on the ancient German history, to understand which, a much deeper acquaintance with the antiquities of that dark period is required than is like to be found in most readers. It would, we think, be a good rule in this stile of composition, were the author to confine his historical materials to such as are either generally understood as soon as mentioned, or at least can be explained with brief trouble in such a degree as to make a reader comprehend the story. Of such happy and well-chosen subjects, the Baron de la Motte Fouqué has also shown great command on other occasions. His story of "Sintram and his Followers" is in this respect admirable; and the tale of his Naiad, Nixie, or Water-Nymph, is exquisitely beautiful. The distress of the tale—and, though relating to a fantastic being, it is *real distress*—arises thus. An elementary spirit renounces her right of freedom from human passion to become the spouse of a gallant young knight, who requites her with infidelity and ingratitude. The story is the contrast at once, and the *pendant* to the

"Diable Amoureux" of Cazotte, but is entirely free from a tone of *polissonnerie* which shocks good taste in its very lively prototype.

The range of the romance, as it has been written by this profusely inventive author, extends through the half-illuminated ages of ancient history into the Cimmerian frontiers of vague tradition; and, when traced with a pencil of so much truth and spirit as that of Fouqué, affords scenes of high interest, and forms, it cannot be doubted, the most legitimate species of romantic fiction, approaching in some measure to the epic in poetry, and capable in a high degree of exhibiting similar beauties.

We have thus slightly traced the various modes in which the wonderful and supernatural may be introduced into fictitious narrative; yet the attachment of the Germans to the mysterious has invented another species of composition, which, perhaps, could hardly have made its way in any other country or language. This may be called the FANTASTIC mode of writing,—in which the most wild and unbounded license is given to an irregular fancy, and all species of combination, however ludicrous, or however shocking, are attempted and executed without scruple. In the other modes of treating the supernatural, even that mystic region is subjected to some laws, however slight; and fancy, in wandering through it, is regulated by some probabilities in the wildest flight. Not so in the fantastic style of composition, which has no restraint save that which it may ultimately find in the exhausted imagination of the author. This style bears the same proportion to the more regular romance, whether ludicrous or serious, which Farce, or rather Pantomime, maintains to Tragedy and Comedy. Sudden transformations are introduced of the most extraordinary kind, and wrought by the most inadequate means; no attempt is made to soften their absurdity, or to reconcile their inconsistencies; the reader must be contented to look upon the gambols of the author as he would behold the flying leaps and incongruous transmutations of Harlequin, without seeking to discover either meaning or end further than the surprize of the moment.

Our English severity of taste will not easily adopt this wild and fantastic tone into our own literature; nay, perhaps will scarce tolerate it in translations. The only composition which approaches to it is the powerful romance of *Frankenstein*, and there, although the formation of a thinking and sentient being by scientific skill is an incident of the fantastic character, still the interest of the work does not turn upon the marvellous creation of *Frankenstein's* monster, but upon the feelings and sentiments which that creature is supposed to express as most natural—if we may use the phrase—to his unnatural condition and origin. In other words, the miracle is not wrought for the mere wonder, but is de-

signed to give rise to a train of acting and reasoning in itself just and probable, although the *postulatum* on which it is grounded is in the highest degree extravagant. So far Frankenstein, therefore, resembles the "Travels of Gulliver," which suppose the existence of the most extravagant fictions, in order to extract from them philosophical reasoning and moral truth. In such cases the admission of the marvellous expressly resembles a sort of entry-money paid at the door of a lecture-room,—it is a concession which must be made to the author, and for which the reader is to receive value in moral instruction. But the *fantastic* of which we are now treating encumbers itself with no such conditions; and claims no further object than to surprise the public by the wonder itself. The reader is led astray by a freakish goblin, who has neither end nor purpose in the gambols which he exhibits, and the oddity of which must constitute their own reward. The only instance we know of this species of writing in the English language, is the ludicrous sketch in Mr. Geoffrey Crayon's tale of "The Bold Dragoon," in which the furniture dances to the music of a ghostly fiddler. The other ghost-stories of this well-known and admired author come within the legitimate bounds which Glanville, and other grave and established authors, ascribe to the shadowy realms of spirits; but we suppose Mr. Crayon to have exchanged his pencil in the following scene, in order to prove that the pandours, as well as the regular forces of the ghostly world, were alike under his command:—

"By the light of the fire he saw a pale, weazon-faced fellow, in a long flannel gown, and a tall white night-cap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire with a bellows under his arm by the way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions, nodding his head, and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

"From the opposite side of the room, a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcombical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion, thrust out first a claw-foot, then a crooked arm, and at length making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy chair of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

"The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his night-cap about like mad. By degrees, the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country-dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg; while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion, pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like

so many devils : all except a great clothes-press, which kept curtsying and curtsying in a corner like a dowager, in exquisite time to the music ; being rather too corpulent to dance, or, perhaps, at a loss for a partner." *

This slight sketch, from the hand of a master, is all that we possess in England corresponding to the Fantastic style of composition which we are now treating of. " Peter Schlemil," " The Devil's Elixir," and other German works of the same character, have made it known to us through the medium of translation. The author who led the way in this department of literature was Ernest Theodore William Hoffmann; the peculiarity of whose genius, temper, and habits, fitted him to distinguish himself where imagination was to be strained to the pitch of oddity and bizarrerie. He appears to have been a man of rare talent,—a poet, an artist, and a musician, but unhappily of a hypochondriac and whimsical disposition, which carried him to extremes in all his undertakings ; so his music became capricious,—his drawings caricatures,—and his tales, as he himself termed them, fantastic extravagances. Bred originally to the law, he at different times enjoyed, under the Prussian and other governments, the small appointments of a subordinate magistrate ; at other times he was left entirely to his own exertions, and supported himself as a musical composer for the stage, as an author, or as a draughtsman. The shifts, the uncertainty, the precarious nature of this kind of existence, had its effect, doubtless, upon a mind which nature had rendered peculiarly susceptible of elation and depression ; and a temper, in itself variable, was rendered more so by frequent change of place and of occupation, as well as by the uncertainty of his affairs. He cherished his fantastic genius also with wine in considerable quantity, and indulged liberally in the use of tobacco. Even his outward appearance bespoke the state of his nervous system : a very little man with a quantity of dark-brown hair, and eyes looking through his elf-locks, that

" E'en like grey goss-hawk's stared wild,"

indicated that touch of mental derangement, of which he seems to have been himself conscious, when entering the following fearful memorandum in his diary :—

" Why, in sleeping and in waking, do I, in my thoughts, dwell upon the subject of insanity ? The out-pouring of the wild ideas that arise in my mind may perhaps operate like the breathing of a vein."

Circumstances arose also in the course of Hoffmann's unsettled and wandering life, which seemed to his own apprehension to

* *Tales of a Traveller*, vol. i.

mark him as one who "was not in the roll of common men." These circumstances had not so much of the extraordinary as his fancy attributed to them. For example; he was present at deep play in a watering-place, in company with a friend, who was desirous to venture for some of the gold which lay upon the table. Betwixt hope of gain and fear of loss, distrusting at the same time his own luck, he at length thrust into Hoffmann's hand six gold pieces, and requested him to stake for him. Fortune was propitious to the young visionary, though he was totally inexperienced in the game, and he gained for his friend about thirty Fredericks d'or. The next evening Hoffmann resolved to try fortune on his own account. This purpose, he remarks, was not a previous determination, but one which was suddenly suggested by a request of his friend to undertake the charge of staking a second time on his behalf. He advanced to the table on his own account, and deposited on one of the cards the only two Fredericks d'or of which he was possessed. If Hoffmann's luck had been remarkable on the former occasion, it now seemed as if some supernatural power stood in alliance with him. Every attempt which he made succeeded—every card turned up propitiously.—

"My senses," he says, "became unmanageable, and as more and more gold streamed in upon me, it seemed as I were in a dream, out of which I only awaked to pocket the money. The play was given up, as is usual, at two in the morning. In the moment when I was about to leave the room, an old officer laid his hand upon my shoulder, and regarding me with a fixed and severe look, said: 'Young man, if you understand this business so well, the bank, which maintains free table, is ruined; but if you do so understand the game, reckon upon it securely that the devil will be as sure of you as of all the rest of them.' Without waiting an answer, he turned away. The morning was dawning when I came home, and emptied from every pocket heaps of gold on the table. Imagine the feelings of a lad in a state of absolute dependance, and restricted to a small sum of pocket-money, who finds himself, as if by a thunder-clap, placed in possession of a sum enough to be esteemed absolute wealth, at least for the moment! But while I gazed on the treasure, my state of mind was entirely changed by a sudden and singular agony so severe, as to force the cold sweat-drops from my brow. The words of the old officer now, for the first time, rushed upon my mind in their fullest and most terrible acceptation. It seemed to me as if the gold, which glittered upon the table, was the earnest of a bargain by which the Prince of Darkness had obtained possession of my soul, which never more could escape eternal destruction. It seemed as if some poisonous reptile was sucking my heart's blood, and I felt myself fall into an abyss of despair."

Then the ruddy dawn began to gleam through the window,

wood and plain were illuminated by its beams, and the visionary begun to experience the blessed feeling of returning strength, to combat with temptations, and to protect himself against the infernal propensity, which must have been attended with total destruction. Under the influence of such feelings Hoffmann formed a vow never again to touch a card, which he kept till the end of his life. "The lesson of the officer," says Hoffmann, "was good, and its effect excellent." But the peculiar disposition of Hoffmann made it work upon his mind more like an empiric's remedy than that of a regular physician. He renounced play less from the conviction of the wretched moral consequences of such a habit, than because he was actually afraid of the Evil Spirit in person.

In another part of his life Hoffmann had occasion to show, that his singularly wild and inflated fancy was not accessible to that degree of timidity connected with insanity, and to which poets, as being of "imagination all compact," are sometimes supposed to be peculiarly accessible. The author was in Dresden during the eventful period when the city was nearly taken by the allies, but preserved by the sudden return of Buonaparte and his guards from the frontiers of Silesia. He then saw the work of war closely carried on, venturing within fifty paces of the French sharp-shooters while skirmishing with those of the allies in front of Dresden. He had experience of a bombardment: one of the shells exploding before the house in which Hoffmann and Keller, the comedian, with bumpers in their hands to keep up their spirits, watched the progress of the attack from an upper window. The explosion killed three persons; Keller let his glass fall,—Hoffmann had more philosophy; he tossed off his bumper and moralized: "What is life!" said he, "and how frail the human frame that cannot withstand a splinter of heated iron!" He saw the field of battle when they were cramming with naked corpses the immense fosses which form the soldier's grave; the field covered with the dead and the wounded,—with horses and men; powder-waggons which had exploded, broken weapons, schakos, sabres, cartridge-boxes, and all the relics of a desperate fight. He saw, too, Napoleon in the midst of his triumph, and heard him ejaculate to an adjutant, with the look and the deep voice of the lion, the single word "*Voyons.*" It is much to be regretted that Hoffmann preserved but few memoranda of the eventful weeks which he spent at Dresden during this period, and of which his turn for remark and powerful description would have enabled him to give so accurate a picture. In general, it may be remarked of descriptions concerning warlike affairs, that they resemble plans rather than paintings;

and that, however calculated to instruct the tactician, they are little qualified to interest the general reader. A soldier, particularly, if interrogated upon the actions which he has seen, is much more disposed to tell them in the dry and abstracted style of a gazette, than to adorn them with the remarkable and picturesque circumstances which attract the general ear. This arises from the natural feeling, that, in speaking of what they have witnessed in any other than a dry and affected professional tone, they may be suspected of a desire to exaggerate their own dangers,—a suspicion which, of all others, a brave man is most afraid of incurring, and which, besides, the present spirit of the military profession holds as amounting to bad taste. It is, therefore, peculiarly unfortunate, that when a person unconnected with the trade of war, yet well qualified to describe its terrible peculiarities, chances to witness events so remarkable as those to which Dresden was exposed in the memorable 1813, he should not have made a register of what could not have failed to be deeply interesting. The battle of Leipsig, which ensued shortly after, as given to the public by an eye-witness—M. Shoberl, if we recollect the name aright—is an example of what we might have expected from a person of Hoffmann's talents, giving an account of his personal experience respecting the dreadful events which he witnessed. We could willingly have spared some of his grotesque works of *diablerie*, if we had been furnished, in their place, with the genuine description of the attack upon, and the retreat from Dresden, by the allied army, in the month of August, 1813. It was the last decisive advantage which was obtained by Napoleon, and being rapidly succeeded by the defeat of Vandamme, and the loss of his whole *corps d'armée*, was the point from which his visible declension might be correctly dated. Hoffmann was also a high-spirited patriot,—a true, honest, thorough-bred German, who had set his heart upon the liberation of his country, and would have narrated with genuine feeling the advantages which she obtained over her oppressor. It was not, however, his fortune to attempt any work, however slight, of an historical character, and the retreat of the French army soon left him to his usual habits of literary industry and convivial enjoyment.

It may, however, be supposed, that an imagination which was always upon the stretch received a new impulse from the scenes of difficulty and danger through which our author had so lately passed. Another calamity of a domestic nature must also have tended to the increase of Hoffmann's morbid sensibility. During a journey in a public carriage, it chanced to be overturned, and the author's wife sustained a formidable injury upon the head, by which she was a sufferer for a length of time.

All these circumstances, joined to the natural nervousness of his own temper, tended to throw Hoffmann into a state of mind very favourable, perhaps, to the attainment of success in his own peculiar mode of composition, but far from being such as could consist with that right and well-balanced state of human existence, in which philosophers have been disposed to rest the attainment of the highest possible degree of human happiness. Nerves which are accessible to that morbid degree of acuteness, by which the mind is incited, not only without the consent of our reason, but even contrary to its dictates, fall under the condition deprecated in the beautiful Ode to Indifference :

“ Nor peace, nor joy, the heart can know,
Which, like the needle, true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.”

The pain which in one case is inflicted by an undue degree of bodily sensitiveness, is in the other the consequence of our own excited imagination ; nor is it easy to determine in which the penalty of too much acuteness or vividness of perception is most severely exacted. The nerves of Hoffmann in particular were strung to the most painful pitch which can be supposed. A severe nervous fever, about the year 1807, had greatly increased the fatal sensibility under which he laboured, which acting primarily on the body speedily affected the mind. He had himself noted a sort of graduated scale concerning the state of his imagination, which, like that of a thermometer, indicated the exaltation of his feelings up to a state not far distant, probably, from that of actual mental derangement. It is not, perhaps, easy to find expressions corresponding in English to the peculiar words under which Hoffmann classified his perceptions : but we may observe that he records, as the humour of one day, a deep disposition towards the romantic and religious ; of a second, the perception of the exalted or excited humourous ; of a third, that of the satirical humourous ; of a fourth, that of the excited or extravagant musical sense ; of a fifth, a romantic mood turned towards the displeasing and the horrible ; on a sixth, bitter satirical propensities excited to the most romantic, capricious, and exotic degree ; of a seventh, a state of quietism of mind open to receive the most beautiful, chaste, pleasing, and imaginative impressions of a poetical character ; of an eighth, a mood equally excited, but accessible only to ideas the most displeasing, the most horrible, the most unrestrained at once and most tormenting. At other times, the feelings which are registered by this unfortunate man of genius, are of a tendency exactly the opposite to those which he marks as characteristic of his state of nervous excitement. They indicate a depression of spirits, a

mental callousness to those sensations to which the mind is at other times most alive, accompanied with that melancholy and helpless feeling which always attends the condition of one who recollects former enjoyments in which he is no longer capable of taking pleasure. This species of moral palsy is, we believe, a disease which more or less affects every one, from the poor mechanic who finds that his *hand*, as he expresses it, is *out*, that he cannot discharge his usual task with his usual alacrity, to the poet whose muse deserts him when perhaps he most desires her assistance. In such cases wise men have recourse to exercise or change of study; the ignorant and infatuated seek grosser means of diverting the paroxysm. But that which is to the person whose mind is in a healthy state, but a transitory though disagreeable feeling, becomes an actual disease in such minds as that of Hoffmann, which are doomed to experience in too vivid perceptions in alternate excess, but far most often and longest in that which is painful,—the influence of an over-excited fancy. It is minds so conformed to which Burton applies his abstract of Melancholy, giving alternately the joys and the pains which arise from the influence of the imagination. The verses are so much to the present purpose, that we cannot better describe this changeful and hypochondriac system of mind than by inserting them :

“ When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness ;
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

“ When I lye, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies ; then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce ;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as Melancholy.

“ Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet musick, wonderous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine ;
Here now, then, then, the world is mine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine ;
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

" Methinks I hear, methinks I see
 Ghosts, goblins, fiends ; my phantasm
 Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
 Headless bears, black men and apes,
 Doleful outcries and fearful sights
 My sad and dismal soul affrights ;
 All my griefs to this are jolly,
 None so damn'd as Melancholy."

In the transcendental state of excitation described in these verses, the painful and gloomy mood of the mind is, generally speaking, of much more common occurrence than that which is genial, pleasing, or delightful. Every one who chooses attentively to consider the workings of his own bosom, may easily ascertain the truth of this assertion, which indeed appears a necessary accompaniment of the imperfect state of humanity, which usually presents to us, in regard to anticipation of the future, so much more that is unpleasing than is desirable ; in other words, where fear has a far less limited reign than the opposite feeling of hope. It was Hoffmann's misfortune to be peculiarly sensible of the former passion, and almost instantly to combine with any pleasing sensation, as it arose, the idea of mischievous or dangerous consequences. His biographer has given a singular example of this unhappy disposition, not only to apprehend the worst when there was real ground for expecting evil, but also to mingle such apprehension capriciously and unseasonably, with incidents which were in themselves harmless and agreeable. " The devil," he was wont to say, " will put his hoof into every thing, how good soever in the outset." A trifling but whimsical instance will best ascertain the nature of this unhappy propensity to expect the worst. Hoffmann, a close observer of nature, chanced one day to see a little girl apply to a market-woman's stall to purchase some fruit which had caught her eye and excited her desire. The wary trader wished first to know what she was able to expend on the purchase ; and when the poor girl, a beautiful creature, produced with exultation and pride a very small piece of money, the market-woman gave her to understand that there was nothing upon her stall which fell within the compass of her customer's purse. The poor little maiden, mortified and affronted, as well as disappointed, was retiring with tears in her eyes, when Hoffmann called her back, and arranging matters with the dealer filled the child's lap with the most beautiful fruit. Yet he had hardly time to enjoy the idea that he had altered the whole expression of the juvenile countenance from mortification to extreme delight and happiness, than he became tortured with the idea that he might be the cause of the child's death, since the fruit he had bestowed

upon it might occasion a surfeit or some other fatal disease. This presentiment haunted him until he reached the house of a friend, and it was akin to many which persecuted him during life, never leaving him to enjoy the satisfaction of a kind or benevolent action, and poisoning with the vague prospect of imaginary evil whatever was in its immediate tendency productive of present pleasure or promising future happiness.

We cannot here avoid contrasting the character of Hoffmann with that of the highly imaginative poet Wordsworth, many of whose smaller poems turn upon a sensibility affected by such small incidents as that abovementioned, with this remarkable difference—that the virtuous, and manly, and well regulated disposition of the author leads him to derive pleasing, tender and consoling reflections from those circumstances which induced Hoffmann to anticipate consequences of a different character. Such petty incidents are passed noteless over by men of ordinary minds. Observers of poetical imagination, like Wordsworth and Hoffmann, are the chemists who can distil them into cordials or poisons.

We do not mean to say that the imagination of Hoffmann was either wicked or corrupt, but only that it was ill-regulated and had an undue tendency to the horrible and the distressing. Thus he was followed, especially in his hours of solitude and study, by the apprehension of mysterious danger to which he conceived himself exposed; and the whole tribe of demi-gorgons, apparitions, and fanciful spectres and goblins of all kinds with which he has filled his pages, although in fact the children of his own imagination, were no less discomposing to him than if they had had a real existence and actual influence upon him. The visions which his fancy excited are stated often to be so lively, that he was unable to endure them; and in the night, which was often his time of study, he was accustomed frequently to call his wife up from bed, that she might sit by him while he was writing, and protect him by her presence from the phantoms conjured up by his own excited imagination.

Thus was the inventor, or at least first distinguished artist who exhibited the fantastic or supernatural grotesque in his compositions, so nearly on the verge of actual insanity, as to be afraid of the beings his own fancy created. It is no wonder that to a mind so vividly accessible to the influence of the imagination, so little under the dominion of sober reason, such a numerous train of ideas should occur in which fancy had a large share and reason none at all. In fact, the grotesque in his compositions partly resembles the arabesque in painting, in which is introduced the most strange and complicated monsters, resembling centaurs,

griffins, sphinxes, chimeras, rocs, and all other creatures of romantic imagination, dazzling the beholder as it were by the unbounded fertility of the author's imagination, and sating it by the rich contrast of all the varieties of shape and colouring, while there is in reality nothing to satisfy the understanding or inform the judgment. Hoffmann spent his life, which could not be a happy one, in weaving webs of this wild and imaginative character, for which after all he obtained much less credit with the public, than his talents must have gained if exercised under the restraint of a better taste or a more solid judgment. There is much reason to think that his life was shortened not only by his mental malady, of which it is the appropriate quality to impede digestion and destroy the healthful exercise of the powers of the stomach, but also by the indulgences to which he had recourse in order to secure himself against the melancholy, which operated so deeply upon the constitution of his mind. This was the more to be regretted, as, notwithstanding the dreams of an overheated imagination, by which his taste appears to have been so strangely misled, Hoffmann seems to have been a man of excellent disposition, a close observer of nature, and one who, if this sickly and disturbed train of thought had not led him to confound the supernatural with the absurd, would have distinguished himself as a painter of human nature, of which in its realities he was an observer and an admirer.

Hoffmann was particularly skilful in depicting characters arising in his own country of Germany. Nor is there any of her numerous authors who have better and more faithfully designed the upright honesty and firm integrity which is to be met with in all classes which come from the ancient Teutonic stock. There is one character in particular in the tale called "Der Majorat"—the Entail,—which is perhaps peculiar to Germany, and which makes a magnificent contrast to the same class of persons as described in romances, and as existing perhaps in real life in other countries. The justiciary B—— bears about the same office in the family of the baron Roderick von R——, a nobleman possessed of vast estates in Courland, which the generally-known Baillie Macwheeble occupied on the land of the baron of Bradwardine. The justiciary, for example, was the representative of the Seigneur in his feudal courts of justice; he superintended his revenues, regulated and controlled his household, and from his long acquaintance with the affairs of the family, was entitled to interfere both with advice and assistance in any case of peculiar necessity. In such a character, the Scottish author has permitted himself to introduce a strain of the roguery supposed to be incidental to the inferior classes of the law,—may be no unnatural

ingredient. The Baillie is mean, sordid, a trickster, and a coward, redeemed only from our dislike and contempt by the ludicrous qualities of his character, by a considerable degree of shrewdness, and by the species of almost instinctive attachment to his master and his family which seem to overbalance in quality the natural selfishness of his disposition. The justiciary of R—— is the very reverse of this character. He is indeed an original: having the peculiarities of age and some of its satirical peevishness; but in his moral qualities he is well described by La Motte Fouqué, as a hero of ancient days in the night-gown and slippers of an old lawyer of the present age. The innate worth, independence, and resolute courage of the justiciary seem to be rather enhanced than diminished by his education and profession, which naturally infers an accurate knowledge of mankind, and which, if practised without honour and honesty, is the basest and most dangerous fraud which an individual can put upon the public. Perhaps a few lines of Crabbe may describe the general tendency of the justiciary's mind, although marked, as we shall show, by loftier traits of character than those which the English poet has assigned to the worthy attorney of his borough:

“He, roughly honest, has been long a guide
In borough business on the conquering side;
And seen so much of both sides and so long,
He thinks the bias of man's mind goes wrong:
Thus, though he's friendly, he is still severe,
Surly, though kind, suspiciously sincere:
So much he's seen of baseness in the mind,
That while a friend to man, he scorns mankind;
He knows the human heart and sees with dread
By slight temptation how the strong are led;
He knows how interest can asunder rend
The bond of parent, master, guardian, friend,
To form a new and a degrading tie
“Twixt needy vice and tempting villainy.”

The justiciary of Hoffmann, however, is of a higher character than the person distinguished by Crabbe. Having known two generations of the baronial house to which he is attached, he has become possessed of their family secrets, some of which are of a mysterious and terrible nature. This confidential situation, but much more the nobleness and energy of his own character, gives the old man a species of authority even over his patron himself, although the baron is a person of stately manners, and occasionally manifests a fierce and haughty temper. It would detain us too long to communicate a sketch of the story, though it is, in our opinion, the most interesting contained in the reveries of the

author. Something, however, we must say to render intelligible the brief extracts which it is our purpose to make, chiefly to illustrate the character of the justiciary.

The principal part of the estate of the baron consisted in the Castle of R——sitten, a majorat, or entailed property, which gives name to the story, and which, as being such, the baron was under the necessity of making his place of residence for a certain number of weeks in every year, although it had nothing inviting in its aspect or inhabitants. It was a huge old pile overhanging the Baltic Sea, silent, dismal, almost uninhabited, and surrounded, instead of gardens and pleasure-grounds, by forests of black pines and firs which came up to its very walls. The principal amusement of the baron and his guests was to hunt the wolves and bears which tenanted these woods during the day, and to conclude the evening with a boisterous sort of festivity, in which the efforts made at passionate mirth and hilarity showed that, on the baron's side at least, they did not actually exist. Part of the castle was in ruins; a tower built for the purpose of astrology by one of its old possessors, the founder of the majorat in question, had fallen down, and by its fall made a deep chasm, which extended from the highest turret down to the dungeon of the castle. The fall of the tower had proved fatal to the unfortunate astrologer; the abyss which it occasioned was no less so to his eldest son. There was a mystery about the fate of the last, and all the facts known or conjectured respecting the cause of his fatal end were the following.

The baron had been persuaded by some expressions of an old steward, that treasures belonging to the deceased astrologer lay buried in the gulf which the tower had created by its fall. The entrance to this horrible abyss lay from the knightly hall of the castle, and the door, which still remained there, had once given access to the stair of the tower, but since its fall only opened on a yawning gulf full of stones. At the bottom of this gulf the second baron, of whom we speak, was found crushed to death, holding a wax-light fast in his hand. It was imagined he had risen to seek a book from a library which also opened from the hall, and, mistaking the one door for the other, had met his fate by falling into the yawning gulf. Of this, however, there could be no certainty.

This double accident, and the natural melancholy attached to the place, occasioned the present Baron Roderick residing so little there; but the title under which he held the estate laid him under the necessity of making it his residence for a few weeks every year. About the same time when he took up his abode there, the justiciary was accustomed to go thither for the purpose

of holding baronial courts, and transacting his other official business. When the tale opens he sets out upon his journey to R——sitten, accompanied by a nephew, the narrator of the tale, a young man, entirely new to the world, trained somewhat in the school of Werter,—romantic, enthusiastic, with some disposition to vanity,—a musician, a poet, and a coxcomb; upon the whole, however, a very well-disposed lad, with great respect for his grand-uncle, the justiciary, by whom he is regarded with kindness, but also as a subject of raillery. The old man carries him along with him partly to assist in his professional task, partly that he might get somewhat case-hardened by feeling the cold wind of the north whistle about his ears, and undergoing the fatigue and dangers of a wolf-hunt.

They reach the old castle in the midst of a snow-storm, which added to the dismal character of the place, and which lay piled thick up the very gate by which they should enter. All knocking of the postilion was in vain; and here we shall let Hoffmann tell his own story.

“The old man then raised his powerful voice: ‘Francis! Francis! where are you then? be moving; we freeze here at the door: the snow is peeling our faces raw; be stirring;—the devil!’ A watch-dog at length began to bark, and a wandering light was seen in the lower story of the building,—keys rattled, and at length the heavy folding-doors opened with difficulty. ‘A fair welcome t’ye in this foul weather!’ said old Francis, holding the lantern so high as to throw the whole light upon his shrivelled countenance, the features of which were twisted into a smile of welcome; the carriage drove into the court, we left it, and I was then for the first time aware that the ancient domestic was dressed in an old fashioned lägger-livery, adorned with various loops and braids of lace. Only one pair of grey locks now remained upon his broad white forehead; the lower part of his face retained the colouring proper to the hardy huntsman; and, in spite of the crumpled muscles which writhed the countenance into something resembling a fantastic mask, there was an air of stupid yet honest kindness and good-humour, which glanced from his eyes, played around his mouth, and reconciled you to his physiognomy.

“‘Well, old Frank!’ said my great uncle, as entering the anti-chamber he shook the snow from his pelisse, ‘well, old man, is all ready in my apartments? Have the carpets been brushed,—the beds properly arranged,—and good fires kept in my room yesterday and to-day?’ ‘No!’ answered Frank with great composure, ‘no, worthy sir! not a bit of all that has been done.’ ‘Good God!’ said my uncle, ‘did not I write in good time,—and do I not come at the exact day? Was ever such a piece of stupidity? And now I must sleep in rooms as cold as ice!’ ‘Indeed, worthy Mr. Justiciary,’ said Francis with great solemnity, while he removed carefully with the snuffers a glowing waster from the candle, flung it on the floor, and tread cautiously upon it, ‘you

must know that the airing would have been to no purpose, for the wind and snow have driven in, in such quantities through the broken window-frames: so——' 'What!' said my uncle, interrupting him, throwing open his pelisse, and placing both arms on his sides, 'what! the windows are broken, and you, who have charge of the castle, have not had them repaired?' 'That would have been done, worthy sir,' answered Francis, with the same indifference, 'but people could not get rightly at them on account of the heaps of rubbish and stone that are lying in the apartment.' 'And how, in a thousand devils' names,' said my great uncle, 'came rubbish and stones into my chamber?' 'God bless you, my young master,' said the old man, episodically to me, who happened at the moment to sneeze, then proceeded gravely to answer the justice, that the stones and rubbish were those of a partition-wall which had fallen in the last great tempest. 'What, the devil! have you had an earthquake?' said my uncle, angrily. 'No, worthy sir,' replied the old man, 'but three days ago the heavy paved roof of the justice-hall fell in with a tremendous crash.' 'May the devil——,' said my uncle, breaking out in a passion, and about to let fly a heavy oath; but suddenly checking himself, he lifted submissively his right hand towards Heaven, while he moved with his left his fur cap from his forehead, was silent for an instant, then turned to me and spoke cheerfully: 'In good truth, kinsman, we had better hold our tongues and ask no further questions, else we shall only learn greater mishaps, or perhaps the whole castle may come down upon our heads. But Frank,' said he, 'how could you be so stupid as not to get another apartment arranged and aired for me and this youth? Why did you not put some large room in the upper-story of the castle in order for the court-day?' 'That is already done,' said the old man, pointing kindly to the stairs, and beginning to ascend with the light. 'Now, only think of the old houlet, that could not say this at once,' said my uncle, while we followed the domestic. We passed through many long, high, vaulted corridors,—the flickering light carried by Francis throwing irregular gleams on the thick darkness; pillars, capitals, and arches of various shapes appeared to totter as we passed them; our own shadows followed us with giant steps, and the singular pictures on the wall, across which these shadows passed, seemed to waver and to tremble, and their voices to whisper amongst the heavy echoes of our footsteps, saying—'Wake us not, wake us not, the enchanted inhabitants of this ancient fabric!' At length, after we had passed along the range of cold and dark apartments, Francis opened a saloon in which a large blazing fire received us with a merry crackling, resembling a hospitable welcome. I felt myself cheered on the instant I entered the apartment; but my great uncle remained standing in the middle of the hall, looked round him, and spoke with a very serious and almost solemn tone: 'This, then, must be our hall of justice!' Francis raising the light so that it fell upon an oblong whitish patch of the large dark wall, which patch had exactly the size and form of a walled-up or condemned door, said in a low and sorrowful tone, 'Justice has been executed here before now.' 'How came you to say that, old man?' said my uncle, hastily throwing the pelisse from his shoulders. 'The word

escaped me,' said Francis, as he lighted the candles on the table, and opened the door of a neighbouring apartment where two beds were comfortably prepared for the reception of the guests. In a short time a good supper smoked before us in the hall, to which succeeded a bowl of punch, mixed according to the right northern fashion, and it may therefore be presumed none of the weakest. Tired with his journey, my uncle betook himself to bed; but the novelty and strangeness of the situation, and even the excitement of the liquor I had drank, prevented me from thinking of sleep. The old domestic removed the supper-table, made up the fire in the chimney, and took leave of me after his manner with many a courteous bow.

"And now I was left alone in the wide high hall of chivalry; the hail-storm had ceased to patter, and the wind to howl; the sky was become clear without doors, and the full moon streamed through the broad transome windows, illumining, as if by magic, all those dark corners of the singular apartment into which the imperfect light of the wax candles and the chimney-fire could not penetrate. As frequently happens in old castles, the walls and roof of the apartment were ornamented,—the former with heavy pannelling, the latter with fantastic carving gilded and painted of different colours. The subjects chiefly presented the desperate hunting matches with bears and wolves, and the heads of the animals, being in many cases carved, projected strangely from the painted bodies, and even, betwixt the fluttering and uncertain light of the moon and of the fire, gave a grisly degree of reality. Amidst these pieces were hung portraits, as large as life, of knights striding forth in hunting-dresses, probably the chase-loving ancestors of the present baron. Every thing, whether of painting or of carving, showed the dark and decayed colours of times long passed, and rendered more conspicuous the blank and light-coloured part of the wall before noticed. It was in the middle space betwixt two doors which led off through the hall into side-apartments, and I could now see that it must itself have been a door, built up at a later period, but not made to correspond with the rest of the apartment, either by being painted over or covered with carved work. Who knows not that an unwonted and somewhat extraordinary situation possesses a mysterious power over the human spirit? Even the dullest fancy will awake in a secluded valley surrounded with rocks, or within the walls of a gloomy church, and will be taught to expect in such a situation things different from those encountered in the ordinary course of human life. Conceive too that I was only a lad of twenty years of age, and that I had drunk several glasses of strong liquor, and it may easily be believed that the knight's hall in which I sat made a singular impression on my spirit. The stillness of the night is also to be remembered,—broken, as it was, only by the heavy waving of the billows of the sea, and the solemn piping of the wind, resembling the tones of a mighty organ touched by some passing spirit; the clouds wandering across the moon, drifted along the arched windows, and seemed giant shapes gazing through the rattling casements; in short, in the slight shuddering which crept over me I felt as if an unknown world was about to expand itself visibly before me. This feeling, however

silly, only resembled the slight and not unpleasant shudder with which we read or hear a well-told ghost story. It occurred to me in consequence that I could find no more favourable opportunity for reading the work to which, like most young men of a romantic bias, I was peculiarly partial, and which I happened to have in my pocket. It was 'the Ghost Seer' of Schiller: I read—and read, and in doing so excited my fancy more and more, until I came to that part of the tale which seizes on the imagination with so much fervour, viz. the wedding feast in the house of the Count von B——. Just at the very moment when I arrived at the passage where the bloody spectre of Gironimo entered the wedding apartment, the door of the knights' hall, which led into an anti-chamber, burst open with a violent shock;—I started up with astonishment and the book dropped from my hand; but, as in the same moment all was again still, I became ashamed of my childish terror;—it might be by the impulse of the rushing night-wind, or by some other natural cause that the door was flung open. 'It is nothing,' I said aloud, 'my overheated fancy turns the most natural accidents into the supernatural.' Having thus re-assured myself, I picked up the book and again sat down in the elbow-chair; but then I heard something move in the apartment with measured steps, sighing at the same time, and sobbing in a manner which seemed to express at once the extremity of inconsolable sorrow, and the most agonizing pain which the human bosom could feel. I tried to believe that this could only be the moans of some animal enclosed somewhere near our part of the house, I reflected upon the mysterious power of the night, which makes distant sounds appear as if they were close beside us, and I expostulated with myself for suffering the sounds to affect me with terror. But as I thus debated the point, a sound like that of scratching mixed with louder and deeper sighs, such as could only be extracted by the most acute mental agony, or during the parting pang of life, was indisputably heard upon the very spot where the door appeared to have been built up: 'Yet it can only be some poor animal in confinement,—I shall call out aloud, or I shall stamp with my foot upon the ground, and then either every thing will be silent or the animal will make itself be known;' so I purposed; but the blood stopped in my veins,—a cold sweat stood upon my forehead,—I remained fixed in my chair, not daring to rise, far less to call out. The hateful sounds at last ceased,—the steps were again distinguished,—it seemed as if life and the power of motion returned to me,—I started up and walked two paces forward, but in that moment an ice-cold night-breeze whistled through the hall, and at the same time the moon threw a bright light upon the picture of a very grave, well-nigh terrible looking man, and it seemed to me as if I plainly heard a warning voice amid the deep roar of the sea and the shriller whistle of the night-wind speaking the warning—'No farther! No farther! Lest thou encounter the terrors of the spiritual world!' The door now shut with the same violent clash with which it had burst open; I heard the sound of steps retiring along the anti-room and descending the staircase: the principal door of the castle was opened and shut with violence; then it seemed as if a horse was led out of the stable, and, after a short time, as

if it was again conducted back to its stall. After this, all was still, at the same time I became aware that my uncle in the neighbouring apartment was struggling in his sleep and groaned like a man afflicted with a heavy dream. I hastened to awake him, and when I had succeeded, I received his thanks for the service. 'Thou hast done well, kinsman, to awake me,' he said; 'I have had a detestable dream, the cause of which is this apartment and the hall, which set me a thinking upon past times and upon many extraordinary events which have here happened. But now we shall sleep sound till morning.'"

With morning the business of the judiciary's office began. But, abridging the young lawyer's prolonged account of what took place, the mystic terror of the preceding evening retained so much effect on his imagination, that he was disposed to find out traces of the supernatural in every thing which met his eyes; even two respectable old ladies, aunts of Baron Roderick von R——, and the sole old-fashioned inhabitants of the old-fashioned castle, had in their French caps and furbelows a ghostly and phantom-like appearance in his prejudiced eyes. The judiciary becomes disturbed by the strange behaviour of his assistant; he enters into expostulation upon the subject so soon as they were in private:

" 'What is the matter with you?' he said; 'thou speakest not; thou eatest not; thou drinkest not;—art thou sick; or dost thou lack any thing? in short, what a fiend ails thee?' I embraced the opportunity to communicate all the horrible scenes of the preceding night; not even concealing from my grand uncle that I had drunk a good deal of punch, and had been reading 'the Ghost Seer' of Schiller. 'This, I must allow,' I added, 'because it is possible, that my tailing and overhated fancy might have created circumstances which had no other existence.' I now expected that my kinsman would read me a sharp lecture on my folly, or treat me with some bitter jibes: but he did neither; he became very grave, looked long on the ground, then suddenly fixed a bold and glowing look upon me, 'kinsman,' said he, 'I am unacquainted with your book; but you have neither it nor the liquor to thank for the ghostly exhibition you have described. Know, that I had a dream to the self-same purpose. I thought I sat in the hall as thou didst; but whereas *thou* only heardest sounds, *I* beheld, with the eyes of my spirit, the appearances which these voices announced. Yes! I beheld the inhuman monster as he entered,—saw him glide to the condemned door,—saw him scratch on the wall in comfortless despair until the blood burst from under his wounded nails; then I beheld him lead a horse from the stable and again conduct it back;—didst thou not hear the cock crow in the distant village? it was then that thou didst awake me, and I soon got the better of the terrors by which this departed sinner is permitted to disturb the peace of human life.' The old man stopped, and I dared not ask further questions, well knowing he would explain the whole to me when it was proper to do so. After a space, during

which he appeared wrapt in thought, my uncle proceeded: 'kinsman, now that thou knowest the nature of this disturbance, hast thou the courage once more to encounter it, having me in thy company?' It was natural that I should answer in the affirmative, the rather as I found myself mentally strengthened to the task: 'Then will we,' proceeded the old man, 'watch together this ensuing night. There is an inward voice which tells me this wicked spirit must give way, not so much to the force of my understanding, as to my courage, which is built upon a firm confidence in God. I feel, too, that it is no rash or criminal undertaking, but a bold and pious duty that I am about to discharge. When I risk body and life to banish the evil spirit who would drive the sons from the ancient inheritance of their fathers, it is in no spirit of presumption or vain curiosity: since, in the firm integrity of mind, and the pious confidence which lives within me, the most ordinary man is and remains a victorious hero. But should it be God's will that the wicked spirit shall have power over me, then shalt thou, kinsman, make it known that I died in honourable Christian combat with the hellish spectre which haunts this place. For thee, thou must keep thyself at a distance, and no ill will befall thee.'

"The evening was spent in various kinds of employment; the supper was set as before in the knights' hall; the full moon shone clear through the glimmering clouds; the billows of the sea roared; and the night-wind shook the rattling casements. However inwardly excited, we compelled ourselves to maintain an indifferent conversation. The old man had laid his repeating watch on the table; it struck twelve,—then the door flew open with a heavy crash, and, as on the former night, slow and light footsteps traversed the hall, and the sighs and groans were heard as before. My uncle was pale as death; but his eyes streamed with unwonted fire, and as he stood upright, his left arm dropped by his side and his right uplifted toward heaven, he had the air of a hero in the act of devotion. The sighs and groans became louder and more distinguishable, and the hateful sounds of scratching upon the wall were again heard more odiously than on the former night. The old man then strode forward right towards the condemned door, with a step so bold and firm that the hall echoed back his tread. He stopped close before the spot where the ghostly sounds were heard yet more and more wildly, and spoke with a strong and solemn tone such as I never heard him before use: 'Daniel! Daniel!' he said, 'what makest thou here at this hour?' A dismal screech was the reply, and a sullen heavy sound was heard, as when a weighty burden is cast down upon the floor. 'Seek grace and mercy before the throne of the Highest!' continued my uncle, with a voice even more authoritative than before, 'there is thy only place of appeal! Hence with thee out of the living world in which thou hast no longer a portion!' It seemed as if a low wailing was heard to glide through the sky and to die away in the roaring of the storm which began now to awaken. Then the old man stepped to the door of the hall and closed it with such vehemence that the whole place echoed. In his speech, in his gestures, there seemed something almost superhuman which filled me with a species of holy fear. As he placed

+ Let the judge sit on the bench like a furious lion (his grim manner) let him throw

himself in the arm chair, the fixed sternness of his rigid brow began to relax; his look appeared more clear; he folded his hands, and prayed internally. Some minutes passed away ere he said, with that mild tone which penetrates so deeply into the heart, the simple words, 'now, kinsman?' Overcome by horror, anxiety, holy reverence and love, I threw myself on my knees, and moistened with warm tears the hand which he stretched out to me; the old man folded me in his arms, and, after he had pressed me to his bosom with heartfelt affection, said, with a feeble and exhausted voice, 'now, kinsman, shall we sleep soft and undisturbed!'

The spirit returned no more. It was the ghost—as may have been anticipated—of a false domestic, by whose hand the former baron had been precipitated into the gulf which yawned behind the new wall so often mentioned in the narrative.

The other adventures in the castle of R——sitten are of a different cast, but strongly mark the power of delineating human character which Hoffman possessed. Baron Roderick and his lady arrive at the castle with a train of guests. The lady is young, beautiful, nervous, and full of sensibility,—fond of soft music, pathetic poetry, and walks by moonlight; the rude company of huntamen by which the baron is surrounded, their boisterous sports in the morning, and their no less boisterous mirth in the evening, is wholly foreign to the disposition of the Baroness Seraphina, who is led to seek relief in the society of the nephew of the justiciary, who can make sonnets, repair harpsichords, sustain a part in an Italian duet, or in a sentimental conversation. In short, the two young persons, without positively designing any thing wrong, are in a fair way of rendering themselves guilty and miserable, were they not saved from the snare which their passion was preparing by the calm observation, strong sense, and satirical hints of our friend the justiciary.

It may therefore be said of this personage, that he possesses that true and honourable character which we may conceive entitling a mortal as well to overcome the malevolent attacks of evil beings from the other world as to stop and control the course of moral evil in that we inhabit, and the sentiment is of the highest order by which Hoffman ascribes to unsullied masculine honour and integrity that same indemnity from the power of evil which the poet claims for female purity:

"Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaidd ghost
That breaks his magic chain at curfew time,
No goblin, nor swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

cannot form a sound judgment, let him
reflect upon it 23 times. Grimm ant. 763.

See Klein
Ep. VII.
27.

What we admire, therefore, in the extracts which we have given is not the mere wonderful or terrible part of the story, though the circumstances are well narrated; it is the advantageous light in which it places the human character as capable of being armed with a strong sense of duty, and of opposing itself, without presumption but with confidence, to a power of which it cannot estimate the force, of which it hath every reason to doubt the purpose, and at the idea of confronting which our nature recoils.

Before we leave the story of "the Entail," we must notice the conclusion, which is beautifully told, and will recal to most readers who are passed the prime of life, feelings which they themselves must occasionally have experienced. Many, many years after the baronial race of R—— had become extinguished, accident brought the young nephew, now a man in advanced age, to the shores of the Baltic. It was night, and his eye was attracted by a strong light which spread itself along the horizon.

"'What fire is that before us, postilion?' said I; 'It is no fire,' answered he, 'it is the beacon light of R——sitten.' 'Of R——sitten!' He had scarce uttered the words, when the picture of the remarkable days which I had passed in that place arose in clear light in my memory. I saw the baron,—I saw Seraphina,—I saw the strange-looking old aunts,—I saw myself, with a fair boyish countenance, out of which the mother's milk seemed not yet to have been pressed, my frock of delicate azure blue, my hair curled and powdered with the utmost accuracy, the very image of the lover sighing like a furnace, who tunes his sonnets to his mistress's eye-brows. Amidst a feeling of deep melancholy, fluttered like sparkles of light the recollection of the justiciary's rough jests, which appeared to me now much more pleasant than when I was the subject of them. Next morning I visited the village, and made some inquiries after the baronial steward: 'With your favour, Sir,' said the postilion, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and touching his night-cap, 'there is here no baronial steward; the place belongs to his majesty, and the royal superintendent is still in bed.' On farther questions, I learned that the Baron Roderick von R—— having died without descendants, the entailed estate, according to the terms of the grant, had been vested in the crown. I walked up to the castle which lay now in a heap of ruins. An old peasant, who came out of the pine wood, informed me that a great part of the stones had been used to build the beacon-tower; he told me too of the spectre which in former times had haunted the spot, and asserted that when the moon was at the full, the voice of lamentation was still heard among the ruins."

If the reader has, in a declining period of his life, revisited the scenes of youthful interest, and received from the mouth of strangers an account of the changes which have taken place, he will not be indifferent to the simplicity of this conclusion.

The passage which we have quoted, while it shows the wildness of Hoffmann's fancy, evinces also that he possessed power

which ought to have mitigated and allayed it. Unfortunately, his taste and temperament directed him too strongly to the grotesque and fantastic,—carried him too far “*extra moenia flammantia mundi*,” too much beyond the circle not only of probability but even of possibility, to admit of his composing much in the better style which he might easily have attained. The popular romance, no doubt, has many walks, nor are we at all inclined to halloo the dogs of criticism against those whose object is merely to amuse a passing hour. It may be repeated with truth, that in this path of light literature, “*tout genre est permis hors les genres ennuyeux*,” and of course, an error in taste ought not to be followed up and hunted down as if it were a false maxim in morality, a delusive hypothesis in science, or a heresy in religion itself. Genius too, is, we are aware, capricious, and must be allowed to take its own flights, however eccentric, were it but for the sake of experiment. Sometimes, also, it may be eminently pleasing to look at the wildness of an Arabesque painting executed by a man of rich fancy. But we do not desire to see genius expand or rather exhaust itself upon themes which cannot be reconciled to taste; and the utmost length in which we can indulge a turn to the fantastic is, where it tends to excite agreeable and pleasing ideas.

We are not called upon to be equally tolerant of such capricios as are not only startling by their extravagance, but disgusting by their horrible import. Moments there are, and must have been, in the author's life, of pleasing as well as painful excitation; and the Champagne which sparkled in his glass must have lost its benevolent influence if did not sometimes wake his fancy to emotions which were pleasant as well as whimsical. But as repeatedly the tendency of all overstrained feelings is directed towards the painful, and the fits of lunacy, and the crises of very undue excitement which approaches to it, are much more frequently of a disagreeable than of a pleasant character, it is too certain, that we possess in a much greater degree the power of exciting in our minds what is fearful, melancholy, or horrible, than of commanding thoughts of a lively and pleasing character. The grotesque, also, has a natural alliance with the horrible; for that which is out of nature can be with difficulty reconciled to the beautiful. Nothing, for instance, could be more displeasing to the eye than the palace of that crack-brained Italian prince, which was decorated with every species of monstrous sculptures which a depraved imagination could suggest to the artist. The works of Callot, though evincing a wonderful fertility of mind, are in like manner regarded with surprise rather than pleasure; If we compare his fertility with that of Hogarth, they resemble each other

in extent; but in that of the satisfaction afforded by a close examination the English artist has wonderfully the advantage. Every new touch which the observer detects amid the rich superfluities of Hogarth is an article in the history of human manners, if not of the human heart; while, on the contrary, in examining microscopically the diablerie of Callot's pieces, we only discover fresh instances of ingenuity thrown away, and of fancy pushed into the regions of absurdity. The works of the one painter resemble a garden carefully cultivated, each nook of which contains something agreeable or useful; while those of the other are like the garden of the sluggard, where a soil equally fertile produces nothing but wild and fantastic weeds.

Hoffman has in some measure identified himself with the ingenious artist upon whom we have just passed a censure by his title of "*Night Pieces after the manner of Callot*," and in order to write such a tale, for example, as that called "*the Sandman*," he must have been deep in the mysteries of that fanciful artist, with whom he might certainly boast a kindred spirit. We have given an instance of a tale in which the wonderful is, in our opinion, happily introduced, because it is connected with and applied to human interest and human feeling, and illustrates with no ordinary force the elevation to which circumstances may raise the power and dignity of the human mind. The following narrative is of a different class:

"half horror and half whim,
Like fiends in glee, ridiculously grim."

Nathaniel, the hero of the story, acquaints us with the circumstances of his life in a letter addressed to Lothair, the brother of Clara; the one being his friend, the other his betrothed bride. The writer is a young man of a fanciful and hypochondriac temperament, poetical and metaphysical in an excessive degree, with precisely that state of nerves which is most accessible to the influence of imagination. He communicates to his friend and his mistress an adventure of his childhood. It was, it seems, the custom of his father, an honest watchmaker, to send his family to bed upon certain days earlier in the evening than usual, and the mother in enforcing this observance used to say, "*To-bed, children, the Sandman is coming!*" In fact, on such occasions, Nathaniel observed that after their hour of retiring, a knock was heard at the door, a heavy step echoed on the staircase, some person entered his father's apartments, and occasionally a disagreeable and suffocating vapour was perceptible through the house. This then was the Sandman; but what was his occupation, and what was his purpose? The nursery-maid being applied to, gave a nursery-maid's

explanation, that the Sandman was a bad man, who flung sand in the eyes of little children who did not go to bed. This increased the terror of the boy, but at the same time raised his curiosity. He determined to conceal himself in his father's apartment and wait the arrival of the nocturnal visitor; he did so, and the Sandman proved to be no other than the lawyer Copelius, whom he had often seen in his father's company. He was a huge left-handed, splay-footed sort of personage, with a large nose, great ears, exaggerated features, and a sort of ogre-like aspect, which had often struck terror into the children before this ungainly limb of the law was identified with the terrible Sandman. Hoffmann has given a pencil sketch of this uncouth figure, in which he has certainly contrived to represent something as revolting to adults as it might be terrible to children. He was received by the father with a sort of humble observance; a secret stove was opened and lighted, and they instantly commenced chemical operations of a strange and mysterious description, but which immediately accounted for that species of vapour which had been perceptible on other occasions. The gestures of the chemists grew fantastic, their faces, even that of the father, seemed to become wild and terrific as they prosecuted their labours; the boy became terrified, screamed and left his hiding-place;—was detected by the alchemist, for such Copelius was, who threatened to pull out his eyes, and was with some difficulty prevented by the father's interference from putting hot ashes in the child's face. Nathaniel's imagination was deeply impressed by the terror he had undergone, and a nervous fever was the consequence, during which the horrible figure of the disciple of Paracelsus was the spectre which tormented his imagination.

After a long interval, and when Nathaniel was recovered, the nightly visits of Copelius to his pupil were renewed, but the latter promised his wife that it should be for the last time. It proved so, but not in the manner which the old watchmaker meant. An explosion took place in the chemical laboratory which cost Nathaniel's father his life; his instructor in the fatal art, to which he had fallen a victim, was no where to be seen. It followed from these incidents, calculated to make so strong an impression upon a lively imagination, that Nathaniel was haunted through life by the recollections of this horrible personage, and Copelius became in his mind identified with the evil principle.

When introduced to the reader, the young man is studying at the university, where he is suddenly surprised by the appearance of his old enemy, who now personates an Italian or Tyrolese pedlar, dealing in optical glasses and such trinkets, and, although dressed according to his new profession, continuing under the

Italianized name of Giuseppe Coppola to be identified with the ancient adversary. Nathaniel is greatly distressed at finding himself unable to persuade either his friend or his mistress of the justice of the horrible apprehensions which he conceives ought to be entertained from the supposed identity of this terrible jurisconsult with his double-ganger the dealer in barometers. He is also displeased with Clara, because her clear and sound good sense rejects not only his metaphysical terrors, but also his inflated and affected strain of poetry. His mind gradually becomes alienated from the frank, sensible, and affectionate companion of his childhood, and he grows in the same proportion attached to the daughter of a professor called Spalanzani, whose house is opposite to the windows of his lodging. He has thus an opportunity of frequently remarking Olympia as she sits in her apartment; and although she remains there for hours without reading, working, or even stirring, he yet becomes enamoured of her extreme beauty in despite of the insipidity of so inactive a person. But much more rapidly does this fatal passion proceed when he is induced to purchase a perspective glass from the pedlar, whose resemblance was so perfect to his old object of detestation. Deceived by the secret influence of the medium of vision, he becomes indifferent to what was visible to all others who approach Olympia,—to a certain stiffness of manner which made her walk as if by the impulse of machinery,—to a paucity of ideas which induced her to express herself only in a few short but reiterated phrases,—in short, to all that indicated Olympia to be what she ultimately proved, a mere literal puppet, or automaton, created by the mechanical skill of Spalanzani, and inspired with an appearance of life by the devilish arts we may suppose of the alchemist, advocate, and weather-glass seller Copelius, alias Coppola. At this extraordinary and melancholy truth the enamoured Nathaniel arrives by witnessing a dreadful quarrel between the two imitators of Prometheus, while disputing their respective interests in the subject of their creative power. They uttered the wildest imprecations, and tearing the beautiful automaton limb from limb, belaboured each other with the fragments of their clock-work figure. Nathaniel, not much distant from lunacy before, became frantic on witnessing this horrible spectacle.

But we should be mad ourselves were we to trace these ravings any farther. The tale concludes with the moon-struck scholar attempting to murder Clara by precipitating her from a tower. The poor girl being rescued by her brother, the lunatic remains alone on the battlements, gesticulating violently and reciting the gibberish which he had acquired from Copelius and Spalanzani. At this moment, and while the crowd below are devising means

to secure the maniac, Copelius suddenly appears among them, assures them that Nathaniel will presently come down of his own accord, and realizes his prophecy by fixing on the latter a look of fascination, the effect of which is instantly to compel the unfortunate young man to cast himself headlong from the battlements.

This wild and absurd story is in some measure redeemed by some traits in the character of Clara, whose firmness, plain good sense and frank affection are placed in agreeable contrast with the wild imagination, fanciful apprehensions, and extravagant affection of her crazy-pated admirer.

It is impossible to subject tales of this nature to criticism. They are not the visions of a poetical mind, they have scarcely even the seeming authenticity which the hallucinations of lunacy convey to the patient; they are the feverish dreams of a light-headed patient, to which, though they may sometimes excite by their peculiarity, or surprise by their oddity, we never feel disposed to yield more than momentary attention. In fact, the inspirations of Hoffmann so often resemble the ideas produced by the immoderate use of opium, that we cannot help considering his case as one requiring the assistance of medicine rather than of criticism; and while we acknowledge that with a steadier command of his imagination he might have been an author of the first distinction, yet situated as he was, and indulging the diseased state of his own system, he appears to have been subject to that undue vividness of thought and perception of which the celebrated Nicolai became at once the victim and the conqueror. Phlebotomy and cathartics, joined to sound philosophy and deliberate observation; might, as in the case of that celebrated philosopher, have brought to a healthy state a mind which we cannot help regarding as diseased, and his imagination soaring with an equal and steady flight might have reached the highest pitch of the poetical profession.

The death of this extraordinary person took place in 1822. He became affected with the disabling complaint called *tabes dorsalis*, which gradually deprived him of the power of his limbs. Even in this melancholy condition he dictated several compositions, which indicate the force of his fancy, particularly one fragment entitled "The Recovery," in which are many affecting allusions to the state of his own mental feelings at this period; and a novel called "The Adversary," on which he had employed himself even shortly before his last moments. Neither was the strength of his courage in any respect abated; he could endure bodily agony with firmness, though he could not bear the visionary terrors of his own mind. The medical persons made the

severe experiment whether by applying the actual cautery to his back by means of glowing iron, the activity of the nervous system might not be restored. He was so far from being cast down by the torture of this medical martyrdom, that he asked a friend who entered the apartment after he had undergone it, whether he did not smell the roasted meat. The same heroic spirit marked his expressions, that "he would be perfectly contented to lose the use of his limbs, if he could but retain the power of working constantly by the help of an amanuensis." Hoffman died at Berlin, upon the 25th June, 1822, leaving the reputation of a remarkable man, whose temperament and health alone prevented his arriving at a great height of reputation, and whose works as they now exist ought to be considered less as models for imitation than as affording a warning how the most fertile fancy may be exhausted by the lavish prodigality of its possessor.

ART. III.—*Précis des Evénemens Militaires, ou Essais Historiques sur les Campagnes de 1799 à 1814.* Par M. le Comte Mathieu Dumas. Avec Cartes et Plans. Tomes I. et II. *Campagne de 1799.* Seconde édition. Paris. 1817.

THE reputation of M. le Comte Mathieu Dumas stands so deservedly high among his own countrymen, that few of our readers can, we presume, be entirely unacquainted with his history. A native of Montpellier, he entered, at the early age of fifteen, into the military profession, as a sub-lieutenant in the regiment of Medoc; and he served, as a captain, in Rochambeau's corps, during the American war of independence. In the year 1782, he attained to the rank of major, and on returning to France he was employed in a number of important missions, of which our limits will not permit us to notice more than the following. He was appointed, in 1784, to make a military survey of the shores of Ionia, of the Archipelago, and the islands of the Levant; and he was officially present three years afterwards at Amsterdam, when that city sustained a siege by the Prussians. In 1788, he held a responsible staff situation in Upper Alsace, Guienne and Languedoc; the year following, he acted as aide-de-camp to General Broglie, at the commencement of the troubles in Paris, and when the Bastile fell, became aide-de-camp to M.

de la Fayette, then commander of the national guard. In 1790, M. Dumas was appointed director of the war department. As such he headed the national guards which were called together from the provinces on the rumour of the king's projected flight, and conducted that unfortunate prince into Paris. Soon after this, he attained the rank of major-general; was appointed second in command in the third military division, and organized, at Metz, the first troop of horse artillery which ever existed in France. The same year he sat in the national assembly as deputy for the department of Seine-et-Oise. He there defended the cause of the emigrants, resisted with all his might the rash measures proposed to be taken against them, and did his best to prevent the declaration of war with Austria, which was then in agitation. M. Dumas was, even in those troubled times, a moderate man. A lover of liberty, he yet knew how to distinguish between genuine freedom and absolute anarchy, and he condemned every arbitrary proceeding, no matter whether it might emanate from a prince or a demagogue. When Dumouriez, for example, drove the Count de Rochambeau into exile, M. Dumas had the courage to declare openly in the assembly, that not all the intrigues and artifices of the factious could strip that great man of the civic crown which he had earned. His conduct after the transactions of the 20th of June, was in perfect keeping with the character which he had hitherto maintained. He spoke out boldly against them; and when Belgium was invaded by the French armies, he scrupled not to impeach the ministers Rolland, Clavière, and Dumouriez, as the instigators of that act of aggression. His behaviour in short, was such, that he soon became an object of hatred and suspicion to the lawless faction which tyrannized over France, and, being proscribed, he retired to England, from which he did not return till after the death of the King, in 1793.

In this manner M. Dumas continued to employ himself, till the eventful 4th of September, 1796, (18 Fructidor,) drove him a second time into exile. He then fled to Hamburgh, where, till the return of Buonaparte from Egypt, and the counter-revolution of 9th November, 1799, he lived wholly in retirement. Called again, by these changes, into active life, he played a distinguished part in the great scenes which followed, and served both at home and abroad, as a soldier and a statesman, with honour to himself, and benefit to his country. Among other and more important arrangements of which he was the author, it is not unworthy of remark, that to him the French army was indebted for the institution of the legion of honour; it was founded, at his

suggestion, in the year 1802, when he filled the office of councillor of state; and in 1805, he was himself nominated to a distinguished rank in it, at the same time that he was appointed general of division.

M. Dumas discharged the functions of minister at war, grand-marshal of the Palace, and grand dignitary of the order of the Two Sicilies, under Joseph Buonaparte, when that personage sat upon the throne of Naples. Attached soon afterwards to the army of Italy, he accompanied it in the junction which it formed with the Grand Army, in the year 1809; he was present at the passage of the Danube, 4th July of that year, and at the battle of Wagram fought on the 5th and 6th; and being charged with the execution of the terms of the armistice, signed at Znaim on the 12th, he was decorated with the grand cross of the order of military merit.

M. Dumas was intendant general of the French army, during the fatal expedition into Russia, and went through the whole of that memorable campaign unhurt; but he was less fortunate in the campaign which followed, for at the battle of Leipsic he was made prisoner, and did not return to France till after the restoration. During 1814, he seems to have held office, and accepted rank under the Bourbons; he was created commander of the order of St. Louis, and grand cross of the legion of honour;—but these he laid aside, as soon as Napoleon reappeared from Elba, and assumed once more the distinctions which the Emperor had conferred upon him. In 1816 he retired from the army with a pension, after forty-five years active service, and twenty-three campaigns. In 1818 he was appointed a member of the commission for the defence of the kingdom, and he was classed in the *extraordinary* service of the council of state. In 1819 he entered into the *ordinary* service of that council, and was nominated president of the War Committee. He was entrusted with the defence of several of the *projets de loi*, presented by the government to the Chamber of Deputies. He appears to have now retired altogether from public life, with the title of *Honorary Councillor of State*.

It may not be amiss if we add here, that the first part of the *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, was begun at Hamburgh during the author's compulsory residence in that city, and originally published in monthly numbers in 1800. He did not resume it until 1816, when he published the second part, containing the campaign of 1800; and in 1817 a new edition of the first part. The work has since been continued by the publication, in detached portions, of the subsequent campaigns from 1801 up to

1807, and will, if the author lives to complete it, form a connected series of annals of all the great transactions which have occurred from 1799 up to 1814.

The first portion of these valuable memoirs, of which alone we can venture to take notice in our present number, contains a clear, and upon the whole an extremely impartial relation of the military transactions of 1799; in other words, a general outline of the military history of Europe, from the breaking up of the congress of Rastadt, down to the memorable revolution of the 18th of Brumaire. It is hardly necessary for us to state, that few periods of a similar extent, between the commencement of the disturbances in 1789, and their consummation in 1815, were replete with so many, and such deeply interesting events, as this. The campaigns of Kray, Suwarrow, and Bellegarde, in Italy, of the Archduke Charles upon the Rhine, of the Duke of York in North Holland, and of Napoleon Buonaparte in Egypt, were all crowded within the compass of that single year; and they are all detailed in the volumes now before us, with a degree of liveliness and accuracy rarely to be met with in any work of the kind. That the reader may be the better able to follow the outline which we propose to give, as well as to relish those extracts, by means of which, we intend to bring him acquainted with the style and manner of our author, we deem it right to lay before him, by way of preface, a brief sketch of the relative situations and designs of the several powers, at the period immediately preceding that in which M. Dumas has seen fit to commence his labours.

It must be in the recollection of all to whom the history of the last half century is familiar, that a variety of unexpected events—the secession of Prussia from the coalition, the hostility of Spain, and Holland, but above all, the extraordinary success of the French arms during the campaigns of 1796 and 1797,—compelled the Emperor of Austria to detach himself from the connexion which he had formed with England, and to enter into a separate treaty with France. The treaty in question was signed on the seventeenth of October, 1797, at Campo Formio, a village in the vicinity of Udina, by Buonaparte, as representative of the French Republic, and by the Marquis de Gallo, Count Coblenz, Count Demaenfret, and Baron Dagelman, the Imperial plenipotentiaries. Among other, and more secret clauses, it contained terms by which the Emperor ceded in full sovereignty to the French Republic, the whole of the Austrian Netherlands, and consented that she should remain mistress of Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia, all the other islands, hitherto Venetian, in the Adriatic, and all the Venetian settlements in Albania, situated to

the south-east of the gulph of Lodrino. He agreed to acknowledge the republic newly constituted under the name of Cisalpine, as an independent state, yielding up to it the sovereignty of the countries which had belonged to Austria in Lombardy; and he consented that there should be added to it the cities and territories of Bergamo, Brescia, &c. formerly in the dependence of Venice, as well as the duchies of Mantua and Modena, the principalities of Massa, and Carrara, and the cities and territories of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna, lately under the authority of the Pope. In return for these advantages, France made over to the crown of Austria, Istria, Dalmatia, all the Venetian islands in the Adriatic, which lay to the north-west of the gulph of Lodrino, and the city of Venice itself, with a large portion of its dominions, situated for the most part between the Tyrol, the lake of Guarda, and the Adriatic. But the stipulation with which we are at present most deeply concerned was that which appointed that a congress should be held at Rastadt, to consist of plenipotentiaries from the French Republic on the one hand, and from the Empire, or Germanic body, on the other; by whom all such difficulties as might still appear to stand in the way of a general and permanent pacification should be adjusted and removed.

The treaty of Campo Formio proved to be, what the very basis upon which it was founded led all reflecting persons to expect, nothing more than an armed truce; during which the opposite parties were less animated by the hope or the desire of a permanent peace, than the anxiety of being as speedily as possible in a condition to renew the war. It was a measure dictated on both sides by imperative necessity; for the preliminaries of Leoben were signed at a moment pregnant with danger, not only to the house of Austria, but to the victorious French army. In proportion, however, as that moment of danger was removed, and thrown into the back ground of the picture of Europe, the rival powers began to recover their habitual views and passions. All that was pacific in the past appeared as a dream;—a preternatural interruption of the great affairs and interests of nations. The French Directory, in utter disregard of existing arrangements, manifested a determined disposition to extend by all means, and in every direction, their principles and their conquests;—the court of Vienna could not behold without a pang, Italy, Switzerland and Savoy a prey to French domination, and the Austrian dominions deprived of those boundaries and natural barriers, which their geographical situation had hitherto cast around them. Under these circumstances it can be no matter of

surprise to learn, that the entire period which intervened between the conclusion of that treaty, and the meeting of the commissioners at Rastadt, was spent by both parties in making the most gigantic military preparations. The same spirit continued to actuate them after the commissioners met. New demands were started, by the one side as well as the other, with no other view than to gain time,—the negotiations were prolonged to an extent wholly unprecedented, and peace was the constant subject of official notes, and cautious conferences, at the very instant when one of the heaviest clouds of war that ever darkened the political horizon was collecting.

But though the case was so, though as much of animosity as ever pervaded the feelings of both governments, and causes of reciprocal complaint were not wanting to either, it is extremely probable that they would have been equally well pleased to avoid the last appeal to arms; and to gain their respective objects, had it been practicable so to do, by presenting a front of defiance to one another. The fact was, that the Directory had, about this time, begun to lose the confidence of the French nation. The recruiting of their armies by means of military conscription went on but slowly; it required time to train the raw recruits, and to incorporate them efficiently with the exhausted battalions; nor could troops be moved, notwithstanding the possession of Switzerland, without both delay and danger, during the rigour of winter. The Directory, therefore, were not anxious to rush into hostilities, till these obstacles to success should be overcome. The imperialists, on the other hand, had similar motives for temporizing. Their army, for the purpose of recruiting, was dispersed through Bohemia, and other provinces, at a distance from Suabia, and the Bavarian frontier; indeed, the only division capable of being brought immediately into play, was that stationed in Friuli, and the newly acquired Venetian states, which were kept in subjection only by the presence of a large armed force. The Russian contingent, likewise, was yet at a distance; and as it moved in four separate corps, and halted at different places for refreshment, its arrival could not be expected, for some time; whilst no plan of co-operation between the armies of Germany and Italy, had they been in a state to enter upon operations, could be carried into execution before the season of communication by the Tyrol. Such were the circumstances which induced the congress of Rastadt to prolong, beyond all precedent, its unprofitable sitting, and reduced it by degrees to the rank of a diplomatic war; in which the plenipotentiaries became little else than spies upon one another, whose whole business it was to

consider and determine the point, to which party its rupture or continuance would be of the greatest advantage.

In the mean while occurrences were taking place in other parts of the world, which could not fail, sooner or later, to bring matters to a crisis. Buonaparte reached Alexandria in safety : but his career of erratic conquest had hardly commenced, when the victory of the Nile placed him and his army in a situation, more perilous than has often been filled by men with arms in their hands. The intelligence of that victory was not slow in spreading itself through Europe. It confirmed the Porte in its friendly dispositions towards England, it added weight to the arguments which were used to draw the Emperor Paul into the new coalition, and it induced the king of Naples, bravely perhaps, but rashly and improvidently, to commence immediate hostilities against the French. Nor was its influence less at Paris, than in Petersburg, Constantinople, or Naples. The Directory saw, at once, that war was at hand ; and it determined to anticipate, as far as might be, the vast projects of its enemies.

Up to the month of July, 1799, the congress of Rastadt continued its course of mutual deceit and procrastination, but the moment had now arrived, when neither deceit nor procrastination could be persevered in longer. The ministers of France, in reply to a communication from Prince Metternich, arbitrarily demanded that the advance of the Russians should be stopped. The demand not being attended to, all further negociation was formally renounced ; and both sides prepared to settle their difference by that most effectual of all arbiters, the sword.

We have said, that during the whole of this time, France and Austria had been sedulously preparing for an event which both anticipated. The French had drawn together four large armies ; that of Italy, that of Switzerland, that of the Danube, and that of observation, with which, as soon as hostilities became inevitable, they made ready to act upon the offensive. The army of Italy, which consisted of 50,000 men, was commanded by General Scherer, and occupied a position on the right bank of the Adige, so as to cover the frontiers of the Cisalpine Republic, and threaten Germany through the Tyrol. The French army of Switzerland, 45,000 strong, prepared to enter the country of the Grisons, and attack the Tyrol in front, under the guidance of General Massena. General Jourdan, at the head of 42,000 men of the army of the Danube, made ready to support this attack by crossing the Rhine, traversing the defiles of the Black Forest, extending itself into Suabia, and turning the Lake of Constance and the southern part of the Tyrol ; whilst Berna-

dotte, with the army of observation, computed to amount to 20,000 men, should advance through the Palatinate, seize Mannheim and Philipsbourg, and penetrate into the valley of Necker, as far as Heilbronn. The object of these combined movements was the same, which the directory had pursued in 1796, and 1797; namely, the invasion of the hereditary states of the house of Austria, and the junction of the French armies under the walls of Vienna.

To oppose the projected invasion there were in position through the circle of Suabia and the Tyrol, 169,000 Austrians. Of these the Archduke commanded what was called the grand army, 66,000 strong, having his left at Kempten, his centre at Memmingen, and his right resting upon Ulm. General Sztarray was at the head of 24,000 men, cantoned in the environs of Augsburg, or at Wurtzbourg. Eighteen thousand, under the directions of General Hotze, occupied the Voralburg, and the country of the Grisons was held by 7,000 under General Auffenberg, whilst Generals Bellegarde and Laudon covered the Tyrol, with a corps of 18,000 men. The army of Italy, which amounted to 36,000 men, and was under the orders of Kray, lay in position along the left bank of the Adige.

These prodigious armies found themselves, in the beginning of March, occupying parallel lines of operations, which extended, with little or no interruption, from the banks of the Danube to the Adriatic gulph. No great while elapsed, however, before the regularity of their arrangements was disturbed. Though the natural difficulties opposed to an attack by the French were of no ordinary nature, it was a matter with them of such great moment to anticipate the arrival of the Russians, that they determined, at all hazards, to act upon the offensive; and they lost not a day in carrying the plan into execution.

At an early hour in the morning of the 6th, whilst Jourdan, moving along the Lake of Constance, advanced as far as Feldkirch, Massena penetrated into the Grisons; and after a series of brilliant manœuvres and hard-fought actions, compelled General Auffenberg, with the whole of his corps, to surrender. Following up this success, which had enabled him to throw a column, under General Oudinot, across the Rhine, he assaulted the position of Feldkirch; passing, at the same time, a whole division by his right, towards the sources of the Inn. The attack upon Feldkirch was repulsed, but General Casa-Bianca, who headed the detached corps, penetrated on the 13th to Haut Engadin, and forced General Laudon to retire.

Such were the first movements and successes of the French army in Switzerland; of which, however, Jourdan could in no

way avail himself, as long as the important post of Feldkirch continued in the hands of the Imperialists. Till that should be wrested from them, and Massena enabled to communicate with him by way of Bregentz, Lindau, and the eastern shores of the Lake of Constance, his movements must necessarily be cramped; nor could he attempt any thing farther than merely to watch an opportunity of dispersing the left of the Archduke's army, turning the Lake, and so facilitating the decisive attack which would free him from all his difficulties.

With this view he manœuvred by his left, pushing it forward to Sigmaringen on the Danube; his centre took post on the 10th, at Moskirch; but his right continued in a state of watchfulness at Ueberlingen, on the margin of the Lake.

In the meanwhile, the Archduke put his troops in motion for the purpose of covering Feldkirch, and counteracting the designs of the French marshals. After a variety of partial encounters, including two violent assaults upon Feldkirch, in both of which the French were defeated with great loss, the armies of Jourdan and the Archduke came in sight of each other. The former, who had called in all his detachments, and taken post for a while, between Hohentwiel and Dutlingen, advanced his head-quarters on the 18th, as far as Pfullendorf. The latter placed himself, on the 20th, in position along the heights of Salgau and Altschhausen, having his head-quarters at Schussenried. But the mass of the Austrian army was still a short march in the rear when the above arrangements took place; and as the valley and little river of Ostrach alone separated the one camp from the other, it was not probable that it would be enabled to come up before hostilities had actually commenced.

If such were the expectations of the Austrian commander, they were not founded upon mistaken grounds. Jourdan, having acted the farce of sending a messenger forward for the purpose of formally demanding whether the answer which the Directory expected from the court of Vienna, on the subject of the Russian troops, had arrived, instantly moved on to the attack. Against the impetuosity of this assault, the Austrians were unable to offer any effectual resistance. They were driven, at the point of the bayonet, as far as Holzkerchen and Klostersussen, from whence they retired in good order, with their main body; whilst the French took up an advantageous position along the high grounds of Ostrach and Mengen.

On the following morning, the Archduke, having assembled his whole corps, advanced in three columns to the attack. The right, under the command of the Prince of Furstemberg, passed by Mengen, and followed the course of the Danube; the left

took the road by Altschhausen, towards Pfullendorf; whilst he himself conducted the centre across the marshy valley of Ostrach, by the causeway of Salgau.

Jourdan, after a vigorous resistance along the whole front of his line, found himself, in consequence of the turning of his left, obliged to abandon his position, and fell back in excellent order during the night, towards Pfullendorf; but the progress which the right wing of the Austrian army had made in the direction of Moskirch, permitted him not to halt there; and the Archduke's dispositions to surround his left with superior forces, determined him to retire, on the night following, to Stockach and Engen. In executing this movement, the head of a French column, which had proceeded on to Buchorn, was cut off, and the battalions composing it made prisoners.

These battles cost both the Republican and Imperial armies a heavy loss in killed, wounded, and taken; but they were not more bloody, nor perhaps so bloody in proportion, as the affairs which went on at the same time under the heights of Feldkirch. To force these, Massena continued to make the most desperate efforts. Taking advantage of the temporary absence of General Hotze, who, as soon as intelligence reached him of the movement of the two great armies towards each other, had marched to support the Archduke, with a corps of ten thousand men, he renewed his assaults upon that post with the utmost vigour; but he was in every instance driven back, and finally abandoned the attempt. He re-passed the Rhine, placed Oudinot's division at the important post of Rheineck, and withdrew, with the remainder of his army, into the Grisons.

In the meanwhile, the Archduke failed not to follow up the advantages which he had attained. Pressing upon Jourdan vigorously, but with caution, he compelled that General to give him battle again upon the 25th. The French were, on this occasion, the assailants. They attacked the Austrians in position, before Stockach, and during the former part of the day, they enjoyed every prospect of success; but a charge of cavalry, on which he greatly depended, failing, Jourdan found himself in turn assailed at all points. After a desperate resistance, the French retreated to their encampment at Engen and Tutlingen, leaving upwards of 10,000 men upon the field. But they were not permitted to remain there for any length of time. The appearance of the Austrians induced them to retire still farther on the 26th; nor was any permanent position afterwards taken up till they had arrived at Hornberg.

The Austrian arms were not equally successful in the Tyrol. There the army of General Laudon, being attacked by Casa-

Bianca's corps at Bormio, was driven back upon Wintschgau, and the division of General Bellegarde; at the same time that an assault was made by Lecourbe, upon the posts of Martinsbruck, Finstermunz, and Nauders. The latter attack, however, failed; but being renewed some time after, with fresh troops, the whole of these posts were carried. In this affair, Generals Dessolles and Loison particularly distinguished themselves, surmounting all the obstacles which the Wormser Joch, one of the highest mountains of the Julian Alps threw in their way, and taking or destroying the whole of General Laudon's corps. The General himself, with a few squadrons of horse, alone escaped. These were brilliant achievements; they put the French in possession of the heads of all the great valleys of the Tyrol, and led them to hope that the main difficulties which stood in the way of their military operations beyond the Alps were already overcome.

Whilst these things were going on in the departments of the Tyrol, the Grisons, and the Rhine, the hostile armies in Italy, commanded on the one side by General Scherer, on the other by General Kray, were not inactive. The same motives which led to the advance of Massena and Jourdan, induced General Scherer to bring his opponent to action with as little delay as possible. For this purpose he advanced in six columns on the 26th of March, and charged the whole of the Austrian line, between the Lake of Garda and the Adige. The battle was long and obstinately contested; but with the exception of the division led on by Moreau, which passed the Adige, pushed forward to Chiusa, and obtained some advantage there, it was productive of no favourable results to the assailants. It was renewed on the 27th, upon nearly the same plan, with still less effect; for the division of Moreau was on that day compelled to retire, and all the little benefit which had been gained was lost. From that period up to the morning of the 30th, the armies lay upon the field of battle among the dead; but on the 30th, General Scherer again attacked on a somewhat different plan. Having driven the Austrian General, Kaim, from his position in front of Verona, he threw a bridge across the Adige, and sent the division of General Serrurier to attack the left bank, and if possible to gain the heights, which covered the right of the Austrian army. This was a bold, but a dangerous movement. Had Scherer's army consisted of 100,000 instead of 50,000 men, the manœuvre could have hardly failed of securing to him the greatest advantages: as it was, it led to his defeat. His detached corps, attacked by superior numbers, was defeated; the bridge was broken down; and one wing of his army was entirely cut off from the other. Yet was the struggle maintained with unabated

vigour during the whole of that, as well as the following day. It was even renewed upon the 5th of April, on which occasion the hostile columns met, as they were from either side marching to the attack; but though Moreau succeeded in penetrating the Austrian centre, and Serrurier, after taking and losing Villa Franca several times, remained in possession of that post at last, the left of the Imperialists finally turned the French right; and this long contested affair was decided. The French were beaten. They evacuated, on the following morning, their posts at Isola della Scala, and Villa Franca, and retreated by Roverbello, where their rear-guard arrived on the 7th.

The following remarks of M. Dumas on this occasion will show, that his opinion, as to the cause of General Scherer's defeat, accords precisely with our own.

“General Scherer, in throwing his left wing beyond the Adige, so completely disconnected his attacks, as neither to be able to support them, nor to withdraw such forces as might possibly become necessary to himself. It is rare for so hazardous a movement, and one so entirely breaking all union in the general line of battle, to obtain that decisive success which is anticipated from it. On the contrary, numerous examples occur of disasters brought on in the foolish hope of striking a decisive blow by bearing down upon the enemy's rear and point of retreat.

“The success of these master-strokes is often due to chance, though yet more frequently to the negligence of the enemy; and it may be laid down as a principle, that wherever in a general engagement any material obstacle is placed between the centre and the wings, a vital error has been committed.”

The results of this great battle were in the highest degree advantageous to the Imperial arms. Delivered from the presence of Scherer's army, General Kray was enabled to invest, at the same instant, the now important places of Peschiera and Mantua; whilst the entire chain of French Cisalpine posts, extending from Bormio, as far as the Lakes Idro and Garda, were attacked and forced. On the side of the Tyrol again, Laudon and Bellegarde, having re-assembled their broken troops, compelled Lecourbe and Dessolles to abandon the commanding position which they had taken up, and to retire, the one upon Engadin, and the other, after some hard fighting, first upon Mantua, and finally as far as Zernez. Along the department of the Rhine, the Imperialists, if not equally successful, continued, at all events, to gain ground. There was an affair at Hornberg, between the advance of the Archduke's army and the out-posts of General Ernouf, who, on the illness of Jourdan, had succeeded to the command. It terminated in favour of the former, and caused the French to retreat with precipitation towards the

bridge of Kehl. That bridge was covered and defended by the town of Schaffhausen, which the Republicans took every care to strengthen; but Schaffhausen being attacked on the 13th, by the Archduke, was carried sword in hand; and the French finally passed the Rhine, burning the bridge in their rear. Thus, on all sides, had fortune declared for the Imperialists, and the plan with which the Republicans opened the campaign was of necessity abandoned.

The French army of Italy had fixed its head-quarters at Lodi, leaving Mantua in a state of blockade, and Peschiera warmly besieged, when certain events took place, which could not but seriously affect the issues of future operations in that country. On the one side, General Scherer resigned his command, and was succeeded by one of the ablest officers in the revolutionary ranks, Moreau; on the other, Suwarrow, arriving with the first division of the Russian contingent, assumed the guidance of the allied forces. The latter circumstance occurred on the 18th of April, the former on the 17th. Both armies felt the change. The Imperialists instantly began to act with a degree of vigour and activity hitherto unknown to them. The castles of Ferrara and Brescia were both assaulted, and the latter carried on the 20th. The siege of Peschiera was vigorously pressed, and the garrison compelled to capitulate; whilst the army of Moreau, harassed by repeated attacks, particularly at Cremona and Casano, was driven to take post behind the Adda. Bergamo was stormed, and carried; Milan was threatened; in a word, the whole of the country, from the Adige to the Adda, was, in the space of a few days, cleared of French troops.

Having concluded these details, M. Dumas thinks fit to indulge himself in a long digression, touching the general politics of England; her mighty projects, and inexhaustible resources. He describes her superiority at sea as being altogether irresistible, and gives a lively description of the last efforts of the continental powers to meet her upon that element. But though we are far from finding fault with our author, on the score of any statement made by him, we are not of opinion that, in handling such subjects, he particularly excels. We shall not, therefore, follow him farther than by stating, that whilst the escape of Admiral Bruix's fleet from Brest threw the whole of Great Britain, for a short time, into the greatest consternation, it called forth from the government a degree of energy, such as even a British government was hardly supposed to possess. Squadrons were fitted out, and sent to sea, with a celerity quite unprecedented; and at a time when the shores of Ireland were most tenaciously watched, the Channel, the Ger-

man Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, all swarmed with British cruisers. But M. Bruix eluded them all. He took shelter in Toulon, from whence, in a short while after, he conveyed the invading force safely to Alexandria, only that he might himself become the prey of Nelson and his gallant followers. We return now to the operations on shore.

When Moreau and Suwarrow respectively assumed the command of the opposing armies, that of the Republicans was reduced from 50,000 to little more than 30,000, whilst that of the Imperialists amounted to nearly 60,000 men. Against odds so tremendous, against a mass so numerous, guided too, by a general second to none in his time, in energy and experience, the French commander could offer no efficient opposition. To act offensively was, in his case, impossible; there remained for him but one course to pursue, which was, by continually avoiding a general engagement, except on terms decidedly advantageous to himself, and retiring from one strong position to another, to protract the war for as long a time as possible, in order that succours might arrive from France, and an opportunity be given to the armies of the Rhine and the Tyrol of striking a blow. He adopted this course with admirable dexterity. The posts of Cassano and Lecco, though both disputed with great obstinacy, were abandoned; the line of the Adda, after having been held as long as it was tenable, was given up, and the French army retreated into Milan, whither it was immediately followed by the allies.

The country of the Grisons was all this while a scene of continued active operations, of which Generals Hotze, Massena, Bellegarde, and Lecourbe, and latterly the Archduke himself, were the principal directors. For a while all things went in favour of the French. General Bellegarde attacked Lecourbe in his position above the town of Engadin, without success, and Hotze was equally unsuccessful in his attempt upon the strong post of Luciensteig; and a rising among the natives themselves was crushed, with terrible slaughter, by Massena. But the tide gradually turned; and before the end of the month, the whole of that district, with the exception of a few of the more remote vallies, was delivered from the presence of the Republicans. The Archduke, finding himself unmolested by the corps in his immediate front, flew to the assistance of his countrymen. Luciensteig was at last carried by assault; Coire and Reichenau were evacuated; the passes of Sargans, Ragatz, Vettis, and Kunkels, were occupied by the Imperialists, and the whole of Massena's line, strong as it was by nature, and ably defended, was broken in every part.

As we are desirous in this paper to give some account both

of Buonaparte's campaigns in Egypt, and that of the Duke of York in Holland, it will be impossible to attempt even the most meagre abridgement of the very interesting events, as well in Italy as along the Rhine, which followed the movements just referred to. We must, therefore, content ourselves with stating that, as soon as he had fairly driven the Republicans to adopt a system purely defensive, Suwarrow turned himself vigorously to the reduction of all the posts, towns, and castles, into which they had thrown garrisons, throughout the extent of his conquests. Mantua was besieged, the Castle of Milan blockaded, and Moreau being driven from a strong position, which he had taken up for the purpose of covering Turin, that city was carried, and the citadel placed in a state of siege. Tortona was invested; Ferrara and Ravenna carried by assault; in a word, the whole of the north of Italy, except the particular spots on which the French army, from time to time, made a stand, seemed to be in a fair way of being delivered from the Republican yoke; but just about this time a revolution occurred in Paris, such as was not very unfrequent in those times; the members of the Directory were changed, and the new rulers determined to make the most strenuous exertions for the recovery of those advantages which their predecessors had lost.

Whilst fresh armies were organizing in France, General Macdonald, who, on the recall of Championnet, succeeded to the command of the army of Naples, received orders to form, at all hazards, a junction with Moreau. In obedience to these directions, Macdonald, having joined to himself the division of Gauthier, set out at the head of 25,000 men, to follow the road which leads between the Apennines and the Po, across the duchies of Modena, Parma, and Placentia. Suwarrow was not unexpected of this movement, and he had made every preparation to defeat it. He requested and obtained two powerful reinforcements; the one of 11,000 Russians, the other of a corps of Austrians, under Bellegarde, which enabled him, in spite of his numerous sieges, to keep the field with full 30,000 men; and he hastened to oppose these to the army of Macdonald, before it should be able to effect its junction with that of Moreau. The two corps met at Trebia, where a sanguinary battle ensued, which lasted, with little or no intermission, from the morning of the 17th, to the evening of the 19th of June. This was one of the most hard-fought actions which took place during the whole war. Upwards of 9,000 French soldiers, with many of the best generals, and other officers in the army, fell; and Macdonald, compelled to abandon his designs, made a precipitate retreat.

Suwarrow, having secured this victory, lost no time in turning

it to account. He flew to oppose Moreau; but before he could bring that officer to action, large reinforcements reached the French army, and General Joubert arrived to command it. A variety of movements now occurred, extending through the remaining days of June, and the whole of July; and operating along the entire theatre of two states. Many partial encounters took place, the greater number of which were favourable to the allies; many fortresses were taken and posts carried, but it was not till towards the middle of August that the great battle of Novi was fought, which may be said to have completely broken, for a season, the power of the Republicans in Italy. It would be doing injustice to our author were we to pass by his description of that brilliant affair; or to give it in other words than his own.

General Joubert, anxious to raise the siege of Tortona, which Suwarrow with his whole army covered, determined, with the full approbation of Moreau his second in command, to risk a battle for that purpose. With this view he put his divisions in motion, and came in sight of the allies, who had manœuvred so as to place their right upon Orba, and the left at Rivalta.

"On the 14th of August," says M. Dumas, "the two armies were occupied in observing one another, and in completing their several dispositions. General Joubert drew up on the heights in an oblique position, his right towards the Scrivia, the centre towards Novi, and the left towards Bassaluzzo, which enabled him to cover the movement of a column that was detached from the right beyond the Scrivia, in order to follow by Cassano di Spinola, the mountains which continue to the right of that river, and to reach Tortona.

"This movement, which General Suwarrow was no longer able to prevent, but by displacing the present army, determined him to attack on the morning of the 15th.

"The attack was commenced by the right of the allies commanded by General Kray, against the left of the French, where General Joubert commanded in person. Scarcely were they engaged, when the latter, wishing to animate by his presence a charge of infantry, and calling 'en avant, en avant!' was struck to the heart by a ball, and fell exclaiming, 'marchez, marchez toujours!'

"While General Kray was endeavouring to fall upon the rear of Novi, he was attacked in front by the Russian General Bagration; but both were repulsed; the Russian division, under General Doerfelden, in the centre, and the left wing of General Melas, received orders to support Bagration, the first by the causeway of Novi, and General Melas reascending the left bank of the Scrivia; but this double attack had no better success than that of the Generals Kray and Bagration; General Doerfelden attempted, without success, to gain the heights on the left of Novi.

"The whole front of the two armies was engaged, and the carnage was dreadful.

" At three o'clock the corps of General Kray having been twice repulsed and much weakened, General Suwarrow caused a second attack against the heights of Novi by the three Russian divisions under the orders of Generals Dœrfeldën, Bagration, and Miloradowitsch; but such was the steadiness of the French, that notwithstanding the reiterated charges of the Russians they still maintained their position. The centre of the allied army was almost destroyed; three times the attack was sustained or renewed by General Suwarrow with the most determined vigour, in order to occupy or at least to restrain the French centre, which he found it impossible to force. General Moreau, who had resumed the command after the death of Joubert, led them on in person, and, as well as the Generals St. Cyr and Desolles, performed prodigies of valour.

" Meanwhile General Melas, with eight battalions of grenadiers and six battalions of Austrian infantry, which formed the left wing of the allied army, having reached the first heights of Novi on the side of Pietale, and despatched the corps under General Nobili along the left bank of the Scrivia, endeavoured to overpower the whole right of the French army; he advanced as far as Serravalle, which he relieved; he occupied Arquata, and proceeded by the way of Serravalle upon Novi; he directed an attack on the right flank of the French by the division of General Folich, led on by the first battalion of Furtsenberg and by the brigade commanded by Major General Lusignan, who, vehemently repulsed on the first charge, was himself seriously wounded, and made prisoner. General Melas sustained the column which formed his right by a second under the orders of General Laudon; a third, headed by General Lichtenstein, received orders to pass the French line to the back of their right, and to occupy the advantageous positions afforded in the intervals of their columns; General Melas caused their advance to be protected by batteries corresponding with the line of their movement. This manœuvre decided the day.

" Towards five in the evening, General Melas, with the grenadiers of Paar, attacked in flank the position of Novi, which had cost so much blood from the commencement of the action, and which Moreau now proceeded to reinforce in order to cover the retreat which he had ordered. The French, finding themselves nearly surrounded, were constrained to abandon Novi; the column under the Prince de Lichtenstein had already intercepted their communication with Gavi. It was only possible, therefore, for them to retire by their left flank upon Ovada. The retreat was at first effected in good order, but the artillery not having moved off through the village of Pasturana so quickly as it might have done, the division which formed the rear-guard found the village crowded with troops; its progress was arrested, itself thrown into disorder, and speedily overtaken by the corps of General Karackzy, who had been despatched by General Suwarrow in their pursuit. The French generals Perignon, Grouchy, and Partouneaux, made a last effort to rally the rear-guard, in which they were unsuccessful; all three were wounded and made prisoners, along with the Piedmontese general Colli. Perignon and Grouchy received several sabre wounds.

“ General Grouchy, who after several fruitless attempts, had rallied a body of cavalry, made a charge with a standard in his hand, and after losing it in the struggle, he placed his hat on the point of his sword, and returned to the charge, but he was this time wounded and thrown from his horse. Night put an end to the contest.”

It is hardly necessary for us to remind the reader, that the good effects which might have resulted from this splendid victory,—a victory which M. Dumas not unaptly compares to those of Malplaquet in 1709, and Francfort sur l'Oder in 1759, were sadly counteracted by the unfortunate change which soon afterwards took place in the plans and councils of the allies. Called away from the scene of his triumphs to assist in the subjugation of Switzerland, Suwarrow found himself deserted in that difficult country by the corps which ought to have supported him, and instead of acting there the brilliant part which he had acted on the plains of Italy, was with much difficulty, and by dint of extraordinary courage and perseverance on the part of his troops, only enabled to save himself from destruction. The Archduke, in the mean while, began to relax in his exertions. The invasion of France was no longer hinted at, but every nerve applied to secure and reduce to order those states which the house of Austria had recovered. Finally, Russia withdrew altogether from the coalition, and the fabric, which it had cost so much blood and treasure to erect, was shaken to its foundation. But it is high time that we should turn our eyes to other parts of the world.

Whilst the Russian and Austrian armies were thus pressing upon the French Republic on one side, it appeared advisable to the British government to try the effect of a diversion on another. The Dutch, it was believed, were ripe for revolt; and nothing more was wanting than the arrival of a force, round which they might rally, in order at once to lead them into it. Measures were accordingly entered into for the invasion of Holland by a combined army of English and Russians, of which the chief command was to be intrusted to the Duke of York; and preparations began, about the middle of the summer, to be set on foot for its organization. It does not appear that any attempts were made to keep secret the point towards which the armament in question was destined. On the contrary, the assembling of some 20 or 25,000 men along the coast of the mouth of the Thames, as well as the numerous proclamations in favour of the Stadtholder, which were industriously circulated, served to satisfy the Directory, as early as the month of July, that a storm would, before long, burst upon some part of the Batavian Republic. The Republicans were not remiss in preparing to meet it. The newly-raised national guard was embodied and regularly drilled, fresh

corps of French troops poured into Holland, and General Brune, to whom the care of that province was intrusted, animated every thing by his presence and extraordinary activity.

Though the regiments nominated for this important service began to assemble in July, it was the middle of August before the first division, which consisted of 12,000 men, under the orders of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, could put to sea. The coast of Holland was made on the 20th; when the Dutch fleet, under Admiral Story, which lay in the rear of the isle of the Texel, was invited to hoist the Orange-flag; intimation being at the same time conveyed to the crews, that 20,000 British troops were already on shore at the Helder; but the Dutch admiral rejected the offer, the wind became foul, and General Abercrombie's corps was unable to attempt a debarkation, till the morning of the 27th. An opportunity was thus afforded to the Dutch general Daendels, who commanded in that district, to dispute the landing, and of that opportunity he failed not to avail himself. The following is M. Dumas's narrative of the affair which ensued. We give it, because it is, strange to say, remarkable for its want of correctness in almost every particular.

"General Daendels, who had collected his division at Keeten, proceeded to the Downs with a few battalions of chasseurs. The engagement commenced at the moment that the advanced-guard of the English endeavoured to occupy the Downs and bear down in front. Lieutenant-Colonel Luck was among the killed, and the remainder of the troops of the division of Daendels, the fifth demi-brigade, a regiment of cavalry, and a part of the horse artillery successively took part in the fight. The English advanced-guard, being additionally reinforced, continued to gain ground. The Dutch battalion of Herbig made a charge with the bayonet, and was in its turn taken in flank by the English light horse. This warmly contested engagement, which cost the English about a thousand men, lasted until four in the afternoon. The Dutch fought at a disadvantage on the unequal ground of the Downs, on account of a hot fire, under the protection of which it was impossible to prevent the debarkation from taking place. They were constrained to abandon the beach to the English, and General Daendels resumed his former position at Keeten."

Now, in the first place, the loss of the English in this affair amounted, according to the official returns which now lie before us, not to 1,000, but to 454, in killed, wounded, and missing. In the next place, it is not true that the Republicans were greatly annoyed, or the British troops effectually supported by the fire of the shipping. The lighter vessels and gun-boats cleared the beach, it is true, of the Dutch piquets, and so opened a way for the secure landing of the troops; but the troops once landed could derive no further support from them. The English line

stood between the enemy and the flotilla; it is not conceivable that the latter would throw its fire through such an obstacle. But we must pass on to other matters.

A footing on shore being thus gained, the Helder was immediately evacuated, and the Dutch fleet, after a fruitless attempt on the part of the Admiral to stir up the people to resistance, was taken possession of. On the 28th, a reinforcement of 5,000 men under General Don arriving, Sir Ralph Abercrombie advanced, and took up a position on the 1st of September at the Zuype, having his right at Petten, and his left at Oude. In the mean while, General Daendels's corps, which had fallen back upon the line of the Schermer, was strengthened by the arrival of 7,000 French troops under Brune, and a Batavian division under Dumonceau. The union of these two corps made up a total of about 25,000 men;—a force too great to warrant General Abercrombie in acting upon the offensive. He contented himself, therefore, with throwing up works, and entrenching himself as effectually as circumstances would allow; and he was permitted to persevere in this course without molestation up to the morning of the 10th.

On that day, General Brune, eager to strike a blow before the arrival of the Russians and the Duke of York's corps, attacked the British position with his whole army. He came on in three columns, directing his principal efforts against the flank of the Slaper-Dyke; but he was every where repulsed, and retired, after an obstinate contest, with the loss of nearly 2,000 men. This was the last serious attempt on the part of the Republicans to take advantage of the divided state of the allied army; for there arrived, between the 12th and 15th, three fresh brigades of British troops, as well as two of the three promised divisions of Russians; and the Duke of York found, on disembarking, that there were 33,000 effective men in his camp.

His Royal Highness could not but feel that the same motive which had induced General Brune to act, a few days before, against Sir Ralph Abercrombie, ought now to have influence with himself. As yet, he was superior to the enemy by about ten thousand men; it was of the first moment to bring on a general action, before that superiority should be lost. On the morning of the 19th, the allied army accordingly moved forward in four columns. That on the right, which consisted entirely of Russians, unhappily began its operations two full hours earlier than had been agreed upon. It pressed on, likewise, with a degree of precipitancy which for a while, indeed, carried every thing before it, but which unavoidably exposed both flanks, and detached it from the rest of the army. The consequence was, that the French,

recovering from their panic, assailed it in front, and on both sides, it fell into utter confusion, and was wholly routed with the loss of its generals, and two thirds of its numbers. This disaster decided the fortune of the day. Though he had succeeded in every other point, the British General seeing his right exposed, was obliged to suspend the further progress of his columns, and to retire, in the evening, to the position which he had quitted with such fair prospects of victory.

Most of our readers are probably aware, that the attack upon General Brune's army was renewed, on the 2d of October. On which occasion the Republicans were driven from all their posts at Schoreldam, Bergem, and Egmont-op-Zee. But they fell back upon a second line still stronger than the first; and from that, all the exertions of the allies failed in dislodging them. On the 6th however, a sanguinary affair took place;—it was brought on accidentally, and produced no decided result; but it seemed to satisfy the conductors of the Anglo-Russian expedition, that a continued perseverance in offensive hostilities, would only wear away their own strength, without in any degree forwarding the object for which the expedition had been fitted out. A retreat was, accordingly, determined upon; and the troops were at last withdrawn from the Helder, in accordance with the terms of a capitulation entered into for that purpose.

We have hurried over our author's narrative of the landing at the Helder, partly because we are satisfied that its details must be fresh in the memory of most of our readers, partly because it is, perhaps, the least accurate of all his relations, but chiefly because we were desirous of leaving some space for a notice of the most remarkable occurrence in this eventful year—Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt. Never has a great conqueror embarked upon a scheme more truly romantic, as well as daring, than this. In whatever light we regard it, whether we look to the amount of the difficulties to be overcome, to the scanty means—comparatively scanty we mean—afforded for its accomplishment, or to the gigantic views of the individual who planned, and, to a certain extent, carried it into execution, there is nothing in history which we consider as at all worthy to be put into comparison with that project; it stands quite alone in all its bearings. It was a scheme, no doubt, which, had it succeeded according to the wishes of its inventor, would have materially affected the interests and power of this country;—as Englishmen, therefore, we are bound to rejoice in its failure. But whether the benefits proposed to be conferred by it upon the world at large, more especially upon the Eastern nations, were not such as may be looked for through no other channel whatever, is a question which it be-

hoves us to pause before we pretend to answer. Be this, however, as it may—he must be singularly warped by prejudice indeed who continues to deny to the individual who planned that expedition at least as much honour as he is accustomed to award to the memory of those warriors of old, who, wherever they went, made victory pave the way to civilization and good government.

The treaty of Campo Formio was hardly signed when the Directory, jealous of the growing influence of Buonaparte, recalled him from his command in Italy, under the pretext of placing him at the head of a force which was collected for the ostensible purpose of invading England. It would appear that to this design Buonaparte had always been averse. Whether his disinclination proceeded from a well-grounded apprehension that England was not in a state to authorize any attempt at its subjugation, or whether, as has been insinuated, he was anxious to settle the affairs of Great Britain, as well as those of the rest of Europe, at the Congress of Rastadt, we take it not upon us to determine. Of one fact, however, we can speak confidently, namely, that he not only proposed, but obtained permission from his government, to exercise his talents upon a totally new field, where he represented that a blow might be struck at the resources of Great Britain far more decisive than could be done by a mere descent upon her shores.

The expedition of which he offered to put himself at the head had for its object the conquest and civilization of Egypt. That country was to be made again, as it had formerly been, the great emporium of eastern trade to Europe; whilst from it, as from a centre, principles were to go forth which should at once deliver the Hindoos from the yoke of England, emancipate the Greeks from Turkish bondage, revolutionize or obtain free constitutions for Austria and Hungary, and restore to Poland liberty and a national existence. We cannot pause to detail a moiety of the magnificent views which appear to have actuated Buonaparte on this occasion; but though they all tended to the ruin of England, it is impossible to deny that they were all of them magnificent.

On the 20th of May, 1798, a fleet, consisting of 13 sail of the line, 6 frigates, a few corvettes, and about 350 transports, set sail from the harbour of Toulon, under the guidance of Admiral Bruix. There was on board these vessels an army of 25,000 veteran soldiers, well appointed, well disciplined, ably officered, and amply supplied with all kinds of military stores,—and the leader of the whole was Buonaparte. The fleet directed its course eastward; it was joined on the way by 36 additional transports, and 4000 fresh troops, in Bastia; and it anchored off the island of Malta, on the 10th of June. As the possession of that island was in the highest degree important to his future operations, Bu-

naparte made no delay in seeking a quarrel with the Knights of St. John, who then held it. Troops were landed at various parts, the city was invested, and in twenty-four hours it consented to receive a French garrison. Four thousand men being left to preserve it, the remainder returned to their ships, and the fleet, as soon as it had taken in fresh water, continued its course.

The strenuous but unsuccessful efforts made by Sir Horatio Nelson to overtake and intercept this expedition must be fresh in the memory of all our readers. Admiral Bruix proceeded on his way without interruption. On the 25th of June he made Candia, and on the 1st of July appeared before the city of Alexandria. There intelligence was communicated to him that Admiral Nelson's squadron had preceded his arrival by some days; and as Buonaparte naturally concluded that it still lay about the coast, he urged and succeeded in effecting an immediate disembarkation. Five or six thousand men landed that very day; Alexandria was stormed and taken; and the ships moving into the bay of Aboukir, the remainder, with all the stores, horses, artillery, &c. were safely conveyed to shore.

Having thus gained a footing in the country, Buonaparte made haste to turn it to the readiest account. Alexandria being reduced to order, he set out with the main of his army towards Grand Cairo, following the course of the Nile, which covered his left flank, and on the 13th of July found himself in front of Chebreis, which was occupied by a corps of 7 or 8000 Mamelukes, under Mourad-Bey. These were instantly attacked; they fought bravely, but their undisciplined valour was no match for French gallantry; they were defeated and dispersed. But they rallied again in an intrenched position at the village of Embabeh, and being joined by a corps of Arabs, again offered battle. This action like the former, ended in favour of the invaders, who took in the Mameluke camp 40 pieces of cannon, and upwards of 400 camels.

Besides the immediate plunder which fell into their hands, the last victory secured to the French the possession of Grand Cairo. They entered that city on the 22d; the government of the Mamelukes was overthrown, and the conquest of Lower Egypt, as the whole of the country from Cairo to the sea is called, was accomplished.

During the progress of these operations, and indeed throughout the whole of his sojourn in the country, Buonaparte paid, in his own person, and required his soldiers to pay, the utmost respect to the prejudices and usages, both civil and religious, of the Egyptians. Master of the capital, he next set himself to the task of new-modelling the government, and opening the eyes of the

people to a better order of things. Perhaps there was much that deserved to be called visionary in his proceedings; a number of illiterate and semi-barbarous Beys made but a wretched figure under the denomination of Notables; and tribes accustomed to the patriarchal institutions of the desert, could but view with stupid wonderment the introduction among them of popular assemblies. Yet for a while all things seemed to proceed as the French General could have wished, and the natives and foreigners lived together in the greatest apparent harmony.

Nor was Buonaparte unmindful all this while of the interests of general knowledge. With his armed multitude came astronomers, chymists, geologists, botanists, geographers, antiquaries, professors, in short, in every branch of philosophy, who, under his guidance and protection, turned themselves each to his favourite pursuit. Seldom has such a spectacle been presented to the eyes of mankind as that which now met them in the country of the Ptolemies. Warriors, politicians, and men of science followed their several occupations as it were side by side, and order and decorum prevailed in the midst of bloodshed and violence.

This flattering state of affairs was not, however, of long continuance. The inhabitants of Cairo and its vicinity broke out into open rebellion, which was not quelled without some loss to the French, and prodigious slaughter among themselves; whilst England and the Porte prepared to wrest from the invaders their insecure conquests. The battle of the Nile, moreover, which at once cut off every hope of securing reinforcements or supplies from Europe, had roused into action all the chiefs and beys of Upper Egypt. Hordes of Mamelukes threatened the French outposts on all sides; and Commodore Sir Sidney Smith, arriving with a squadron on the coast, prepared to support them. To oppose these multiplied dangers, and to crush at a blow all who were adverse to his designs, Buonaparte determined upon an expedition across the desert into Syria; at the same time that a division should penetrate up the country by the Nile, for the purpose of effecting a diversion.

He set out upon this campaign in the beginning of 1799, at the head of 12,895 men, and his progress, in spite of all the obstacles which nature and the enemy threw in his way, was for a time prodigious. His army had moved in different divisions and travelled by different routes, but it united on the 6th of February before El-Arisch, which was held by a native garrison of 2000 men. The place was attacked and carried at the point of the bayonet. The next point where a serious opposition met them was Jaffa, which the Turks defended with much obstinacy; but, like El-Arisch, it was also carried at last, and there remained but one post capable

of arresting the further progress of this victorious army. St. Jean d'Acre refused to open its gates, and Buonaparte prepared to besiege it.

Of the gallant defence of that city by Djezzar-Pacha and his ally Sir Sidney Smith, it is not necessary that we should give here any particular account. It was, to use the words of our author, "*une continuité d'assauts et de combats livrés dans un espace si réserré, que les assiégeans et les assiégés furent pendant deux mois à la distance du jet d'une pierre les uns des autres;*" and it ended, as every body knows, in the retreat of the French. The retreat was conducted in good order, and the troops, or rather the remains of the troops, re-entered Cairo early in June.

It was well for Buonaparte that he had not longer persisted in his endeavours to reduce Acre. The whole of Upper Egypt was in a ferment. The Mamelukes, recovering their courage, gave ample employment to Dessaix, who had been appointed to keep them in check; whilst a Turkish army landing at Aboukir, proceeded to place Alexandria in a state of investment. Buonaparte flew to its assistance, attacked the besiegers in their trenches, and after a long and hard-fought action, defeated them with great slaughter. This was his last military operation in Egypt. Having strengthened the works at Alexandria, and otherwise put that city in a state of defence, he returned to Cairo, where the intelligence of Dessaix's success was communicated to him, and where he devoted a few days to the confirmation of that tranquillity which now every where prevailed. But Buonaparte's own views had already turned themselves elsewhere, and on the 24th of August he finally quitted Egypt. The following are the observations with which M. Dumas concludes his history of this remarkable war:—

"This war in Egypt, which we are apt to regard merely as a grand episode, operated powerfully on the affairs of France and of all Europe. The harbour and Peninsula of Aboukir will be no less celebrated than the gulf of Ambracia, and the promontory of Actium; nor was the naval engagement of Aboukir more fatal to the French than that on shore was advantageous to them. If Buonaparte had, like Antony, had his choice of contending on either element, he would not have required the advice of the old centurion, which was equally applicable to the French as to the Romans fighting for Antony, on board his vessels; that advice was—Let us leave these Egyptians and Phenicians to fight at sea, the land is our element, on land we are sure to conquer.

"We have observed the effect produced on the combined powers by the victory of Nelson, and the total destruction of the French fleet. The victory of Buonaparte, and the annihilation of the Turkish army on the Peninsula, had not, as we shall see, less important consequences.

“What an instance of the caprice of Fortune and the destiny of empires! The two most powerful among modern nations—perpetual rivals, and continually affecting the superiority in arms, the one on the ocean, and the other on the land—have rendered the same shores illustrious by two battles equally memorable, and on the same localities, where the soldiers of Antony and Octavius contended for the last time.”

This is perfectly *French*, but it is tolerably just notwithstanding.

The length to which this Article has already extended warns us to stop here. There are in these volumes many matters of which we have taken but a very imperfect notice, some which we have not noticed at all; but we have done our best to make our readers acquainted with the general contents of the whole. We can only add, that whoever may take the trouble to peruse the volumes for himself, will, if he have any relish for lively description and happy narrative, find that he has set himself to a task not less agreeable than profitable. To the subsequent volumes we propose to return on some future occasion.

ART. IV.—*Lettres sur le Bengale, écrites des Bords du Gange.*

Par F. Deville, Capitaine de Marine. Paris. 1826. 18vo.

THERE is a French maxim, the precise proverbial terms of which we cannot at this instant call to mind, but of which the purport is, that a wise man learns to shave on the chin of a fool; and though we do not mean to pronounce (nor is this our *coup d'essai*;) whether a young critic can most advantageously wield his maiden pen in the castigation of a very silly author—we hesitate not to say, that admitting this to be the case, we never met with an auctorial chin (to apply the proverb,) half so well adapted for the first cut of a critical razor, as that of Mons. le Capitaine de Marine, whose letters are in both senses of the term *lying* before us. The English reader will easily suppose, that even with all fit literary acquirements, a Frenchman would not prove the most impartial writer on the state of India, with reference to the British power in that quarter, for his unavoidably recurring remembrance of the successful struggles of his own nation to maintain something like an equality with ours in the East, must of course increase his hereditary dislike of us; nor could he readily be brought to allow us credit either for the superior military tact which expelled the other European intruders; or for the system of government which so very effectually debars their return. But, if even with all the learning and powers of research, which are indispensable in a historian, a Frenchman might not be found the most unobjectionable commentator on our Eastern affairs,

still less is it to be expected that a pert, ignorant, and flippant master of a French trading-vessel, whose travels to the interior extended no farther than Chandernagore, (some thirty or forty miles from Calcutta,) and whose utter ignorance of the languages, English as well as native, was alone sufficient to incapacitate him as a describer of manners and customs—still less, we repeat, is it to be supposed that such an individual can produce a valuable account of what is altogether beyond his professional sphere, and what he has only viewed with the prejudiced eye of a jealous coxcomb. It seems almost incredible, but is literally true, that this trumpery pamphlet has been gravely referred to on several occasions as an authority! Now, if the epistolary correspondence of Captain Deville were to fall into the hands only of persons who had been in India, and who are well acquainted with all circumstances appertaining to that country, it would be superfluous for us to hold up his crudities to refutation or contempt, because no such person could read ten successive pages without meeting with inventions the most barefaced, facts the most shamefully perverted, or reasonings the most absurd, which his own knowledge would enable him to see through as he read; but as these ridiculous *billets doux* of the Captain are more likely to be conned by the lovers of fiction than by the students of history, and by the fair sex rather than by ours, we think it worth while to occupy a very few pages of a work like this in explaining to such readers that culpable misrepresentations are without the pale of authorized fiction; and that even a French lover, with all his affected admiration of his mistress's mental qualifications, does not hesitate to impose on her understanding by relations given as true, but which he must feel all the while he is writing them, she cannot believe without forfeiting all pretensions to the good sense of which he feigned her to be possessed.

These remarks, which have been elicited by the prefatory history of the letters in question, require some explanation, previously to our entering on the gist of the book, for as few travellers make a series of love-letters the medium through which to convey their novel information to the public, it might be conjectured that we were inappropriately dragging in the misplaced theme, from some notion of our own, that the Captain must have been in love, and thinking of anything but what he should have been, while composing his very curious description of Bengal. Not so, however. The fact really and confessedly is, that Mons. Deville did "temper love and books together," and that he concerted his epistles for the purpose of instructing his Adorable in the ways and means of the English in India, and of shortening the weary hours of a lover's absence, in what he calls, and has practically

shown to be, the "land of fiction!" How much of profound remark or of undeviating veracity an ordinary reader will expect from the letters of a French trading captain in Calcutta to his *chère amie* in Paris, (this Captain being at the same time, for reasons best known to himself, a determined hater, even beyond all other Frenchmen, of every thing British,) we shall not interrupt our criticism to inquire; but we may warn him *en passant*, that the less he anticipates in this way the better, though we are assured in an editorial advertisement, "that the letters now presented to us are particularly calculated to excite our interest; and that being composed amid the scenes which they describe, by a traveller well informed, and worthy of belief, they cannot fail to throw a new light upon the very beautiful country, which is still so imperfectly known to Frenchmen."

The editor goes on to inform us, that, unlike some authors who are fond of drawing attractive, but too often imaginary pictures, our Captain gives us with equal freedom, both the bad and the good of all that he has seen, balancing for example the destructiveness of the periodical monsoons against the general beauty and salubrity of the climate, and the lamentably absurd prejudices and barbarous superstitions of the natives against their naturally amiable characters and affectionate dispositions. "Lastly," says the sapient editor, "if he makes us perceive the advantages derivable from commerce, he also shows us the English drawing all these advantages to themselves, monopolizing the riches of that unhappy nation, and reducing it to a state of wretchedness next to slavery." It is particularly against the English, as we have already said, that the Captain's indignation is concentrated, and be the immediate topic of his letter what it may, (the editor too observes this;) he cannot get through more than half a dozen sentences without recurring to his abuse of that nation, the idea of which seems to haunt him like the raw-head-and-bloody-bones, the dark chamber and grim white woman of the nursery—themes always abhorrent, and yet always involuntarily brought into remembrance. The subject changes itself into a sort of spectre, an "Ancient Mariner," a "Basilisk," an omnipresent "Foletto," or shall we not rather say that M. Deville delights in all this—and returns with zest to his vile objurgations? Certain it is, his anathemas are numberless, one crowding upon another, and while to an intelligent reader not one of his invectives has the robe of truth thrown over its natural coarseness, each is accompanied by that mawkish affectation of philanthropy, which is now so common-place, and consequently so disgusting.

One circumstance which will render these letters quite delightful to the demoiselles of France is thus related by the editor. He informs us, that the female to whom they are addressed is not an imaginary personage, the name of Florine here given to her, being the only part of the invention. About the middle of the year 1819, our Captain returned to France from an Indian expedition, and met in Paris with a very charming woman, (probably a very deep *blue*.) whom he had the good fortune to please, and, who having thus become the complete mistress of his fate, had formally given her consent to their union. Thus all the Captain's wishes were about to be gratified, when not even having had time to secure his prize by the usual knot, he was forced to return to Calcutta to transact other business of great importance. This sudden separation was cruel, but necessary, and as the Gods did not appear disposed to "annihilate both space and time, to make two lovers happy," and the lady did not feel inclined to undergo a course of sea-sickness, which is rather unfavourable than otherwise to the particular passion of love, our hero was obliged to depart by himself; having first, in the usual business-like way, interchanged vows of mutual constancy, in conformity with which, and in fulfilment of his part of the bond, the Captain had scarcely set his errant foot once more upon the arid soil of India, than he commenced inditing to Florine his letters on Bengal, through which he relied, on his revisiting France, to pay his homage to the empress of his heart. The reader has to learn that although Monsieur wrote, he did not transmit his edifying epistles, having a free-trader's eye, no doubt, to the postage, but brought them home with him after a lapse of three years, and flew to Paris with the whole of them in his hand ("*vole aussitôt à Paris, ses lettres à la main*"), to present them to her by whom they had been inspired. But delays are dangerous, and all sublunary happiness uncertain. Florine had vanished away from this terrestrial sphere, and the Captain's letters, not having been honoured with *her* perusal, must either have been consigned to oblivion, or read by some one else, and from these premises he came to the important conclusion of inflicting them on the public. It is not our desire to wound his more sensitive feelings; but when we see a ridiculous, and in all probability an *invented*, love-story, pleaded as the cause of so much trash and misrepresentation being sent forth into the world under the guise of an historical account, we feel in no way disposed to consider what effect even the most contemptuous notice of the volume may have on the self-love of a coxcomb so egregiously dogmatical and conceited. We feel only the more indignant

when we find his lavish abuse of what he has not the intellect to comprehend, backed by the crude opinions of another shallow-pated, more tedious, and equally superficial *avant-courier*, called Edouard Servan, who precedes the Captain with some " *Considérations générales sur l' Inde,*" the first page of which gives assurance of their entire frivolity. These Considerations are made up of common-place notices, which would disgrace the prize essay of a school-boy on the same subject, and are interspersed with the same illiberal and unfounded vituperations of the English; serving to demonstrate the bigotry and ignorance of Mons. Servan, and to prove him a most worthy and apt proclaimer of the advent of his principal, le Capitaine de Marine, at whose opening letter we have now arrived.

With regard to the *extent* of his personal observation, one proof may be afforded to the untravelled reader by the circumstance that out of thirty-two letters, fifteen are devoted to Calcutta, while the rest of Bengal is discussed and comprized in what may be, with sufficient accuracy, termed the remaining *moitié*. But nothing which our limits (allowable for a pamphlet like this) can enable us to say, will give the reader who has never visited Calcutta an *adequate* conception of Mons. Deville's utter unfitness for the task he has undertaken. It requires an intimate knowledge of the peculiar nature and etiquette of what he calls, but has never seen, the *haute société* there, to enable one to perceive fully the utter incapability of such a traveller to judge of its manners and customs, even if he were not so deeply imbued with hatred against the nation of whose subjects it is composed. It were just as easy for a master of a Leith smack to give his mistress, or any one else, a veritable account of fashionable life in London, as for a French trader to impart a like knowledge of the best Calcutta society, to some sentimental girl in Paris, who, in league with his evil stars, may have induced, or inspired him (if he will have it so), to turn from his lawful occupations of registering cotton and indigo, and instruct her in the goings-on of a society, before which a bar is thrown that such as he are never permitted to pass. Nay, the shrewd master of the Leith smack would have one advantage, which Mons. Deville (to judge by the specimens of English with which he favours us,) certainly does not possess;—he would, at all events, have understood tolerably well the language of the people whom his young and amorous pen might be describing—a qualification not easily to be dispensed with in a chronicler of foreign peculiarities. In fact, the pamphlet abounds in proofs that our captain was altogether ignorant both of the native and English languages, or if he really be a proficient

in either, we can safely assert that he is unequalled in the art of concealing his acquirements.

Should our present remarks appear to be more general in their tendency than is necessary for the exposure of the individual under review, we beg that they may not be viewed in an offensive light by gentlemen of his profession who are connected commercially with the capital of British India, and who have too much good sense to think of going beyond their sphere, who think not of scribbling nonsense when they should attend to bills of lading, or "penning a stanza" (for le Capitaine dabbles in that way too) "when they should engross." The captains of free-traders are most respectable men, and we know several who are possessed of elegantly informed minds, and who are in every respect worthy of being received into, and capable of adorning the first circles of any society. Yet, among the higher class of Calcutta residents, there is inevitably a degree of aristocratic feeling, in consequence of which their doors are closed against Captain Deville *et hoc genus omne* (the few exceptions merely proving the rule), and, generally speaking, it is almost as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, as for one of that profession to enter the precincts of fashionable life in Bengal. When therefore le Capitaine de Marine informs his inamorata that drunkenness and other forms of depravity have been witnessed by him on festive occasions, he may be speaking the truth, though in an exaggerated degree; but at the same time he unconsciously supplies every one acquainted with the real state of things in that quarter, with a damning proof how low were the grades of society with which he was then mingling;—grades which exist in every large capital where people of all nations and characters are crowded together, and where there is a danger of unworthy contact which it requires a proportionate degree of scrupulosity to avoid. The *beau monde* of Calcutta, than which a more elegant and accomplished society is not to be met with even in London or Paris, is composed exclusively of persons in the civil and military services, or of the leading merchants and gentlemen of the bar, and into that circle captains of even British free-traders are very rarely admitted. Thus, although Capt. Deville may have been invited to dinner by Mr. John Palmer, Mr. Joseph Baretto, or Monsieur Bonaffé, it was not, as he must well know, a dinner at which members of the *beau monde* were present, but one of those entertainments given by owners, &c. to their captains, more for the purposes of business than recreation. Now, to a reader well acquainted with this state of affairs, the idea of a pert Frenchman, unaided by any literary merits to gloss over or excuse

his flippancy, standing forth as an instructor of his countrymen, and a *ensor morum*, with reference to the atrocities of Englishmen in India, is, for the moment, really quite insufferable. Ignorant alike of our laws and our policy, the Capitaine de Marine sets out with the ridiculous assumption that our East-Indian subjects are our slaves, and upon this assumed fact, he sentimentalizes in his first letter, and *passim*, in the usual style of puling pseudo-philosophy, on the primitive happiness which our intrusion has destroyed.

"Happy," he exclaims, "under their palm-trees, fortunate in their mutual relations, content with their simple and pastoral life, they saw their days glide on in the sweets of domestic peace; but soon the European presented himself," (here our author falls into rhyme,) "and by the force of his arms imposed slavery on the previously happy and favoured race, who submitted and groaned under his power, and still suffer in *silence*" (the groans go for nothing) "the usurper of their country.

"A leur nouveau maître soumis,
Ils gémirent sous sa puissance;
Et souffrent encore *en silence*
L'usurpateur de leur pays."

Attempting to give Florine some notion of the worn-out history of the Black Hole, he informs her that its perpetuating monument (by the way it is no longer to be seen) stands at one end of the angles of "*Square Pond*," as he translates "*Tank Square*," and having added, that the catastrophe in question was the consequence of a revolt among the natives against their English oppressors, he bursts forth once more with a sublimity of song which defies our powers of partial translation, but which imports that the Indian rose against his tyrants, and having armed himself, for the first time, with a sword, he furiously attacked the English ravishers of his rights, while Calcutta was witness to the horrible scene. But in the last quatrain the poet becomes either too obscure or too lofty for our easy comprehension; and while we are aware, from other sources, that the prisoners were merely placed in a black hole, we are now fain to infer something in the shape of a burial "all alive O!" and sufficient to astonish the earth herself, on finding her sons so unceremoniously consigned to her bosom. The Captain's rhyme purports that the conquering Indian took his vanquished tyrants, and was seen

"Les plonger tout vivans dans la terre étonnée,
Et sur leur tombe assis, goûtant d'affreux plaisirs,
Sourire à leurs tourmens et compter leurs soupirs!"

Probably he must have tried to read the inscription on the monument, and understanding it very literally, made the above version of the account it furnished, like the "*L'homme verd et tranquille*" of another genius, who thus rendered the sign of our "*Green Man and Still*," to his wondering countrymen.

It would of course be a waste of time, were we to go regularly through the book, in order to expose all its absurdities and untruths; as these occur in every page, we shall not do more than adduce a few, and these not the most remarkable, but merely such as first meet our glance, to prove that we have not censured unreasonably, but that it was highly proper to give the *coup de grace* to a catchpenny publication, which might excite a prejudice against the French press, did we not well know that it has given to the world many first-rate works on subjects connected with the eastern world. Unmeasured and rancorous abuse of the English continues throughout to be the staple commodity of Captain Deville, and were his grounds of accusation and his ability but half equal to his dislike, we should not expect a much longer reign over Bengal. Prose and verse, to the same effect, are lavished upon us with the same unsparing but imbecile hand, and we only regret our inability to do justice to either style of composition, unless it were by laying specimens of each before our readers in the original language, which is inconsistent with our plan. "In those places," he says, *en poète*, "where pride creates the pomp and luxury of kings, a colossal power imposes the most merciless laws on the feeble inhabitants of Bengal;" then sliding back into prose, he informs his charmer that the "English never deviate from the most perfidious system of policy, and that while they flatter the natives with one hand, they enchain them with the other." It has been very truly observed, that a fool may ask a question which a wise man cannot answer; and we have proof before us, that a blockhead may deal out vague and unfounded assertions, which one who has been long acquainted with the subject could not regularly refute in less than ten times the space which is sufficient to contain them. This consideration, backed by remembrance of that obvious spirit in which this Monsieur Deville has committed authorship, decides us against filling up even a single sheet from our many valuable works on India, to prove his misrepresentations. But he is inaccurate even in his description of particulars which required no other ability but the use of his eyesight, in order to ensure correctness; thus in alluding to the grandeur of Government House, he tells his *amie* that its numerous guard is composed of European soldiers and Sepoys, though the truth is, that the former are not used for any such purpose.

In describing Fort William, he assures Florine that whatever might be its advantages, it is far from being a second Gibraltar, for the true Asiatic luxury which reigns thereabouts, especially among the English, has turned a fort, which ought to be impregnable, into a "beautiful and regular town," where the military of all classes enervate themselves by the most shameful debaucheries! Oh, Captain Deville,—it were, believe us, a sufficient punishment

for all the sins you have in these letters committed against truth and reason, were you compelled to live in that "charming town" during one hot season, that you might speak from personal experience, of the luxury supposed to reign there, or set a better example to those shameful rioters who are, you say, sunk in the grossest sensuality! In fact, it is quite obvious, that here also, as on other occasions, our Captain has naturally enough drawn his opinion of Calcutta society, from the manners of the inferior class, to which alone he has had free access; none but those whose local knowledge is great, can picture to themselves any thing worse in debauchery than what are termed the *Bim Bussor*, or festive recreations, supported by the captains and mates of the inferior trading-vessels, and which are as opposite to the dissipation of the higher classes as darkness to light, or the literary productions of Captain Deville to those of our historian, Mill. In such society, and amid such scenes, has this Gallic skipper acquired that knowledge of the English in India, which he now brings forth to enlighten his countrymen, in other words, to foster their vanity and increase their distrust of those, among whom the lowest would, we trust, prove superior to him in describing honestly a foreign settlement. Nay, he makes us out to be the meanest of cowards in war too, for he affirms that we thrust the Sepoys into the front of danger, and afterwards wear the laurels we thus compel them to gain for us! This is one of those innumerable assertions the falsehood of which it would be endless to expose; but all who know anything of military etiquette in India are aware, that it is European soldiers, and not the Sepoys, (when they are present at all,) who are made to stand "the first shock of the battle against the Mahrattas and Birmans." The passage affords a good specimen, however, of his usual mode of deciding. To this we shall add a few lines, exemplifying his custom of interlarding French with English words, and giving another proof of his impartial accuracy. Of the "*haute société*," we are told, that they go frequently to Fort William, to hear the band playing in the evening—

"Pour y entendre une musique toute militaire, et cela avec un silence et un sang-froid imperturbable, qui est cependant troublé assez souvent par des *gentlemen*, qu'un genre d'excès particulier aux Anglais fait tomber de leurs voitures, ou porte à injurier des froides et paisibles *ladies*, qui étalent leur insouciance dans d'élégans landaux."

He pourtrays the English "*gentlemen*" of Calcutta, not only as cold, proud, reserved, and apathetic, but intensely cruel, and obstinately unjust; so that the French beauties who may happen to read his book must of course look upon them as the most odious and frightful race under the sun; and they will execrate them outright when they are told by Mons. le Capitaine, that their wives are treated as altogether secondary beings, and that

less attention is paid to the ladies than to the horses and dogs of these universal tyrants. As even a French trader must be philosophically moral, he proceeds to inform Florine, that the ill-assorted marriages are in India one great cause of the degradation of women, and that as the English there either choose their wives from among the "*country-born*," (we take his own word,) or among ill-bred girls who come out from Britain to market, it is impossible the case should be otherwise than what he is pleased to assert it is. Now it so happens, that in the "*haute société*" there is not one gentleman in twenty married to a "*country-born*," and that in no country of the world is more devoted attention paid to the sex of Florine, or marriages on the whole better assorted or happier than in India; but the Captain having found his associates chiefly among classes where the "*country-born*" abound, the sources of his rash conclusion on this point are sufficiently obvious. Of the native women, he tells his Adorable, that they not only put rings in their ears and noses, but also through the under lip—another of those comical facts which Captain Deville has been the first not only to discover, but also to promulgate. Thus he rambles on from one extravagance to another, rendering his ignorance more and more obvious the more he endeavours to set forth his acquirements. It was to be expected that before dismissing the native females, he would, were it only to please Florine, dwell upon and lament the slavish lives which their husbands or seducers compel them to lead; besides, these lamentations are so common and threadbare, that it would be surprizing if they escaped the repetition of a writer, wanting in even the originality of Munchausen. We may notice one fact by the way, which it is the more requisite to mention here, as many sensible writers have overlooked the circumstance, viz. that there is no female race in the world who have less bodily labour to undergo than even the poorest of that sex in India: they have of course the domestic business to attend to,—to prepare the food, to clean the utensils, to bring water, and sweep the house; but not only is the aggregate of that duty infinitely less than what the wife of an English labourer has to perform, or a servant of all work in an English family, but each particular act is infinitely less fatiguing than the corresponding act with us. To prepare a native's dinner, for example, requires far less exertion than to dress an Englishman's; and to keep a floor clean in a hut consisting of one apartment, and that not many feet square, is much less trouble than to preserve a cottage of several rooms in order; while to walk a mile or more to milk several cows is ten times more laborious than to go a few yards to bring home a pitcher of water: in a word, the Englishwoman has on hand at least three times the work of her Indian representative, and nothing

can be more unfounded than the lamentations made about the severe drudgery imposed on the latter.

From page 73 to 75 there is a tirade (about the tenth specimen since we began to read) on the horrible cruelties of the English.

"I demand it of you, false philanthropists, enslavers and oppressors;—are these men happy and free? I put the question to you, Britons; who have declared that you cannot endure slavery in the world? Alas! if the Indian could make himself be understood, how he would develop to the world your perfidy, and how would the deplorable state to which you have reduced him prove *eloquent to the eyes* of the nations who still confide in your deceptive policy!"

We shall transcribe no more, but if any of our readers will turn to the passage, it will amuse them, and give some idea of the great loss Florine sustained, in not living long enough to peruse the sagacious observations of her acute intended. Returning to matter of fact, the governor-general, he informs us, nominates all the military candidates; but those for the civil service are commissioned by the Court of Directors, which former portion of intelligence being till now unheard-of in England, probably was so among the author's countrymen, who at all events cannot complain that he has told them nothing new. Alluding to the burial ground, he asserts that the Calcutta residents, following their morose and saturnine humour, are partial to walking there, though there is neither room nor inclination to do so. Then he moralizes profoundly on the circumstance of the theatre ("*salle de spectacle*") being in the neighbourhood of the cemetery, and states that, even at the playhouse, the coldness and phlegm of the people banish all pleasure, under whatever form it presents itself; that acting is there a mere burlesque, and all the performances are taken from the English stage. For our author's satisfaction, they should certainly have got up a French tragedy or vaudeville!

At p. 149, however, there is a narrative which, as far as our recollection goes, is, for barefaced effrontery, unparalleled. He asserts, that while proceeding through the town in his palanquin, he came to a pagoda surrounded with palm-trees, where he saw a concourse of natives assembled, who seemed in great agitation; the tumult increased; he approached, and a horrible spectacle presented itself. The Brahmins were massacring the poor Pariahs whom hunger had driven to that place! The victims, he says, kneeled, imploring vainly for mercy; their voice was unheard, and *in an instant* they were all slaughtered, and their yet palpitating carcasses received in proof of contempt new and frightful mutilations. Finally, the crowd fell with their faces on the earth, and the priests, raising to Heaven their blood-stained hands, "*offered to Brahma the abominable sacrifice which they had consummated to his honour.*" Now this transaction must have happened, by what

we can gather from the preface, (for the letters are without dates,) between the years 1820 and 1822, and in the very heart of Calcutta, with impunity to the perpetrators of the horrible outrage. This alone, we think, affords a sufficient contradiction of the whole story, though possibly built on some petty disturbance. But what shall we say of his declaration just quoted, that when the slaughter was finished, the priests made an offering to Brahma of the bloody sacrifice, a species of homage which, as every schoolboy knows, never could have been paid by any worshipper of that Divinity? Of a like unfounded, though less shocking, description, is a recital supposed to have been made by a Scotch officer of rank, at the hotel of Fultah, (a spot between Calcutta and Kedgerie,) of the manner in which the Mysore princes are confined, the alleged cruelty of which makes us smile at the impotent malice of the Captain, and admire the ingenuity with which he tells his tale from the *vivâ voce* relation of the officer once actually in charge of the princes, whom he represents as having been *dismissed the service* for having in some degree mitigated the rigour of their confinement!

To conclude a review which we have made a great deal longer than we intended at the outset, but in which we have not noticed a twentieth part of the more than absurdities with which the book abounds; we shall only add, that at Fultah, M. Deville meets also with an old Brahmin who relates to him the tragic story of his life, the misery of which hinges on the Brahmin having been unfortunate in love! The heroine's name is "Nalvira," (though no woman of the Brahmin caste could ever be so called,) and a Nabob, that is, a Mussulman, falls in love with her, and insists on taking her from the hero, whose name (hear this, Oriental scholars!) is "Abdallah!" At last, as the Nabob is about to marry the Brahminee, and Brahmin priests are celebrating the marriage between her and the Mussulman, the ceremony is interrupted at the critical moment by the hero "Abdallah;" and on an exposure being made of the Nabob's wickedness, the chief Brahmin orders him to expiate his crime by a pilgrimage to Jugger-naut! Was there ever before such a farrago of absolute nonsense! If the King of England were to marry a ploughman's daughter, or the Archbishop of Canterbury to officiate at the altar of the Spanish chapel, Manchester-square, it would be nothing in comparison with this, nor would any one but the most determined and unblushing Munchausen have given such a narrative to this world as truth. It may seem strange that we should have said so much of this volume, or treated it in any other strain than that of mere irony throughout; but it is yet more inexplicably strange that it should ever have been, in any quarter, foreign or domestic, quoted and referred to for correct intelligence.

ART. V.—*Tragedie de Alessandro Manzoni Milanese. Il Conte di Carmagnuola e l' Adelchi. Aggiuntevi le Poesie varie dello Stesso, ed alcune prose sulla scoria del Dramma Tragico: Firenze. Presso Giuseppe Molini, 1825. 12mo.*

THE cause of the apparent riches and real poverty of the Italian drama, down to the period of Alfieri, has always been among those problems in literary history which it is difficult to explain upon any theoretical principle. Gifted with the most acute and attic perception of the beautiful, endowed with the strongest passions, encircled with the sublimities and graces both of nature and Art, living in a land affording equal exercise for memory and for hope, with annals rich in evil and good, in battle, and faction, and conspiracy, in splendid exhibitions of virtue, and in dark and appalling catastrophes and crimes, the Italians seem of all nations the people among whom the drama was likely to have received its most energetic developement and its fullest perfection. And yet out of the long file of dramas which, from Trissino down to Alfieri, have enjoyed a momentary and insulated popularity, what one has ever become incorporated with the literature of Italy,—a familiar and popular inheritance as Shakspeare's are to England, or those of Schiller and Goethe to Germany?

“The cause of this defect,” which is admitted by the Italians themselves, it is by no means our intention, in the present article, to investigate, though we are certainly inclined to think that the source of the deficiency lies deeper than in those external causes to which it has been attributed; and is to be found rather in certain peculiarities of the national mind, than in those more accidental and variable contingencies with which it has been associated by the Italians themselves. One cause, at least, to which the coldness and mediocrity of the Italian tragic drama has been mainly ascribed, namely, their neglect of modern and national materials, and their predilection for mythological and classical subjects, we are sure has been very highly overrated. For, besides that the example of other countries shows that, in subjects of this nature, the whole range and compass of the dramatic energy may be successfully exerted, it is really not true that subjects of a modern kind have been neglected by the Italians. They have had a fair trial, and down to the present time with an almost total want of success. Without adverting to the crowd of names of minor rank, the Rosmundas of Ruccellai, Cavallerino, and Alfieri, the Adriano of Luigi Groto, the Tragedies of Curtio, almost all of them founded on modern subjects, the Torrismondo of the great Tasso, the repeated attempts to dramatise the Guiscardo

of Boccaccio, the more modern works of Count Pepoli, Perabo and Giovanni Pindemonte, are sufficient to show that the want of good plays arises from other causes than the frigid and intractable character of classical subjects. Nay, the example of Alfieri and Monti would almost lead us to infer that the genius of Italian literature was hostile to the proper management of subjects of modern or national interest. There cannot be a doubt that the *Mary Stuart*, the *Rosmunda*, the *Congiura di Pazzi*, and the *Don Garzia* of Alfieri, are the least worthy of his great name. So also in Monti, the fiery spirit which had carried something of Gothic freedom and vigour into the classical *Mycenæ*, and condensed the shadowy superstitions of the Greek mythology into the same appalling substance and distinctness which characterise the spectral creed of the north, grows cold and lifeless when he approaches an Italian subject in the *Galeotto Manfredi*.

One other supposed impediment to the success of the Italian drama, and to which we are certainly disposed to attribute far greater weight, we may now consider as fortunately removed. Amidst the innovations which the stirring spirit of speculation and experiment, now at work in Italy, has introduced, we have to hail the commencement of a dramatic revolution, the effects of which promise to be far more extensive and profound than those produced by the temporary despotism of Alfieri. Alfieri rescued the drama of his country from the effeminacy into which it had sunk under the Epicurean dynasty of Metastasio and Apostolo Zeno, but it was only to rivet more firmly the conventional fetters which had been imposed by Trissino, and submissively borne by his successors. His influence was only personal; his system, while upheld by his own fiery and indomitable energy, fettered the mind as with a spell; but the talisman was broken, and the nakedness and barrenness of his dramatic principles was obvious when the sceptre was wielded by weaker hands. Of all his modern imitators, with the exception of Monti, Ruffa, who seems to have imbibed something of a kindred spirit in the wild solitudes of Calabria, is the only one who has left the smallest impression on our minds. Naked and stoical, therefore, as the system of Alfieri was in itself, it is little to be wondered at that the delusive splendour which his vigorous mind had lent for a time to the rules of French criticism, should have been speedily dissipated by the failure of his imitators: and that the more extensive diffusion of the masterpieces of the drama of other countries in Italy, and the general spirit of inquiry and discussion on all subjects of a speculative nature, should have gradually shaken the authority of prescriptive rules, and paved the way for the adoption of more comprehensive and philosophical views in dra-

matic composition. The authority of the unities has at last been rejected in Italy by several authors of no common talent, upon grounds nearly similar to those which have long ago been taken up in England and Germany, and several dramas have already been the result, which have fixed the attention of Italy and even of Europe. We hail their appearance with pleasure, both because we think that a very considerable change for the better will thus be introduced into the spirit of the Italian drama, as well as into its outward form; but also because, in the comparison of our own with Italian dramatic literature, the question will in future be stripped of external differences, and we shall have an opportunity of witnessing the literary contest of two nations, acting on the same principles as to the nature and means of dramatic illusion, and contrasted with each other in the character of their productions, not by the operations of levelling and arbitrary rules, but only by the subtler and more interesting distinctions of national feelings, associations, and habits of thought.

At the head of the new school in Italy stands ALESSANDRO MANZONI, the author of the *Conte di Carmagnuola* and the *Adelchi*, who, after the most elaborate and candid investigation of the subject, has declared himself a devoted adherent to the system on which our national drama has been framed, and who has "made signal of his faith" by the publication of two tragedies, unquestionably superior to any which Italy has produced since the *Aristodemo* of Monti, both founded on subjects of a national character, and unfettered in their construction by the operation of classical rules. But while Manzoni repels the French rules as arbitrary and unfounded in the nature of the drama, he is by no means a *Romantic* in the full sense of that controversial term. In some points he differs essentially from the German critics, while in others, while he substantially agrees with them in their conclusions, he arrives at them by different reasonings. We shall endeavour to state what are his views upon the subject, as they appear from his prefaces or his works themselves.

We believe even the French critics have now given up the unities of time and place as separate and independent canons flowing from the necessity of preserving the *vraisemblance* of the play. On this ground, indeed, the argument for these unities was untenable from the first. The very concession with which they set out, that the three hours really occupied in the representation might, by a mental operation of the spectator, be extended to twenty-four, and the space represented by the scene exchanged for any other within a hundred paces of the first, at once put an end to reality as the standard of dramatic illusion,

and rendered it a mere question of degree,—how far the mind could extend its grasp over space and time. And the conclusive argument of Johnson, which showed that the whole doctrine of *vraisemblance* proceeded upon an erroneous theory, as to the nature of the illusion contemplated or produced by scenic representation, has consigned the greater part of French criticism on this subject to merited oblivion or ridicule. We are aware of no English author of eminence who has lately been disposed to revive the argument, with the exception of Byron, and his heresies, we think, are not likely to be very generally adopted, since he himself was satisfied by announcing without defending his principles; and his practical success, notwithstanding the occasional splendour of Sardanapalus, is at least of the most questionable nature.*

The only stand indeed which is now made, even in France, for the unities of place and time, is upon the hint thrown out by Voltaire, though we observe most of the judicious French critics in adopting the idea have wisely laid aside the singularly inconclusive reasoning, by which that clever but superficial critic had attempted to establish it. The course now adopted is to deduce the unities of time and place, as consequences of the unity of action, and to represent them not as separate principles flowing from the necessity of preserving the reality of representation, but as necessarily involved in the notion of dramatic unity of subject. This is a far more ingenious and plausible ground than that originally taken up by Corneille; because, allowing the French to define unity of action in their own way, the other unities would unquestionably follow as corollaries from the admission of their definition.

* There cannot be a doubt, we think, that Byron's attachment to the unities was an idea borrowed from Alfieri. The same contrast between the character of the man and of the system he adopted occurred in the Piedmontese;—while of Byron's admiration of Alfieri, and imitation of his writings, his later productions teem with instances. This is peculiarly visible in the tragedies. We certainly are not inclined, in general, to put much faith in parallelism, but we would ask our readers whether coincidences such as these are likely to be accidental.

Deep vengeance is the daughter of deep silence.

Marino Faliero.

Alta vendetta

D' alto Silenzio e figlia.

Congiura di Pazzi.

When Bertram entreats forgiveness of the conspirators,

Israel. Ber. I die and pardon thee!

Calendaro.

I die and scorn thee!

In the *Polinice* the dying brothers address each other.

Eteocle.

Io moro

E ancor ti abborro.

Polinice.

Io moro, e a te perdono.

All parties, classic or romantic, agree in theory, that there must be unity of action. That it does not mean a single incident, as absurdly said by Boileau,* the French themselves, we suppose, are willing to admit; at least, a play founded on such a principle is yet only in the list of possible entities. What then is it that constitutes unity? In selecting a series or combination of actions, where is the artist to begin and to end? This is the difficulty—unquestionably one of considerable magnitude: and we cannot help thinking that it is to the more extensive study and deeper thought, which the solution of the question demands from the romantic than the classic dramatist, that the arbitrary and sweeping rule of the French stage was adopted at first, and is still so pertinaciously adhered to. Men have always been prone to save themselves the trouble of investigating particular cases by the hasty adoption of an arbitrary rule, and then to persuade themselves that their artificial limits are founded in the nature of things, and are of universal application. The French cut the knot at once thus. Unity of action is necessary. No action can possess dramatic unity if its duration exceed twenty-four hours, or its locality extend to more than a hundred paces around the stage. The unities of time and place are therefore involved in the definition of the former unity. The advantages of this *tranchant* system are in a certain sense sufficiently obvious. While the poet acted upon it, he knew he was “within the rules;” the critic could lay no hand upon him; he pleaded them as excuses for defects, and as strongly enhancing his claim to approbation where he succeeded; the critic, in his turn, had a ready and infallible standard by which the dramatic fitness and arrangement of a subject could be tried; while the very spectators felt themselves placed upon a level with the learned, and were at once enabled to speak *ex cathedrâ* by a system so compendious and popular in its application.

But is there such a connexion between the dramatic unity of an action, and the particular portion of time and space with which it is associated by the French? Is it really possible for even a Frenchman to say that the mind,—the “pervading and far-darting mind,” can trace the connexion of events, and maintain the chain of interest, only within so limited a range? Is it even true, that it will necessarily trace them more easily when circumscribed by this artificial boundary?

No one, we think, who has taken any comprehensive view of the elements that constitute dramatic unity, can suppose that its connexion with time and space is of this nature. Strictly speaking, it may be doubted whether there is any necessary connexion be-

† Qu'en un jour, qu'en un lieu, un seul fait accompli, &c.

tween them at all; at least we can conceive the idea of a drama extending over an almost unlimited portion of time and space, and yet possessing a sufficient unity of interest, to use the judicious term of La Motte, to awaken and to keep possession of the sympathy of the spectators. But in a question which must always be referred ultimately to common sense, it is unnecessary to put extreme cases. To a certain extent we think there is a connexion between the unities; for we are willing to grant, that in an extremely short space of time, and in an extremely limited range of scene, there is a *greater chance* that the unity of interest will be preserved, than in a subject extending over an indefinite portion of time and space. But that the preservation of the dramatic unity of action is *necessarily* connected with the peculiar limitation of the French, or with any assignable period whatever, we certainly deny. As the French limitation does not in itself create or secure the unity of action, (since events the most unconnected, and emotions the most contradictory, may be crowded within that section of life,) so we are convinced it is in no way necessarily impaired by over-stepping that boundary, but depends on principles far more profound than any such arbitrary admeasurement of the powers of mind, and presupposing in the dramatist a far greater degree of study and patient reflection than are dreamt of in their philosophy.

This more comprehensive system considers the unity of action as existing in the nature of the events themselves, not in their proximity to each other in time and space. It lies, in their relation as causes and effects, connected with some one action of sufficient importance to awaken a dramatic interest. Unity of action in its strict sense, perhaps, does not exist in nature, for in the chain of human existence no one action stands altogether insulated and distinct; but there exists an approximation to it which is sufficient for the purpose. Some events are connected with each other so closely, and with others so remotely, that the mind delights to abstract those which bear the obvious relation of cause and effect, from those which seem to cling to them by little more than mere juxta-position in time and space, and to view them as forming one dramatic series or action. The dramatic poet, therefore, chooses a series of events so closely connected with each other, and so tenderly with others which have preceded, which accompany, or which follow them, that they strike the mind as an insulated and independent whole,—the gradual evolution of some great design, the slowly maturing punishment of some atrocious crime, the developement of some profound principle of character or morals, the illustration of some obscure but important chapter in the history of man. One leading and connecting idea pervades

the piece, which like the course of a broad river is still kept in sight, receiving the tributary streams in its passage, and mingling them all in its capacious bed. Thus almost every act of Hamlet contains materials for a tragedy constructed on the principles of the French stage, but those crowded and ever-varying incidents are all harmonized and connected by their relation to the character of the hero; and perhaps no dramatic piece, when considered in this light, possesses a clearer or more complete unity of action. The struggles of a mind on which a task has been imposed, to which its powers are felt to be inadequate, the efforts by which it rouses itself to action, the external circumstances which set in motion its springs of speculation, the waverings and the doubts that "sickly o'er its resolutions," leaving it ever planning and purposing, ever advancing only to recede; these are the ties which bind together the mass of incidents, give order and connexion to the whole, and carry the mind of the spectator from the commencement to the conclusion with an interest far more vivid and more unceasing, than any which could be produced by the exhibition of the mere catastrophe of an action, rendered intelligible in its previous stages only by tedious and improbable narrations.

With these views as to the unity of action, we are not sure that we should be much startled even by the case which Boileau selects as the object of his ridicule.* Certain we are, at least, that it is not the mere lapse of time which, in this case, must pass away between the successive incidents which could render the subject unfit for the stage. Even upon romantic principles such a subject would be objectionable; for where would be the necessity of introducing the infancy and youth of the hero, during which, we cannot suppose him influenced by any of those emotions or consistent views which are necessary to excite the sympathy of the spectator and maintain the interest of the piece, or affected with any feelings which might not be as effectually conveyed by subsequent narrative as by direct representation? So also in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, and in the *Aurora en Capocubana* of Calderon, where successive generations are introduced upon the stage, it is not the mere lapse of time over which the drama is made to extend that shocks us, but the want of coherence in the events, and of subserviency to a common end. Calderon's wild play *En este mundo todo es verdad y todo mentira*, in which the unities are set at defiance—is confused, dreamy, and unintelligible in the highest degree, but is it simplified or reduced to any real unity of interest when subjected to classic rules in the *Heraclius* of Corneille? In short, unity depends en-

* *Enfant au premier acte et barbon au dernier.*

tirely on the character of the subject itself, and its mode of treatment; and in the cases above-mentioned, the defect of unity arises from the necessity of suddenly transferring those sympathies which had been awakened in favour of one set of characters to another; which is the necessary result of prolonging the duration of the drama beyond the extent of human life. This is always startling and disagreeable. In the mimic life of the drama, as in real life, we feel a difficulty in making our affections hereditary, and in entering into the views and feelings of the son as we had done into those of the parents. And although we do not conceive that even a substitution of this nature, if linked to the first by any common principle arising out of the particular moral end and object of the drama (as, for instance, the fulfilment of some fatal destiny, effecting, as in the Greek drama, successive generations,) is necessarily destructive of the unity of the piece, still we think that the poet who makes choice of such a ground-work needlessly, subjects himself to difficulties and dangers as embarrassing, at least, as any that could be imposed upon him by the system of the unities. But we can anticipate no general objection to extend the dramatic jurisdiction over the whole of that portion of the life of the hero, during which he can be supposed to think and act for himself; provided the nature of the main event represented, or the main idea developed in the piece, is one which is consistent with and requires so extensive a duration.

We are not sure, however, that Manzoni goes quite so far. In practice he certainly does not; and even in theory he is cautious of laying down general propositions, or of defining exactly the limits of dramatic free-will. He is, in fact, laudably anxious to make converts to his system among his countrymen, and judiciously adverse to anything which might startle by its unnecessary eclat. The inconveniences of the unities, he justly thinks, may be avoided without substituting license for liberty. The main evil of the system is, that it affects not merely the externals but the *fond* of the drama; necessitating the exclusive adoption of certain subjects, occasioning even in these an unnatural compression of incidents within the statutory period; excluding passions and feelings only in their last and frequently their most odious, and least dramatic results, and annihilating almost entirely the actual representation of the mental waverings, the inconsequent resolves, the doubts, the hopes, the fears, and struggles, by which the catastrophe is gradually prepared, and the mind of the spectator, agitated by the successive feelings which sway the bosom of the protagonist, feels the solemn and appalling close as the natural and almost necessary result of the previous dramatic exposition. All this is inconsistent with that parsimonious allowance

of "time and the hour" which is dealt out by the French commentators on the Stagyrite, but all this may be attained in an endless variety of subjects without exceeding the boundary of human life; and we think Manzoni has shown his judgment in avoiding all such extremes, either in theory or practice.

We cannot help thinking, however, that his ideas of unity of action as exemplified in both his plays savour, in one respect, of the precisian. Though he permits himself a sufficient license as to the extension of time and space, we think he has been needlessly anxious to simplify and insulate the plot of his dramas. Now, as he himself admits that no one action stands naturally separate from others in real life, but is connected with the rest by endless ramifications, we think that the introduction of subsidiary incidents, while it would have increased, or in no shape diminished the probability of the plot, would have imparted a richness and variety to his plays which they at present want. As they stand, there is a nakedness and baldness of incident about them, almost necessarily resulting from the resolution of sequestering from the piece everything which does not bear directly upon the catastrophe. The error has no doubt arisen from a very natural apprehension of dividing the interest by a double plot. Wherever these episodes hold a divided empire with the main action, Manzoni decides with truth, that the impression produced by the piece is desultory, broken, and unsatisfactory. Ingeniously as Dryden thought he had blended the double plot of his Spanish Fryar, the union is felt to be perplexing and undramatic. Perhaps the combination of the scenes at Belmont with the danger of Antonio, in the Merchant of Venice, is still more ingeniously contrived, yet the example we believe would be a dangerous one to imitate; and certainly the triple distraction of attention produced by the third plot of Lorenzo and Jessica injures the effect of the play. Still more is this felt to be the case, when the connexion of the two plots is almost entirely casual, as in Much Ado About Nothing; or when they are all of nearly equal interest, as in the three distinct plots which cross and confuse each other in Cervantes' *Trato de Argel*. But it must always be a question whether, in the course of five acts, the attention can be kept awake by a chain of events, in which the links must necessarily be so remote, as is likely to be the case on such a system as that of Manzoni, and whether the fault of a divided interest will not be more readily pardoned than that of its occasional cessation. In the drama, as in everything else—

"Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux."

In another principle of Manzoni, in which he differs entirely from

the adherents of the romantic school, we are disposed to agree with him, namely, his rejection of the union of the tragic and comic in the same drama. Much we are aware may be said in favour of this alliance. Even on the Greek stage their separation was by no means of that absolute nature which is contended for by the French critics. In the *Ajax* of Sophocles a strong tinge of the ludicrous is infused into the cowardice of Ulysses; and the *Alcestes* of Euripides, with all deference to Father Brumoy, is to all intents and purposes a tragi-comedy, if indeed it may not rather be said to trench upon the province of farce. The conception of *Hercules*, in the midst of the funeral lamentation for her

“ Whom Jove’s great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, tho’ pale and faint,—

eating, drinking, singing, and uttering drunken aphorisms in a room by himself, is calculated, we think, to relax the muscles of any ordinary reader. Still greater examples may be found nearer home. With the recollection of Shakspeare and our own dramatists in our minds, we feel the danger of theorizing on the subject, but we must candidly confess, that the intimate and almost inextricable union of the comic and the tragic in the scenes of Shakspeare, has always been to us a stumbling-block of offence. The same endless admixture of base quibbles and scurrile jokes with the most tragic incidents is the principal drawback on our admiration of Calderon. Yet even he, more judicious in this respect than our own dramatist, abated in his mythological and classical plays much of that license which he had permitted himself in the *Comedias de Capa y Espada*. Johnson’s defence of this union, founded on the remark that the comic is found thus blended with the tragic in most of the events of common life, by no means removes the objection; for the question is, whether even in real life, and in reference to a spectator, their being so combined is not injurious to unity of feeling, and whether the effect of the predominating feeling would not be increased by abstracting it from what we feel to be its opposite and contradictory emotion. Still less do we think that Schlegel’s idea is well founded, that the comic is introduced as tempering the vehemence of the tragic emotion, and composing the mind for its recurrence; for the plain answer is, that a tragic subject so uniformly painful as to require such assistance is unfitted for representation. “*Lutte e lamenti e lagrimosi lai*” are not the only materials of which tragedy is made. The main part of the piece must deal with incidents and feelings, grave indeed and dignified, affecting the imagination and the heart, but with no such oppressive and over-

powering sorrow as requires to be neutralized by a sudden infusion of gaiety and mirth. And although the adoption of this system has been defended by German critics, we find that the best and purest specimens of their own drama have been constructed on the principle of excluding everything *intentionally* ludicrous from the sphere of Tragedy. They allow the inferior personages of the drama to speak with their natural rudeness, and to discard the *sesquipedalia verba* of French confidants; but they know that in their intercourse with their superiors, and more especially in the midst of scenes of passion, servants or peasants neither laugh nor quibble. Schiller has allowed the introduction of such scenes very rarely, and has been most anxious to prevent any collision of the familiarities of common life with the more dignified and impassioned parts of the drama. They are occasionally introduced, as in the banquet scene in the *Piccolomini*, as the means of offering to us the views and characters of the higher agents of the drama, but they are allowed to occupy the scene and the attention of the reader only while the confusion and revelry of the banquet fill the background. Goethe has gone rather farther in his *Goetz*, and *Egmont*; but the question must always be,—does the familiarity or quaintness of the dialogue produce in these pieces a ludicrous effect, and is it systematically and intentionally comic? To us it appears very much the reverse. Müllner is the only modern dramatist of note, who has upon principle interwoven the conceits and points of Shakspeare and Calderon with the texture of his tragic dialogue in the *Yngurd* and the *Albaneserin*; and Immerman in his *Edwin*, and in that most shadowy and unintelligible of dramas, the *Cardenio* and *Celinda*,* the only one who has ventured to introduce a systematic interchange of comic and tragic scenes. And we scarcely think that the success of either of these authors in these particulars is likely to produce many imitations. At all events, even if the system were less exposed to theoretical objections, such instances convince us, that in practice, this alliance of the comic and tragic muse is, of all others, the most hazardous; and that Manzoni has wisely avoided an attempt in which success was so precarious, and in which his failure, if he did fail, must have been so lamentably complete.

On the whole, indeed, we are satisfied that nothing can be more judicious than the general views which he entertains in theory as to the object and character of the drama. It is time that our readers should have an opportunity of seeing how they have been reduced to practice in the *Conte di Carmagnuola* and the *Adelchi*. Our notice of the first of these, however, must be extremely brief. It has already been shortly introduced to the

* A rifacimento of the old play of Gryphus, like Arnim's "Halle und Jerusalem."

notice of the British public in the *Quarterly Review*; and although Goethe, who had previously noticed the piece with extreme approbation in the "*Kunst und Alterthum*," (vol. ii. part iii. p. 35.) has written an animated and somewhat intemperate reply to the strictures contained in that critique, we cannot help thinking that the opinion there expressed is well founded in the main, and that Goethe has either misapprehended or mistated its meaning in his *Commentary*. (Vol. iii. pt. ii. p. 60.)

The play is founded on a remarkable event in the history of Venice during the fifteenth century, and the incidents as they are related have been almost literally transferred to the stage. The hero is a soldier of fortune, who had entered at an early age into the service of Filippo Visconti, Duke of Milan, and, by his distinguished military talents, had been the means of preserving and consolidating the dynasty of his tyrannical master. But his popularity with the soldiery, his abilities in the field, and his bold and uncompromising temper awakened the jealousy of the Duke. He was deprived of his command, and leaving Milan, he took refuge in Venice, where he was received with distinction. The assistance of Venice was at this time solicited by the Florentines, who were engaged in a war against the Duke, and the acquisition of a renowned leader in the fugitive Carmagnuola strongly determined them to the alliance. The play opens just as an attempt had been unsuccessfully made upon the life of Carmagnuola by an emissary of the Duke, and the senate, convinced by this event that all ties between the Count and his former master are for ever broken, are deliberating about his nomination to the command.

Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the events which from this point conduct us to the catastrophe in the fall of Carmagnuola. His election takes place, but not without opposition from those who foresaw that in the newly appointed general the state would meet with no slavish instrument of her will. His friend who had supported his cause in the senate, himself trembles at the prospect of the dangerous collision between the will of the state and that of its general, and endeavours to impress upon him the necessity of prudence and caution. The second act conducts us to the field. The warlike career of the Count has been successful, and a decisive battle is at hand. In the enemy's camp divisions and dissensions prevail as to the propriety of an attack, which at last terminate in the resolution to give battle. They have fallen into the snare laid for them by the Count, their impetuosity leads them to ruin, and the decisive battle of Macclodio seems to have for ever destroyed the hopes of the Milanese. But the principles of opposition between the individual character of the Count, and the policy of the government of which he is

the instrument, begin to develop themselves with the third act. The senate of Venice appears as it were in the camp of Carmagnuola, in the persons of two of its commissaries, who dictate to the impetuous leader the course which he is to pursue; and all the native obstinacy and hauteur of his character are embodied in the brief and contemptuous tone of his refusal. He proceeds, notwithstanding their remonstrances, to set at liberty his prisoners, a practice regularly adopted by the Condottieri of the times, and originating, in all probability, in the propensity of mercenaries to prolong those wars by which they alone were the gainers. His haughtiness had already awakened the jealous pride, and his conduct now rouses the suspicions of the republic. An unsuccessful attempt upon Cremona, by Trevisani the commander of the Venetian fleet, in which Carmagnuola, deceived by the manœuvres of the enemy, arrives too late to participate, confirms the impressions produced by his previous conduct. His ruin is resolved on. The deliberations of the council on this subject, and their resolution to decoy their victim to Venice, under pretext of consulting him, occupy the greater part of the fourth act, which closes with the delivery of the senate's message to the Count, and his immediate announcement of his intention to comply with the summons, and repair to Venice. His fate now hastens to its accomplishment. He appears before the senate. The mask of dissimulation, which is worn at the commencement of the scene, is soon cast aside, and the Count is condemned. The fatal news is communicated to his wife and daughter by his faithful friend, and the piece closes with his parting with these beloved relatives in prison before his execution.

Thus the main idea which gives unity to the piece is the contest between the rash and haughty confidence of Carmagnuola, and the suspicious and calculating policy of the most despotic of republics. But it must occur, we think, to every one that an action so simple and unvaried, and so severely insulated from all subsidiary and domestic incidents, never could be extended through five acts without necessitating the frequent substitution of long and rhetorical declamation for the more nervous and concentrated expression, which is the result of a more rapid and complicated plot. In fact, if we lay out of view the supposed duration of the piece, and the changes from Venice to the camp of Carmagnuola, the piece is in every other point framed with a Grecian severity and nakedness of outline. The impetuous character of Carmagnuola is exhibited in none of its domestic relations, and the collision between the fiery elements of his temper and the cold flinty character of the Venetian senate is the single point upon which the interest of the piece is rested. The basis,

we think, is by far too narrow to support the superstructure which has been raised upon it; and the extreme difficulty which Manzoni has experienced in extending his materials to a sufficient length is obvious throughout, and more particularly in the second and fourth acts of the play.

But though we think the subject is radically defective, as excluding most of those resources, the admission of which forms the chief recommendation of the romantic drama, we must admit that Manzoni has effected wonders with his limited materials. Carmagnuola himself, born a shepherd, bred in the camp, accomplished only in arms, versed in no stratagems but those of war, guided only by his own will, fearing nothing, suspecting nothing, is a striking portrait, and it is strongly contrasted with the spirit of political intrigue as embodied in Marino, cold, calculating, exclusive, yet never contemptible, because its anxieties and aims are not personal, but directed to the interests of the republic; advocating existing institutions and immemorial usages; looking with suspicion on every spirit that bears the impress of determination and free-will; and regarding Carmagnuola as a mere tool in the hands of the state, to be employed while useful, and to be destroyed with indifference when it begins to be dangerous. To this national or local spirit is opposed the representation of a nobler, more generous, and more universal policy in Marco. He, too, acknowledges the force of those considerations which in Marino overshadow and extinguish the warm feelings of humanity, but in him they are tempered and restrained by an irrepressible and enduring confidence in the dignity of man's nature, a more comprehensive and liberal view of the relations of the subject and the state, and an enthusiasm for the great and good, which his acquaintance with human life and the secrets of state policy have controlled, but have been unable to deaden or destroy.

Among the remaining characters, that of the veteran Pergola is the most happily sketched. We see him only in a single scene; but it is sufficient to place before us the whole outline of the character of the warrior, old in battles, far-seeing and cautious in his views, but resuming all the fire and something of the rashness of his youth when taxed with cowardice by the hotheaded Fortebraccio. The disputes of the chiefs in this scene, which precedes the battle of Macclodio, their quarrel, and their frank and noble reconciliation appear to us among the most effective passages of the play. The characters of the two commissaries are also happily distinguished by delicate, yet perceptible, shades of difference. The first, confident in the omnipotence of the government which he represents, feels nothing but astonishment at

the audacity of the Count, and is prepared immediately to discharge upon his head the whole thunders of the republic; but the other sees that within the camp of Carmagnuola its bolts fall harmless, and determines to effect, by disguise and circumvention what his more impetuous colleague would have attempted by force. Of the female characters it is unnecessary to speak, for Manzoni has intentionally excluded them from all share in the action of his drama. They are introduced in the last two scenes merely to complete the picture, and to share in a catastrophe, in the progress of which they have had no influence or participation.

The chief fault in the character of the dialogue is, that, in consequence of the poverty of incident, it is frequently diffuse and rhetorical, instead of brief and dramatic. Even with all this too, the poet has been obliged to lengthen his second act by a chorus, which, though objectionable on the score of dramatic fitness, is undoubtedly, as a lyric composition, without a rival in modern Italian poetry. This magnificent ode has already been admirably translated in the Quarterly Review, (No. 47,) to which we beg to direct the attention of our readers. But though the speeches are occasionally somewhat languid and elaborate, the play abounds with passages of high poetical excellence. We can afford room only for a few lines.

The following is Carmagnuola's reply to the commissary, who had accused him of rendering the victory vain by liberating his prisoners.

“ That word I heard before—
I need not hear it once again. It comes
Fretting mine ear, as would an insect's sting,
That still, though brushed away, comes buzzing back
With its importunate hum.

The victory vain!—
What when the ground is heaped with dead, the rest
Discouraged and dispersed—the noblest army—
With which were it but mine, and *mine indeed*
And re-united now,—this Italy
I could at once o'errun; when all their plans
Are scattered to the winds; the very thought
Of injury abandoned; four such chiefs
Scarce even by flight escaping from my hands,
'Gainst whom, but yesterday, resistance seemed
A boast; the terror of their names half gone;
Our courage rising as our foe's declines;
The choice of warfare ours, and ours the lands
Which they have fled in terror.—Are these nothing?
Fear ye these prisoners will return again
Unto the duke—that hirelings will regard

His service more than yours? Was it for him,
 Think ye, they fought? Ah no—They combated,
 Because to him that makes his trade of war
 A voice imperious from within exclaims,
 Combat and conquer. They are conquered now,
 And liberated: they will sell themselves
 (Such is the soldier now,) to him who first
 Shall bid for them. Buy them—And they are yours."

When his arrest is communicated to him by the Doge, and he is ordered to be dragged to the Secret Tribunal, he addresses the Senate.

" A moment hear me. Ye have doomed my death,
 I see it well,—but with my death ye doom
 Your own eternal infamy. Beyond
 Their ancient bounds the lion's banners wave
 On towers, where universal Europe knows
 That I have planted them. Within your Venice
 Men may be silent, but in other lands,
 Where the dumb speechless terror of your sway
 Comes not, and cannot come,—there weighed and written
 In characters indelible shall be
 The story of my deeds, and your reward.
 Think of your annals, think upon the future.
 Full soon the day may come when ye may need
 A warrior's aid—and who will then be yours?
 True, I am in your power; but yet remember
 I was not born your subject, but among
 A people, warlike, one in soul, long used
 To guard the glory of each citizen
 As firmly as their own; it cannot be
 This bloody deed should pass unpunished there.
 There is some treachery here—an enemy—
 Your enemy and mine, hath stirred ye to it.
 Ye know I am no traitor.—Speak the word.
 Yet there is time.

DOGE.

"The time is past."

His reflections in prison in the last act, and his farewell to Gonzaga are strikingly expressed.

" They must have heard it now. O! why at least
 Do I not die far from them? Terrible
 At first would be the tidings; but the hour,
 The solemn hour of parting would be past.
 It is before us now, and we must drain
 The cup together, drop by drop.

O ! plains,
Wide spread, O ! circling sue, O ! sound of arms !
O joy of peril ! O ye thrilling trumpets !
Ye battle cries, and thou my steed, midst you
It had been sweet to die.—But to be dragged
Reluctant thus, to meet my destiny
Like a chained felon, pouring on the way
His impotent complaints and prayers for pity !
* * * *

Now then I am content.
When to the field thou dost return, salute
My brothers for me ; say to them, I died
Guiltless : thou wert the witness of my deeds,
And of my inmost thoughts,—and know'st it well :
Tell them this sword of mine was never stained
With treachery. I am myself betrayed.
Then when the trumpet's clang is on the air,
And banners broad are fluttering in the wind,
Think of thine ancient comrade : and the day
Following the fight, when on the bloody field
The priest, amidst the sound of mournful hymns,
Prays for all dead with lifted hands to Heaven,
Think of me then, for I too once had hoped
Even so to die.

We must now pass to the second of Manzoni's Tragedies, the *Adelchi*. The subject of the play is the expedition of Charlemagne against Desiderius and Adelchis, the two last national kings of the Lombards, and the fall of these unfortunate princes, a subject not deficient in historical interest, though somewhat too obscure and political to be in itself adapted to tragedy.

It opens just as the unfortunate Ermengarda, the daughter of Desiderius, the sister of Adelchis and the repudiated wife of Charlemagne has re-entered her native country, broken-hearted and hopeless, to seek repose and obscurity in the shelter of a convent. Adelchis wishes to conduct her publicly from Pavia to the court, but her father, unwilling to afford so welcome a spectacle to his enemies, directs Vermont his squire to meet her, and conduct her unobserved into his presence. Meantime he unfolds to his son his plans of revenge:—he will conduct the orphan nephews of Charles, who had been confided to his care by their mother Gerberga, to Rome; he will compel Pope Adrian to anoint them kings, and will lead them back at the head of a Lombard army into their native and rightful kingdom. Adelchis in vain dissuades him from his plan. He fears not Charles, but he starts at the idea of irritating the Pope. He recalls to his father's recollection the fate of his great progenitor Astolfo,

twice defeated by Pepin, in a contest with Rome; and advises him rather to yield to Adrian the provinces he claims, and direct his attack against Charles alone. But his father indignantly replies.

“ . . . Why speakest thou
Of Pepin and Astolfo? Buried—buried
Are both: and other mortals reign around us,
And other times are come, and other swords
Are brandished. . . . If the warrior, who the first
Rushed to the breach, and climbed the hostile wall,
Hath failed and fallen, must his followers too
Despair and fly?—Is it my son that speaks
Thus doubtfully—my own, my proud Adelchis,
He, whom as yet a boy Spoleto saw
Sweep down upon her as the youthful hawk
Swoops on his prey—amidst the storm of battle,
Calm, careless, shooting through the hostile throng
As fearless as a bridegroom to the banquet?”

Adelchis repels the charge, and the conversation is interrupted by the entrance of the unfortunate Ermengarda, pale, trembling, doubtful of her reception, till re-assured by the warm embraces, and affectionate consolations of her father and brother. “Our thoughts,” says Desiderius, “shall be but of revenge.”

ERMENGARDA.

“O! father, this
My griefs ask not. Forgetfulness is all
I seek, and willingly the world accords it
To the unfortunate. Enough:—with me
Let my misfortunes have an end. I thought
To be a pledge of peace and amity;
That heaven denied, but let it not be said,
That where I came, I carried discord with me,
And sorrow to the hearts to whom I should
Have been a source of joy.

DESIDERIUS.

What! wouldst thou grieve
To see the traitor punished?—Couldst thou still
Love such as him?

ERMENGARDA.

My father, seek no more
To pry into my bosom. Nothing, nothing
Can issue thence to give thee joy. Even I
Tremble to look into its depths. The past
Is all to me as nothing now. One favour
Only I ask of thee. Within this court,

Where bright in hope I grew, and by her side
 That *was* my mother,—what have I to do?
 A garland for a moment prized, and placed
 In sport upon the forehead, on the morn
 Of some light festival;—then cast aside
 In sport, and trodden under foot of man!
 Unto that home of piety and peace
 Which my beloved mother built of yore;
 Prophetic, as it seems;—there, where my sister
 Already to that spouse her faith hath plighted
 Who never yet rejected, let me hie.
 To nuptials such as hers I may no more
 Aspire, bound as I am by other ties.
 But there at least unseen, unknown, may I
 Close my career.

ADELCHIS.

Nay!—to the winds with all
 These sad presages. Thou wilt live. Heaven hath not
 Thus placed the life of earth's more lovely ones
 Within the guilty's power. It is not theirs
 To wither every hope, to rob the world
 Of every joy.”

The princess retires, and the arrival of a messenger is announced by Anfrido the squire of Adelchis. It is the ambassador of Charlemagne, and from the brevity and haughtiness of his language we dimly anticipate the severe and commanding character of his master. He demands at once in the name of Charles if the Lombard king will resign the territories gifted by Pepin to the Pope. Desiderius declines replying. The fiery ambassador interprets his silence as a declaration of hostility, and intimates immediate war against Desiderius and Adelchis. The Lombard monarch can restrain himself no longer. He exclaims:

“ . . . Hence—Speed thee to thy king—
 Strip off this mantle that protects thy boldness;—
 Draw forth thy sword. Then come, and see if God
 Can choose a traitor for his champion. Friends,
 Answer this man.

FEDELI.*

War! War!

ALBINO.

And ye shall have it—
 And soon—and here. The Angel of the Lord
 That twice before the steed of Pepin ran,

* Fedeli, the name given in the middle ages to those chiefs who had pledged their faith to a particular ruler.

The guide that never looks behind, already
Prepares him for the battle.

DESIDERIUS.

Every chief

Unfold his banner ; every judge proclaim
The cry of war, and every host be gathered ;
Each man that boasts a steed, saddle him straight,
And speed him at his monarch's call. Our post
Is at the passes of the Alps.

With the departure of the ambassador the scene closes. The first act concludes with the exhibition of one of those treacherous intrigues by which the fall of Desiderius is preparing, even within his capital. Sivart a discontented chief, in a nervous soliloquy announces his ambitious views, and the plans by which he intends to make the purposes of the other conspirators subservient to his own. They enter, and after some discussion it is agreed that a messenger shall be despatched to arrange a treacherous alliance with Charlemagne. Sivart is chosen, and departs with the dawn.

Act II. The armies of the Lombards and the French are in array against each other, but separated by the Alps. The French are encamped in Val de Susa, inactive, desponding, and almost meditating a retreat. It is in vain that Pietro, the legate of the Pope, endeavours to revive the spirit of Charles ; the impassable barrier of the Alps seems to render his expedition hopeless. But the face of things is suddenly changed by the arrival of a stranger. It is Martin, the deacon of Ravenna, the envoy of Leo, who having found his way to the camp over these apparently insuperable mountains, now offers to conduct Charles and his army into the plains of Lombardy. He describes the difficulties he had encountered, in a passage, which though certainly not strictly dramatic, abounds with the most striking and picturesque description. France seems to fade away into the distance in the speech of the shepherd, and the dreary solitude of those untrodden mountains is forced upon the mind, with a power and vigour of language and versification, of which we fear few traces will be found in our translation. Charles asks how he escaped detection in passing through the hostile camp. He replies :

“ God blinded *them* : God guided *me*. Unseen
Of all, I left the camp, again I took
The path I late had trodden ; to the right,
And to the North declining, I forsook
The beaten track, and to a narrow vale
Gloomy and deep plunged down. But as my step

Moved on and on, the valley wider spread,
 And wider still around me. Wandering flocks
 And cottages I spied, and one that seemed
 The last of human dwellings. Entering there,
 I sought the shepherd's shelter, and upon
 His couch of skins I laid me down to sleep.
 At morn uprising, of my host I asked
 The way that led to France. 'Beyond these hills
 Are other hills,' said he, 'and others still,
 And far, far hence, is France. No way leads thither;
 A thousand mountains lie between, and all
 Bleak, barren, terrible, unpeopled
 Of aught save spirits,—and by human step
 Untrodden.' 'Many are the ways of God,
 Tho' few the ways of mortals,' I replied,
 'And God hath sent me.' 'God then be thy guide,'
 Said he; then from his scanty store of loaves
 He chose as many as the wanderer
 Might bear, wrapt them in his rude scrip, and laid them
 Upon my shoulder. And I prayed that Heaven
 Would bless him for the boon, and took my way.

I reached the valley's mouth. I climbed the steep,
 And confident in God I crossed it. Here
 No track of man appeared, but forests old
 Of heavy firs, rivers unknown, and vales
 Untravelled; silent all: no sound was heard
 Save of my footsteps, and from time to time
 The boiling of the torrent, or the shrill
 And sudden falcon's scream, the eagle's wheel
 Starting at morning from his nest, and soaring
 In solemn circles round me, or at noon
 The frequent crackle of the pine-tree tops
 Smote by the sun. Three days I journeyed thus;
 Three nights, beneath the thickets and the caves,
 I rested. By the sun my steps I guided,
 I rose with him, my eyes pursued his course
 Until he sank into his western home.
 Doubtful I travelled on, from vale to vale
 Still crossing without end; and when at times
 I reached some pathless peak that rose before me,
 A loftier range of hills, before, behind,
 High o'ershadowing tower'd, some snowy-shrouded
 From top to base, rising like pointed tents
 Pitched in the ground; some iron-bound, upreared
 Like walls erect and insurmountable.

The third day's sun was setting when I spied
 One loftier than the rest, whose side was all
 One green descent, whose summit forest-crowned.
 Thither I turned. It was the eastern side

Of that same hill, along whose western slope
 Thy tents, O Sire ! are pitched. Night overtook me
 Upon its side. The dry and slippery bark
 Of the hoar pines, that strewed the grass, I made
 My bed, their immemorial tusky trunks
 My mossy pillow. Gay and smiling hope
 Awoke me with the dawn of day, and full
 Of renovated strength I climbed the hill.
 Scarce had I reached the summit, when a hum,
 As from a distance, smote upon mine ear,
 Deep and unceasing. All at once I paused
 And listened, motionless. 'Twas not the rush
 Of broken mountain torrents, nor the wind
 Sweeping the forest and with piping breath
 Wandering among the branches ; 'twas indeed
 The noise of living things, the mingled murmur
 Of converse, and of labour, and of footsteps
 Echoing afar the muster and the motion
 Of countless multitudes. My heart beat high,
 My step grew quicker. By yon pointed peak
 That seems with sharpen'd edge to cleave the sky,
 When view'd from hence, an ample plain extends
 Whose grass is yet untrodden. Thence I took
 The nearest path—with every step the sound
 Came nearer still—I seemed to swallow up
 The road—I gained the bank—I shot my glance
 Down to the valley—and I saw, I saw
 The tents of Israel—the long-sought pavilions
 Of Jacob ; prostrate on the ground I fell,
 I thanked my God, I blessed them and descended."

The prospect of success awakens Charles from his lethargy. His star which for a time was clouded, is clear again. The warning voice which had seemed to drive him back from the country of Ermengarda is found to be but a lying oracle, and visions of battle and victory succeed to those of despondency and defeat. Orders are given that a body under the command of Echard, and guided by Martin, shall instantly attempt the passage of the Alps, and Charles, surrounded by his officers, congratulates them on the prospect of immediate action.

" . . . No more of warfare from afar,
 From ramparts and from walls, of arrows launched
 From distant engines, where the markaman smiles
 Unpunished in his hold, or from his covert
 Shoots down on us ; but banners broadly spread,
 Steed meeting steed, troops ranked in open field,
 And breasts but by a lance's length divided !
 Say to my soldiers this.—Tell them ye saw

Your king as confident as when he prophesied
Victory in Eresburg—Bid them prepare
For battle; of *return* we speak no more
Till after victory, and when the booty
Falls to be shared.

But three days more, and then
For battle and for conquest, and repose
Within yon lovely Italy, amidst
Fields waving thick with grain, and gardens laden
With fruits our fathers never knew, among
Hoar halls and antique temples, in the land
Of song, the favoured country of the sun,
That holds the lords of earth within its bosom,
God's martyrs in its sacred cemeteries;
There, where the holy pontiff lifts his hands
On high to bless our banners, where our foes
Few, feeble, and divided, half are mine;—
Twice trodden under foot by my great sire
And melting even as snows before the sun."

Act III. opens in the camp of the Lombards. Ignorant of the approaching appearance of the French, Adelchis is regretting to his faithful follower, Anfrido, the probability that Charlemagne, despairing of effecting a passage over the Alps, will retreat unpunished, and that his father relieved from the apprehension of an enemy from without, will resume his designs against the Pontiff. He deplores the ruinous consequences of a war directed against the best feelings of mankind, and bearing ruin and devastation into the midst of scenes hallowed by the recollections of antiquity, and by the influences of the Christian faith. His anticipations are realized. Desiderius enters, and while he congratulates his son on the retreat of the French, announces his intention of immediately resuming his enterprise against Rome; and Adelchis, while he intimates his reluctance, yields to the wishes of his father. But the interview is interrupted by the sudden appearance of the fugitive Lombards, who announce the arrival of the French. All is confusion and terror. Adelchis flies out with a few followers to meet the coming foe; Desiderius, in vain attempting to rally the fugitives, is borne out in the tumult. The scene changes to the deserted camp of the Lombards, at the foot of the passes. Charles, surrounded by his nobles, blesses God for his victory, and receives the homage of the treacherous Sivart and the discontented chiefs. He creates Sivart Count of Susa, and promises to reward the services of his "brave" assistants. But even while he thus avails himself of their treachery, he regrets the necessity under which

he is placed, of flattering their villainy. Turning to Roland, he says,

" Orlando, did I call
These Lombards brave ?

ORLANDO.

Too surely.

CHARLES.

Ah ! my tongue
Erred when it uttered it. That word should be
For mine own French reserved. Let all that heard
Forget that praise like that was ever spoken."

And his admiration of true courage and constancy is still farther evinced in the animated eulogium he pronounces over the dying Anfrido, who, faithful to his master even in death, is brought into the presence of Charles a captive and expiring.

" Thou carry'st with thee
A king's esteem unto thy grave. It is
The king of France that presses thus thy hand,
In pledge of honour and of amity.
Brave heart ! within the country of the brave
Thy name shall live ; the dames of France shall hear
Thy prowess from our lips, and speak of thee
With reverence and pity. . . ."

The scene again changes to a solitary wood, the retreat of the unfortunate Desiderius, and a few of his fugitive followers. The first words he utters are at once characteristic and touching.

" Ah me ! Vermondo,—the old king is weary,
And weary, too, with flying."

He inveighs against the treachery and cowardice of the Lombards, and curses the day when his progenitor, Alboin,

" . . . From the mountain top
Looked on those plains, and cried, ' This land is mine ! ' "

He is joined by Adelchis and a few of his companions, The fate of the war is now inevitable, but Adelchis determines that victory shall be dearly purchased. He advises his father to shut himself up in Pavia, while he himself defends Verona. The act concludes with an animated lyrical chorus, supposed to be sung by the old inhabitants of the country, pointing out to the credulous who had promoted the success of Charles, that they had only exchanged one master for another more imperious.

Act IV. The storm of war is hushed for a time. We are

transported to the sequestered shades of the monastery of St. Salvador, in Brescia, to witness the peaceful death of Ermengarda. She enters supported by two of her domestics, and attended by her sister Ansberga.

ERMENGARDA.

“ Lay me beneath this linden.

(She seats herself.)

O! how sweet
This April ray! how lovingly it lies
Upon the budding leaves! Ah! now I know
Why they, who full of years feel life flit by,
So love to look upon the sun.

(To the damsels.)

To you,
Thanks, gentle maidens, whose kind aid enables
My worn and feeble frame to gratify
My sick heart's longing—here again to drink
The air I drew in youth, the air of Mella;
To sit beneath my native heaven, and look
My last upon the loveliness around me.
Sweet sister—consecrated bride of heaven,
Pious Ansberga!—

*(She extends her hand to her. The damsels retire.
Ansberga sits down beside her.)*

All is nearly over.

Thy cares—my sorrows. O! with tempered measure
Heaven deals its trials out. I feel a peace,
A weary peace, the herald of the tomb;
My youth, o'er-mastered by disease, contends not
'Gainst heaven's appointed time, but gently, even
Beyond my hopes, from this its earthly prison,
My soul, long steeped in sorrow, steals away.—
One latest boon I ask of thee. Receive
The solemn words and wishes of the dying,
Preserve them in thy heart and give them back
Pure to those hearts I leave on earth behind me.
O be not grieved, thou loved one;—look not on me
Thus piteously. Heaven deals with me in mercy,
Is it not so? What—would'st thou have me live
Till Brescia be assailed—till such a foe
Draw near, and would'st thou wish that heaven should leave me
To penance so ineffable as this?”

Ansberga endeavours to console her with the prospect that all is not yet lost, that Verona and Pavia still hold out, and that even if they should fall, a desperate conflict might still be maintained. Ermengarda replies—

" . . . I shall not see it. Far removed
 Shall I be then from earthly fear or love;—
 From earthly trouble!—I shall pray for them,
 My honoured father and my loved Adelchis,
 For thee, for all who suffer, and for all
 Who make them suffer. Listen then, Ansberga,
 To this my last injunction. To my father
 And to my brother, when thou see'st them, say,
 That on the brink of life, even in the moment
 When all things are forgotten, sweet and grateful
 Dwelt in my heart the memory of the day
 When, kind and courteous, to the trembling one
 They stretched a strong and saving arm, nor shamed
 To greet and succour the dishonoured: say,
 That, warm and ceaseless, to the throne of God
 My prayer hath ever risen for their success,
 And if He heard it not, most sure some deep
 And pious cause prevented:—say I blessed them
 Even when dying. Then, my sister—Oh,
 Deny me not—seek out some faithful servant,
 Who to the fearful and relentless foe
 Of Lombardy will venture to draw near...

ANSBERGA.

Charles! . . .

ERMENGARDA.

Thou hast said it. Say to him, in peace
 With all does Ermengarda die. She leaves
 No object of dislike on earth, but hopes,
 And prays to heaven, that for her sufferings here
 It may exact no sad account from him,
 For she receives them as from God's own hand.
 Say to him thus, and . . . if to his proud ear
 Not too displeasing such a word may seem,
 Tell him . . . I pardon him . . . Wilt thou?

ANSBERGA.

So surely

May heaven receive my latest words, as thine
 Shall still be sacred to me.

ERMENGARDA.

One request,

Dear friend, and I have done . . . This earthly frame
 On which, while living, thou hast lavished oft
 Thy tender cares, O let it not displease thee
 To tend, when dead, and lay it in the tomb.
 This ring thou see'st on my left hand—let that
 Go with me to the grave, for it was given me,
 Beside the altar, before God. And modest

Let mine urn be: Dust we are all, and I—
Of what have I to boast? Yet let it bear
The ensigns of a queen: a sacred bond
Made me a queen, and what God gave, thou know'st,
Man cannot take away. So let my death,
Even as my life, attest it.

ANSBERGA.

Oh! far hence
With all these sad remembrances. Complete
The sacrifice: in this retreat, to which
The hand of heaven thy pilgrim step hath guided,
Become a denizen. Let it be the house
Of thy repose. Put on the sacred garb,
And with the garb the spirit, and forget
Earth and its cares.

ERMENGARDA.

What would'st thou have me do?
Shall I then lie to God? Think that I go
A bride before him—true, a stainless bride,
But yet a mortal's bride! Oh, happy ye,
Oh, happy all, who to the King of Kings
Yield up a heart by worldly memories
Yet unpolluted, who have drawn the veil
Over their eyes, before they fixed them on
The face of man! . . . Alas! not such am I.

ANSBERGA.

O, would thou hadst!

ERMENGARDA.

O, would I had! But ah,
The road that heaven hath marked us, we must tread,
Whate'er it be, and travel to the end.
—And what if, when he hears that I am dead,
Some lingering thought of penitence and pity
Should yet assail his heart; if as a late
But sweet amends, he yet should claim these cold
Remains as his, due to the royal tomb, . . .
The dead, Ansberga, oft—the silent dead—
Are mightier than the living. . . .

ANSBERGA.

Ah! no, he will not.

ERMENGARDA.

And would'st thou, Ansberga,
Set bounds unto *His* mercy, who delights
To touch the guilty heart, and make the hand
That perpetrates the crime repair the wrong?

ANSBERGA.

No, hapless one, he will not—for he cannot.”

* * * * *

Ansberga then reveals the news that Charles was now united to her rival Ildegarde. The unhappy princess, weighed down with sickness and overpowered by this final calamity, swoons, and awakes in a frightful delirium. She sees, in imagination, her husband smiling upon his new bride, herself despised, rejected, and driven from his presence, while the insult is aggravated by the remembrance of her early happiness. At times she endeavours to believe the whole to be a delusion.

“ What if it were a dream, that with the morning
Should vanish into air, and I should wake,
Weary and faint with weeping, and my Charles
Should ask me why I wept, and smilingly
Reprove me for my little faith!”

(*Sinks down again.*)

In this state she is carried to her chamber, which she is destined never more to leave. The voices of the sisters of the convent are soon afterwards heard chaunting a melancholy chorus for the repose of the dead.

The remainder of the fourth act is occupied with the development of a new scene of treachery. Within the walls of Pavia, to which the unfortunate Desiderius had retired, an alliance is framed between Sivart, the newly-created Count of Susa, and Guntis, one of its defenders, by which it is agreed that the town shall, next day, be delivered into the hands of Charles.

Act V. Pavia is in the hands of Charles. Brescia has fallen. Desiderius is a prisoner. The inhabitants of Verona are pressing Adelchis to surrender to the besiegers: Adelchis, in a scene of great eloquence and beauty, deliberates as to his conduct. Shall he expose the lives of his faithful followers in a last and desperate attack upon the enemy? Shall he at once escape the wretchedness of defeat and captivity by suicide, or accept the asylum offered him by the Emperor of Greece? He determines on the last, and rejects the temptation to escape from his misfortunes by anticipating his fate. Religion, and the conviction that “ it is nobler in the mind to suffer,” than to fly from suffering, are the motives which with him “ make calamity of so long life;” and he intimates to his followers his resolution to seek shelter on other shores. Charles, in the mean time, in his camp beneath the walls of Verona, summons the town. The captive Desiderius requests an interview with him. The spirit of the old man is broken, and when the victor and vanquished meet, he humbly entreats that the ven-

geance of Charles may terminate with *him*, who alone had planned the fatal expedition against the Pope. But Charles intent only on improving his success, and conscious that while Adelchis survives, his empire in Lombardy is precarious, coldly and rudely rejects his prayer, till the haughty spirit of the fallen monarch revives and bursts forth in reproaches.

CHARLES.

"What is thy grief to me? What grieves thee is
To me a source of joy. Nor can I pity
The destiny I would not change. Such is
The fate of mortals here. When rivals meet,
One conquers, one must fall. Live on. No boon
Save this hath Charles for thee.

DESIDERIUS.

King of my kingdom!
And persecutor of my blood, what boon
Life can be to the wretched, well know'st thou.
Think'st thou that I, thus vanquished, in the dust
Could not with one wild desperate flood of joy
Refresh my soul even now, and with the venom
That swells within my heart empoison thine;
Shoot words into thy soul, whose sting should eat
Into thy memory, and thus die at last
Not unavenged? . . . But I adore in thee
Heaven's vengeance, and before the man to whom
Heaven bowed me down I bend. . . I come to thee
To plead, and thou wilt hear."

He pleads in vain. Stern and unrelenting, Charles reproaches him with the protection given to his nephews, his design to deprive him of his kingdom, in which Adelchis was implicated with him, and his attempt to stir up the Pope against him: and tells him to drain in silence the bitter cup he had prepared for others. But the prayers of Desiderius are needless, and the clemency of Charles would now be unavailing, for a messenger enters to announce that Verona has surrendered, and that Adelchis is mortally wounded. He is soon after brought into the tent of Charles, beside his aged and captive father, to die in his arms.

He thus replies to the lamentations which the bereaved father utters as he leans over him.

" Cease this wail,
O father, cease, I pray thee. Was not this
The time to die? But thou, that must live on
In sorrow and captivity, give ear.
Life is a mighty mystery, my father,
The hour of death alone can give the key.

Weep not this kingdom's loss; when thou shalt be
 Such as thy son is now,—brightest of all,
 Those years will rise upon thy memory
 In which thou wert no king; in which no tear
 Stands registered against thee; and thy name
 Clogged with no wretches' curse uprose to heaven.
 Joy rather thou art king no more. Rejoice
 Thy toils are ended. Royalty hath room
 For few but those of sorrow; nought is left it
 But to endure or suffer wrong. A wild
 And savage force, beneath the name of right,
 Enchains the world; with hand incarnadined
 Our ancestors first sowed the evil seed,
 Our fathers bathed it with their blood, and now
 Earth holds no other harvest. Ah, to reign
 Over the guilty is no joyful task:—
 This thou hast proved—but were it even so,
 Yet is not this the end? This happy conqueror,
 Whose throne is by my death made fast, on whom
 All smile, whom all applaud and bend before,
 He too must be as I. . . .

He entreats Charles to show kindness to the dethroned monarch, and yielding to a tardy emotion of pity, the victor promises that the request shall be granted. Adelchis thanks him for the favour, and expires.

We have been anxious that our readers should, by these liberal extracts, be enabled to form their opinion of this tragedy, rather from their own impressions, on the perusal of these passages, than from any observations of ours. The high poetical merits of the play, we trust, have not been entirely overclouded even in our rude and literal version; and though our analysis of the plot has necessarily been brief, enough we hope has been said to put our readers in possession of its general beauties and defects. Like the *Carmagnuola* it has the advantage of great simplicity, and like it, it is exposed to the objection of poverty of incident and a political interest.

In some particulars, indeed, the plot is more objectionable even than that of *Carmagnuola*. The story is one so remote and obscure, and the characters of the drama, with the exception of Charlemagne, so completely mere historical names, that it may be said to possess all the disadvantages of a subject wholly fictitious, in which the poet must himself create the interest that attaches to his characters, without those facilities which a fictitious subject would have afforded in the construction of incident and the modification of character. It is one that outrages every idea of poetical justice, and leaves on the mind nothing but a senti-

ment of regret and disappointment at the triumph of force, treachery, and worldly policy, over valour, justice, and truth. It is impossible to disguise, even in history, the injustice of the expedition of Charles; and here its character is aggravated by the poetical colouring with which the poet has invested the prince who is the victim of that invasion. The religious motive of assisting the pope is at once seen to be a mere pretext, to cover Charles's views of ambition and revenge. How then, we would ask, are the passions, to use the language of Aristotle, to be "purged by pity and terror," in the contemplation of such a picture? What idea of an overruling providence is impressed upon the mind by such a progress and such a catastrophe: by the success of a usurper who persecutes his nephews, who banishes his gentle and affectionate wife, who invades, almost without a pretext, the territories of his injured father-in-law; by the death of this unfortunate princess, and the ruin and captivity of her house; by the exhibition of vice and treachery triumphant throughout, virtue and honour trampled on and expiring?

Nor is there anything in the nature of the plot to counterbalance the unsatisfactory impression produced by its close. The real interest of the piece terminates with the third act. The fate of Lombardy is sealed by the passage of the Alps and the surprise of the camp: from that moment our anxiety is at an end; for the catastrophe is seen to be inevitable. We move through the two last acts, as through a long avenue of cypresses terminating with a tomb. Nothing, indeed, but the tranquillity produced by the cessation of suspense, could render tolerable the long scene which represents the death of Ermengarda. It is in itself exquisitely beautiful, but the whole character of Ermengarda is connected with the action by such slender ties, that the suspension of the main action for such a period would in other circumstances be fatal to the interest of the piece. Yet, as it is, we linger with interest over the pathetic beauties of this scene and of the chorus that follows, and turn with reluctance to the new scenes of treachery by which it is replaced. We should have expected, too, that Manzoni, who has very successfully exposed the absurdities of the (miscalled) French historical plays, would, consistently with his own principles, have avoided a subject which, in order to preserve unity of interest, rendered it necessary to pervert historical fact. Adelchis was not killed under the walls of Verona, as represented in the play. He took refuge in Constantinople, and only several years afterwards landed in Italy at the head of a Greek force, and fell in battle against the French. But the object of Manzoni was to represent the fall of the Lombard dynasty, and that could only be done, dramatically, by bring

ing together the victor and the vanquished, and reducing to the same moment of time the surrender of the last strong-hold of the Lombard princes, the death of the son, and the captivity of the father.

But the main defect of the subject is that, from the coldly political nature of the interest, the poet, in attempting to engage our sympathies, has been led to pervert the truth of character as well as of facts. That he conceives the manner in which he has treated the character of Adelchis to be necessary and unavoidable, we take for granted, from the candid avowal he makes of his own sense of its defects.

“ Tutto il carattere,” says he, “ è inventato di pianta, e intruso fra i caratteri storici, con una infelicità, che dal più difficile e dal più malevolo lettore non sarà certo così vivamente sentita, come lo è dall' autore.”

The candour of this confession exceeds even the occasional critiques of Alfieri on his own tragedies; but, of a truth, the author has only anticipated a remark which must have forced itself on the notice of every reader. He has, in fact, fallen into the same error with Ricci in his *Italiade*; he has made his hero a pure and perfect abstraction, who never could have existed in such a period, and whose existence under any state of civilisation is problematical. Every objection that has been urged against Schiller's ideal creation of Posa, applies with tenfold force to that of Adelchis. Posa is indeed a man of other ages:—

“ Das Jahrhundert
Ist seinem ideal nicht reif. Er lebt
Ein bürger derer, welche kommen werden.”

But Posa is an enthusiastic dreamer; while Adelchis, though represented as embodying every moral and religious virtue, and blending the high feelings of the warrior with the devotional humility of the cloister, is misled by no visions of human perfectibility. Hence, while the *schwärmerey* of Posa produces upon the reader something of that effect which it is represented as exercising upon the gloomy Philip,—the ideal perfections of Adelchis,—the combination of cool judgment with the warmest feelings, and the most refined views,—constantly stand out from the warlike and rugged masses by which they are surrounded, with a startling, unnatural, and frigid effect.

In his portrait of Charles, the author cannot be accused of any departure from historical truth; for his views, as to his character, are supported by an array of authorities which it would

* For his ideal
The century is yet unripe. He lives
A citizen of those that are to come.

Don Carlos. Act III.

be dangerous to call in question. But paradoxical as it may appear, we think that in dramatic composition there is a truth superior even to that of history, which in this instance has been violated. There are certain personages, who, from accidental circumstances, have acquired an established poetical character, very different perhaps from that to which they are entitled in the more accurate pages of the historian, but whose hereditary and immemorial attributes once conferred ought to be inviolable by the poet. Such is that of Charlemagne, whose poetical character early acquired colour and body in the romantic ballads of Spain and the Italian epics. The Charlemagne of poetry—the Carlomagno of Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, is inseparably associated with the idea of a brave, hasty, warm-tempered monarch, generous and unthinking, surrounded by his paladins, the foremost in the battle, the tournament and the dance. In the play of Manzoni, he is drawn as a cold, calculating, and selfish being, not absolutely insensible to the splendour of virtue or of bravery, not wholly inaccessible to pity; but steadily pursuing his own schemes of ambition and revenge, trampling on the feelings of others without remorse when they interfere with his plans, and disguising the native rancour of his heart under the veil of a hypocritical devotion. The contrast is felt to be too absolute, and, like the theatrical visionary of Argos, we regret the dissipation of an illusion so much more agreeable than the reality. Yet it is but justice to Manzoni to say, that even with all these prepossessions to contend against, his Charles is a striking character. We feel that he is a man of a lofty and commanding mind, whose principles of action we may disapprove, but who maintains our respect by his sustained confidence in himself, and whose movements arrest our curiosity and attention. “*Oderunt dum metuunt*,” seems to have been the principle on which the character has been framed, and if so, the author has certainly been successful.

Ermengarda is a beautiful creation, and would have been by far the most interesting personage of the piece, had her misfortunes been more intimately connected with the action of the tragedy. As it is, she is the only one for whom our sympathies are strongly awakened. The virtues which appear overcharged in her brother, are in her natural, feminine, and affecting; and the scene of her death, though suggesting in its general character that of Catherine in Henry VIII. is written with a tenderness and feeling, that convince us that it is in the gentler parts of tragedy that Manzoni’s peculiar excellence lies.

Desiderius is also a striking portrait of the rude and uncultivated chief of the middle ages, ambitious, passionate, brave, and

haughty, warmly attached to his family, and animated by a just and irrepressible indignation against the oppressor of his country and his race. The beings by whom he is surrounded are also contrasted with skill. The treachery of Sivart and Guntis is opposed to the unshaken fidelity of Anfrido; who is the *beau-ideal* (though, as M. Fauriel remarks in his preface, somewhat too philosophic and speculative) of chivalrous honour and bravery.

The moral and political character of the three nations that are interested in the catastrophe are also, as Fauriel remarks, skillfully and dramatically indicated. The Italians, mere witnesses of the impending struggle on which their destiny is to depend, never appear at all; and their silence, their inaction, their exclusion from all participation in the plans of the contending parties, develop more strongly than words their dependence and debasement. The French form a striking and compact mass, concentrated under one head, to whom they are devoted by terror or affection, or the desire of plunder, acting as one being, agitated by no dissensions, exhibiting no division of private interests or individual passions. The Lombards again are divided by faction and ambitious views. No overawing and commanding character like Charlemagne is there,

“To bind the many national horde in one;”

but a chaos of private jealousies and contending interests reigns throughout, and paralyses their exertions against the common enemy.

We must now take leave of Manzoni, of whose dramatic powers we think highly, and to whom we have devoted a space corresponding to the importance we attach to his labours. We have the fullest confidence that he may yet give to Italy a drama far surpassing either the *Carmagnuola* or the *Adelchis*. Let him only select subjects admitting a warmer and more varied interest, let him grapple more firmly with those conflicts of passion, which he has hitherto evaded with a prudence that seems to border on cowardice, and we anticipate his complete success. We had intended to say something on the subject of the other poems which are added to the tragedies, but these we shall have occasion to advert to in a future article on the Modern Lyric Poetry of Italy. In the meantime we can make room only for a few stanzas from a noble ode on the fifth of May, the anniversary of the death of Buonaparte. We are quite conscious of the defects of our translation, and can only plead the difficulty of the subject and the example of Goethe, who has scarcely been more fortunate in the translation of this ode, which he has given in his “*Kunst und Alterthum*.”

* * * * *

† " The stormy joy, the trembling hope
That wait on mightiest enterprize;
The panting heart of one, whose scope
Was empire, and who gained the prize,
And grasps a crown, of which it seemed
Scarce less than madness to have dreamed,—
All these were his; glory that shone
The brighter for its perils past,
The rout, the victory, the throne,
The gloom of banishment at last,—
Twice in the very dust abased,
And twice on Fortune's altar raised.

His name was heard; and mute with fear
Contending centuries stood by,
Submissive, from his mouth to hear
The sentence of their destiny;
While he bade silence be, and sate
Between them, arbiter of fate.

† " La procellosa e trepida
Gioia d'un gran disegno;
L' ansia d'un cor, che iudocile
Ferve pensando al regno,
E'l giunge, e tiene un premio
Ch' era follia sperar,
Tutto ei provò; la gloria
Maggior dopo il periglio,
La fuga, e la vittoria,
La reggia, e il triste esiglio,
Due volte nella polvere,
Due volte sugli altar.

Ei si nomò: due secoli
L' un contra l' altro armato,
Sommessi a lui si volsero
Come aspettando il fato:
Ei se' silenzio, ed arbitro
S' assise in mezzo a lor;
Ei sparve, e i dì nell' ozio
Chiuse in sì breve sponda,
Segno d' immensa invidia,
E di pietà profonda,
D' inestinguibil odio,
E d' indomato amor.

Come sul' capo al naufrago
L' onda s' avvolge e pesa,
L' onda, su cui del misero
Alta pur dianzi e tesa
Scorrea la vista a scernere,
Prode remote invan;
Tal su quell' alma il cumulo
Delle memorie scese;
Oh! quante volte ai posteri
Narrar se stesso imprese,
E sulle eterne pagine
Cadde la stanca man!

Oh! quante volte al tacito
Morir d'un giorno inerte,
Chinati i rai fulminei,
Le braccia al sen conserte
Stette; e dei dì che furono
L' assalse il sovvenir.
Ei ripenso le mobili
Tende, e i percossi valli,
E il lampo dei manipoli,
E l' onda dei cavalli,
E il concitato imperio,
E il celere obbedir.

Ahi! forse a tanto strazio
Cadde lo spirto anelo;
E disperò; ma valida
Venne una man dal cielo,
E in più spirabil aere
Pietosa il trasportò."

• • • • •

He passed, and on this barren rock
 Inactive closed his proud career,
 A mark for envy's rudest shock,
 For pity's warmest, purest tear,
 For hatred's unextinguished fire,
 And love that lives when all expire.

As on the drowning seaman's head
 The wave comes thundering from on high;
 The wave to which, afar displayed,
 The wretch had turned his straining eye,
 And gazed along the gloomy main
 For some far sail, but gazed in vain:
 So on his soul came back the wave
 Of melancholy memory.
 How oft hath he essayed to grave
 His image for posterity;
 Till o'er th' eternal chronicle
 The weary hand desponding fell.

How oft, what time the listless day
 Hath died, and in the lonely flood
 The Indian sun hath quenched his ray,
 With folded arms the hero stood;
 While dreams of days no more to be
 Throng back into his memory;
 He sees his moving tents again,
 The leaguered walls around him lie,
 The squadrons gleaming on the plain,
 The ocean-wave of cavalry,
 The rapid order promptly made,
 And with the speed of thought obeyed.

Alas! beneath its punishment
 Perchance the wearied soul had drooped
 Despairing; but a spirit sent
 From heaven to raise the wretched, stooped
 And bore him where diviner air
 Breathes balm and comfort to despair."

* * * * *

- ART. VI.—1. *Nouvel Almanach des Gourmands, servant de Guide dans les moyens de faire excellente Chère; dédié au Ventre.* Par A. B. de Perigord. Première Année, (1825.) Seconde Année, (1826.) Troisième Année, (1827.) 3 vols. 18vo. Paris, chez Baudouin.
2. *Physiologie du Gout, ou Meditations de Gastronomie transcendante; ouvrage théorique et historique, à l'ordre du jour.* Par un Professeur, membre de Plusieurs Sociétés Littéraires et Savantes. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1825.
3. *Le Directeur des Estomacs, ou Instruction Pratique sur la nature, les qualités, et les propriétés de chaque espèce d'alimens, &c.; suivie d'une esquisse sur le régime qui convient aux différens tempéramens, &c. &c.* 18vo. Paris. 1827.
4. *Manuel du Cuisinier et de la Cuisinière, à l'usage de la Ville et de la Campagne, &c.* Par P. Cardelli. Cinquième édition. 18vo. Paris. 1826.
5. *L'Art du Cuisinier.* Par A. Beauvilliers. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1824.
6. *Le Cuisinier Royal, ou l'Art de faire la Cuisine, la Pâtisserie, et tout ce qui concerne l'office, pour toutes les fortunes.* Par MM. Viard et Fouret, Hommes de bouche. 12me édition. 8vo. Paris. 1825.

FRANCE is at present most prolific in gastronomical writings—we have put the titles of half a dozen at the head of this article, and we should find no difficulty in swelling the number: with the exception of the *Physiologie du Gout*, however, not one of them is very successful.

It requires, in reality, no small degree of tact and practice to succeed in this style. It is very hard to steer between the low and farcical on one hand, and the bombastic on the other. The gastronomic writer labours under difficulties which his apparently kindred genius, the bard of the bottle, has not to encounter. The Bacchanalian poet has a thousand common-places on which he can enlarge, and these too consecrated, if we may use the word on such an occasion, by having been used and embellished by the greatest names in the history of literature. Besides, he can very soon get rid of the mere material, and describe the mental emotions which his theme calls forth. The joy, the mirth, the sociality, the warmed ideas, the care-dispelling magic of the glass, are the topics of the song—not the liquor itself, whether it be Chambertin or Burton. It is the emotion or the ease produced by his amphora, not the Februrian that it holds, which Horace commemorates—and nearer home the honest bard who sings

“ Dear Tom, this brown jug that here foams with mild ale,”

in the very next line quits the extract of Sir John Barleycorn to remind us that it is the vessel

“ Out of which I now drink to *sweet Nan of the vale*.”

Here arises a new set of associations altogether, on which if we were Mr. Coleridge we could of course dissertate to the end of the sheet.

In gastronomy the case is quite different. No illustrious line of poets have celebrated the pleasures of the dinner-table, or embalmed in immortal verse the recollections of deceased *hors-d'œuvres* and demolished *entrées*. Homer, to be sure, the Father of poetry,

“ From whom, as from their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,”

has never avoided the most minute description of a feast. The man who described the sorrows of Andromache or the heroism of Hector,—in whose hands the glories of Olympus, the terrors of the battle-field, the romance of magic, or the horrors of Tartarus, were the common staple of poetry,—he felt no scruple in devoting the same wondrous melody of verse to the description of the method of frying a beef-steak or serving up a pork-chop. But in him there was no idea of jest. He lived before the age of criticism had commenced, and saw nothing incongruous in describing with its due importance that event which Doctor Johnson has described as “ the most important occurrence of every day.” In Virgil’s time critics were on the alert, and the Roman poet dared not imitate in that respect his Grecian master.

The true gastronomic tone, half serious, half comic, has been taught, as far as we can recollect, but in two societies—among the literateurs of Athens and Paris. The passages preserved by Athenæus are very often admirable, and precisely in the style of the most successful modern wits; and France, in producing Grimod de la Reynière, the author of the original *Almanach des Gourmands*, may claim the glory of having given birth to the very greatest of writers on the subject. The bijoux of Grimod’s great work are known to every one. His panegyric on the pig—his encomium on the intense devotion of the goose, that forgets its sufferings in the glorious anticipation of its posthumous reputation of being made into a Strasburg *paté*—his description of the sucking-pig—his laudation of the thrush sauce, “ with which a man would eat his father”—and many other passages of similar brilliancy will be remembered at once. We are sorry to say that his successor in the *Nouvel Almanach des Gourmands* has not succeeded in rivalling his chimerical vein for a moment.

And yet there is now and then a readable article in the book,

but they are "few and far between." The best joke we see is the map prefixed to each of the three volumes, which exhibits with geographical accuracy the various edible and potable productions of France, depicted upon the spots where they are to be found. In Burgundy, for instance, we have wine-casks, in Champagne bottles sparkling over the brim, at Pontoise oxen, at Gruyère cheese, at Cognac a still, at Cancale oysters, at Amiens eel-pâtés, at Brives truffled fowl, at Strasburgh carp and pâtés, &c. &c. A pacific critic may be allowed to remark, that a map of this kind is a much more sensible one than a map covered over with crossed swords indicating the sites of battles, for it is much more to our purpose to know where we can live, than to be told where others have died.

The current of the Parisian wits appears to be anti-ministerial, and we have accordingly many a jest, in general *fade* enough, against the Jesuits and Mons. de Villele. The best is a remonstrance from a ministerial member of the Chamber of Deputies against the badness of the minister's dinners, but as in point of fact Mons. de Villele gives the very best dinners in Paris, the joke is not applicable. Admitting the imputation, however, it would certainly be a cruel thing to expect a man to vote against his conscience without ever satisfying his stomach; and the querulous deputy justly complains that his case is worse than that of Esau—"for," says he, "if Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, that mess was at all events well dressed;" the scriptural authority for which, however, we fear it would not be easy to adduce.

To us foreigners, the most amusing or instructive parts of the Almanach are the gastronomic tours through Paris and the provinces. We shall extract the passage relating to the Palais Royal, as that is generally the first spot in Paris hunted out by our countrymen:

"We are at last at the Palais Royal, at that centre of Paris which forms a city in the midst of a city. We have left on the right and left hand MM. Grignon and Devictor, excellent *traiteurs*, whose salons attract, at six o'clock, a numerous and select society of gourmands. M. Juleau arrests us in the passage, and we are obliged to salute his petits-pâtés, &c. We are before the door of M. Véry.

"M. Véry is in fact the patriarch of *traiteurs*. His name has become European, and his cookery is quoted from one pole to the other. His great reputation has not, however, preserved for him the popularity which he formerly enjoyed. His magnificent salons are scarcely frequented but by some few accustomed guests. The cuisine of M. Véry is nevertheless always good; his wines particularly are of an excellent quality; but who can explain the caprices of fortune? The crowd goes

elsewhere; the tables and the bar are solitary. The many will say to this ancient sanctuary of the cuisine, 'Thou art not what thou wert!'

"The neighbour of M. Véry, the old Café de Chartres, after many various fortunes, is at present one of the best-frequented houses of Paris. M. Vefour brought the crowd back, and after having made a fortune sold the property and his numerous body of clients to M. Boissier. His worthy successor has exerted himself to make us forget his fortunate predecessor, and he has succeeded.

"The Café de Chartres is particularly renowned for its breakfasts. Nowhere can be better served up a *sauté*, a fricassee of *poulet à la Marengo*, or a *Mayonnaise de volaille*. The wines are of good quality, particularly those of Beaune and Mâconnais. The Bourdeaux, Champagne, and the wines of the South, leave us something to desire. The salons of the Café de Chartres are encumbered from five o'clock by a crowd of diners. The cookery is then very good, but in general rather *reletée*. The fish, and the game are remarkable for their freshness. In fine, without being an excellent restaurant, the Café de Chartres is a place where you meet good cheer at moderate prices.

"The Café de Foy, which we salute as we go along the stone gallery, is still the same. Smoky chimneys, Gothic and sombre lustres, cups without handles with which we daily burn our fingers, muddy glasses—but also delicious coffee, exquisite liqueurs, and savoury ices;—one cannot well complain of this house. But ought not the proprietor, who has purchased this property for a hundred thousand crowns, to expend five-and-twenty louis in painting it, lighting it with hydrogen gas, and, above all, in purchasing cups with handles?

"His neighbour, M. Corazza, understands his business much better. The objects of consumption in his house are of a choice equally delicate, and we are, besides, served with neatness and elegance.

"M. Prevost is a restaurateur on the second floor, but he has not a less numerous company than those who are below, and the sixty steps which must be ascended to reach his brilliant salons do not frighten away his numerous customers.

"At the extremity of the stone gallery, we stand before the shop of M. Chevet. What a delicious perfume exhales from this admirable store! With what art this display is arranged! How the golden pheasant, the roebuck, and the pullet are skilfully mingled with the salmon, the turkey, and the most delicious fruits! Objects the most dissimilar, productions of the most opposite nature are adroitly contrasted. What riches! what profusion! The earthen vessels of Nerac contain the *patés* of Strasbourg. Perigord has sent thither her truffles, Amiens her pies, Ardennes her legs of mutton, Bar her sweetmeats, Troyes her tongues, Quercy her game; Ai, Bourdeaux, Perpignan, Beaune, Cognac, pay each their tribute. It is a centre where all the gastronomic productions of France and foreign countries meet. M. Chevet is at the head of a ministry. He has his couriers, his *chargés d'affaires*, his ambassadors. His store is a political thermometer. In critical moments, at the period of elections, or the eve of passing a new law, M. Chevet is almost in possession of the secrets of the state. Orders arrive suddenly, and

entables: are then like the oil which facilitates the movement of the wheels. His shop is of service in more ways than one, and it is but justice to have named him the king's purveyor.

"Of whom shall we speak on leaving M. Chevet;—what genius could shine near him? It would be a poor compliment to Messrs. Véron and Baron, his neighbours, to praise their cookery at this moment; and the stone gallery in which the Café Valois and two or three infamous gambling-houses are situated, is not worth speaking of.

"M. Corcelet, who occupies the extremity of it, forms the only inducement to traverse its length. The immense stores of this eminent trader have enjoyed for many years a high and justly deserved reputation. There will be found collected all the nutritive productions of our own and foreign countries. The gammon of Mentz, the Cheshire cheese of England, the chocolate of Bayonne, the cordials of the Islands, the turtles of the Indies, and the boars' hams so dear to the author of *Atala*, are at once presented to the gourmand. M. Corcelet is also well supplied with the produce of the South; his oils, wines, and cordials are delicious. He is one in whom, from his old and established reputation, we can place confidence; and the first houses in Paris, as well as strangers of distinction, supply themselves from his warehouse.

"Not far from M. Corcelet is the 'Frères Provençaux,' a house justly celebrated and always well frequented. At no place is there such provincial cookery. The *Brandades* of cod, fowl *au karik*, and fish fried in oil are beyond all praise; but this house is remarkable above every thing for the extreme trouble that is taken to satisfy the numerous guests. The master of the establishment, the attendants of the kitchen and cellar all vie with each other in civility. Every day the tables of the 'Frères Provençaux' are assailed by crowds of consumers, and so difficult is it to procure a place that one must almost carry it by assault. The old pupils of the imperial Lyceum, the *barbistes*, &c. have their annual dinners here, where gaiety, cordiality, and the affections of youth are rekindled by the delicacy of the meats and the vivacity of the Champagne. This restaurateur holds in fact one of the first places in the consideration of gastronomists.

"Close by Corcelet and the Frères Provençaux is the *Café Lemblin*, which offers it is true neither brilliant gildings nor new decorations, but compensates for these imperfections by the excellence of its viands. Every thing at the *Café Lemblin* is of the first quality. The coffee there is justly celebrated, and is to be preferred to that of any other rival establishment. This place is always full, and yet the majority of the company are habitual attendants. No one ever quits the *Café Lemblin* without forming a determination to revisit it," &c.—vol. i. pp. 210—218.

Such is a fair specimen of the wit of the book. It is not very brilliant, but as good as we can find.

The itinerary in the country is rather amusing, but not excessively so. Some of the best things are little aphorisms or maxims on gourmanderie, of which we shall select the most piquant half dozen.

"Men of erudition, who still attribute the importation of turkeys to the Jesuits, offer as a proof which they consider unanswerable, that in several provinces of France the word Jesuit still signifies a turkey. The fact is that in some remote districts, people invite their friends thus :— 'Come and dine with me, you shall get a fat crammed *Jesuit*.' Thus follows the conversation—'I'll trouble you, sir, for a little of that *Jesuit*.'—'Pray, sir, do you find that *Jesuit* tough or tender?'—'If you please, I will carve this *Jesuit*.' People do not now say a *Jesuit truffè*, but you may say a '*Jesuit en capilotade*,' or a '*Jesuit au feu d'enfer*.'"

"There are still many men in the world who are afraid to sit thirteen at table, were it ever so exquisitely furnished. I know even some free-thinkers, who had rather die of hunger at the side of such a table, than run the risk of dying in any other manner during the course of the year by sitting down to it.

"A friend of humanity, a philanthropic gastronome, who is domiciled in a small town where this superstition of thirteen is in full force, has just sent a circular to all householders in the following terms :

"Sir, (or Madam,)

"Nature has favoured me with a stomach of such capacity, as to enable me to be ready for the table at any hour of the day. My appearance is genteel, and my corpulence tolerable. I possess a collection of anecdotes, songs, and impromptus, which give me the power of sustaining the conversation when it languishes, of singing at the end of a repast, and of improvising a holiday compliment. I carve, and do the honours of the table in capital style. I am never particular, except when I am set at table between a prating old woman and a voracious child, or when my back is to a door which is continually shutting and opening, I have sufficient experience not to meddle with a dish which the mistress is keeping for the next day, on which point my discretion is known since the time of the continental blockade, an epoch, during which nobody ever saw me take either sugar or coffee.

"These, I think, are qualities sufficient to make a man figure usefully at a table where people object to dine *with thirteen*. You, Sir, (or Madam,) will no doubt think it better to let an honest man live, than to run the disagreeable chance of dying yourself in the course of the year. Do not fear, therefore, that you need ever have thirteen at your table, for I shall always be ready to make the number fourteen. I have the honour to be, &c."

"Charles VI. by an edict of 1420, prohibited that any thing more than two dishes and a soup should be served at dinner. Charles VI. died mad."

"Marshal de Mouchy contended that pigeon had a consoling power. When he had lost a friend or relation, he used to say to his cook, 'Have roast pigeons to-day for dinner. I perceive that when I have eaten a couple of pigeons, my grief is considerably diminished.'"

"The mushroom has really had a whimsical destiny; it has been praised and abused with equal injustice. Nero called it the 'Flesh of the Gods.' A grave confessor has given it the epithet of the assassin and regicide vegetable. In fact, it has killed Tiberius, Claudius, the wife and children of Euripides, Clement VII. Charles VI. the widow of the Czar Alexis, &c. &c."

"Champagne apparently is a great favourite of crowned heads. There are in the territory of Ai, four small *clos*, which belonged at once to four sovereigns,—Francis I. Leo X. Charles V. and Henry VIII. These little Bacchine territories remained in peace, while their princes were disputing with arms in their hands, about some paltry corner of the earth."

Our author is not an Anglomane. Douglas, pâtissier de Londres, of the Rue Rivoli, is very much disparaged; his oyster patés declared fit only for the English, and his *gingerber*, as it is here called, brought into very contemptuous opposition to Champagne. And we are very gravely told, that

"The art of giving dinners is still in its infancy in most countries of Europe. In England, the grandest dinners are composed of roast beef, steamed potatoes, fish boiled in salt water, and pudding. Coffee is very rare. You cannot find six establishments in London where you can drink this liquor, and there is scarcely one passable *restaurateur*. Yet the English pretend to be the most civilized people in the world!"

The description of the dinner very sufficiently decides what class of company the writer kept when here. In point of fact, (and we appeal to M. Ude, a most competent judge,) we assert, in spite of all the outcry of the French, that the art of cookery in London not only equals, but far transcends that of Paris, and in all the "appliances and means to boot" that a good dinner requires, we are a century before them. But as *their* gentlemen think proper to live in coffee-houses, and ours do not, it is no wonder that the *restaurateur* of Paris should transcend his brother of London. And yet we should not be afraid to back the Clarendon and the Albion against the best of their rivals in the fair land of France. Between our clubs and the French *restaurateurs* there could be no regular competition, the latter being immeasurably inferior, and yet it is between them that the comparison should be most fairly instituted.

The "*Directeur des Estomacs*" is a paltry book on diet, devoid of science, knowledge of medicine, or wit. *En passant*, we perceive in it the information that *cyder* fortifies the heart. This we own was rather new to us.

ART. VII.—*Discours sur les Améliorations Progressives de la Santé Publique par l'influence de la Civilisation.* Par F. Berard, 8vo. Paris. 1826. pp. 120.

THERE is a natural proneness in the human mind to magnify the past, and to look back upon the years which have been already numbered as those which have witnessed the best and the happiest moments of existence. Amid the anxieties and troubles of manhood we turn to our childish days, and forget all our little circles of miseries, in the remembrance of hours which were passed in innocence and joy. As old age creeps on, and robs the frame day by day of some remnant of its former vigour; when the ear becomes dull to the voices which are babbling near, and the eye dim to the forms which surround it, the mind is busied with the memory of past hours, and holds communion with those who had been the companions of our infancy, and the friends of our maturer years. The extension of the same principle which carries us back with such delight to the beginning of our own career, by a natural transition connects the commencement of society with a similar delusion. Hence the remotest ages have always referred to another and a happier time, when man had not the weak frame and lax virtues of "these degenerate days." That we should *feel* so is more pardonable than that we should *think* so, and yet illustrious names are not wanting to sanction the dogma, that civilization is a curse; that it creates greater wants, arouses viler passions, annihilates the natural equality of man, enervates his body, and vitiates his mind. They have figured the infant state of society to themselves as that in which man had few desires, and nature many gifts; where crime was unknown, for refinement did not exist: nay, one of the most strenuous advocates of these doctrines (Rousseau) has asserted that a reasoning man is a depraved animal.

By him and others of a similar opinion, it has been taken for granted, that the social feeling is acquired, and that men congregate from reflection, or from chance; whereas the fact is, that it is instinctive—an imperative law of nature—and that man is no less under its influence than the bee or the ant. Indeed it may be boldly asserted, that there was no time in which men existed in a state of nature, as it is termed, isolated, and far from fellow men. That the social feeling is independent of reason, and anterior to all knowledge and habit, is a fact which is easily proved from the analogy of animals. In these this instinct is often strongest where there is the least intellect, as, for example, in many tribes of insects; nor does habit, or the influence of the parent on the offspring, generate it. If this were the case, it would be equally

strong in the bear as in the dog, for the one nourishes its cub as long and as tenderly as the other, and yet the bear is essentially a solitary animal. The young stag is for several years a social animal, living in herds, but at the age of puberty the instinct becomes obliterated, and for the rest of his life he remains solitary, affording another example of the insufficiency of habit to raise the social instinct.

In those animals in which the law of force is the principal one of their nature, as in the feline species, the social instinct is also transitory. The male and female repair to the same cave, and the dam defends her offspring at the risk of her own life; these repay her affection, and are obedient to her commands: but no sooner is the secretion of milk at an end, than every trace of the instinct for society is lost, and each seeks a solitude for itself; the weak fly from the strong, and the most powerful drives the more feeble from its prey or its haunts.

A higher, though still a limited grade of sociability, is to be found in the roebuck. When a male and female are once united, they continue so for the rest of their lives; they partake the same retreat, feed on the same pasture, share the same dangers, and enjoy the same fortune; and should one chance to perish, the survivor in a very short time pines to death, unless it meet with a companion of a different sex to its own, and equally solitary as itself.—(*Fred. Cuvier, Ann. des Sciences Nat.* vol. vi.)

Where the social instinct is more developed, and numerous families congregate together, new qualities arise with new relations: there is a spirit of subordination; the young soon learn what they can do, and what they cannot; an habitual deference is paid to the oldest. These, if the tribe be predacious, satisfy their hunger first, and the residue, if any, is left for the younger. Combats take place only among those of nearly the same age. Such are the ordinary effects of the higher grades of the social instinct; but they are often varied by the character of the individual. One shall be more obstinate, strong, or ferocious; another more timid: the latter yields, the former obtains an ascendancy in the society, and that being once established, is always retained, and no intestinal commotion ever occurs to destroy that instinct which binds and keeps them together. Thus then we see that the natural effect of the social instinct in animals is to produce results similar (though of course infinitely more limited) to those which we observe in man, proving therefore that the cause is the same in both, and if instinctive in the one, no less so in the other.

The action of this natural force upon such different materials as the limited faculties of brutes and the illimitable reason of man, must necessarily work very different results. Hence the very na-

ture of the latter presupposes progression in civilization, and as civilization is progressive, so man becomes progressively ameliorated. They, therefore, who advocate the doctrine that civilization is a curse, are guilty of the assertion that man is the only being in the universe who becomes less perfect in the progress of his development. The seed expands itself into perfection, the tree is stronger than the plant, the embryo attains to its full and fair proportions, and the animal is more perfect than the germ. The spirit which is in each fulfils the final cause of its existence only when it has expanded organization to the utmost of its nature. These things are in the womb of time. But man, to whose spirit there is no conceivable limitation, he alone, in sooth, is deteriorated by causes which develop both the moral and physical forces of the species! By himself man is the weakest, when united with his fellows the strongest, of animals. His long and pining infancy; his naked, unarmed frame, in which neither strength nor swiftness are to be found; all his physical wants prove that society is as necessary for his very existence, as the air or the light for that of the humblest flower.

“The social union produces this admirable result; it gives to each the faculties of all, to the weak the power of the strong, to feeble childhood and infirm old age the succours of vigorous manhood; feminine grace is supported by the energy of man; nay, the living are united with the dead! and nothing which is useful to the species ever can become the prey of time. Names, indeed, may perish, but things remain. The human species, as a whole, may be looked upon as an individual gradually acquiring immense force, and becoming more and more perfect in the succession of ages.”—p. 13.

Whenever we find man near that state of nature which is so largely expatiated on, and so ardently desired, in the dreams of Rousseau and Monboddo, we invariably observe him surrounded by circumstances unfavourable to existence, and debased in mind while he is weakened in frame. If we turn to the relation of any newly discovered country, we find that the face of the land is darkened by immense tracts of forest; large masses of water stagnate on the earth, the very air is filled with noxious and pestilent vapours, ferocious and venomous animals abound, and the poor savage, in his boasted state of nature, is like a straw in the whirlpool; the want of means to combat against the evils which surround him never fails to weaken the vital forces, so that longevity amid savage nations is not only rare, but savages in general are more feeble than civilized nations. Le Père Fauque, who lived much among them, says he scarcely saw an old man; Raynal asserts the same of the savages of Canada; Cook and La Perouse of those of the north-west coast of America; Mungo Park of the

Negroes; and Bruce of the Abyssinians.—(Quoted by M. Berard, p. 71.)

The experiments of Mr. Peron clearly prove a point which of itself is sufficiently reasonable, namely, that the best-nourished nations are also the strongest. By means of an instrument called the dynamometer, he subjected the relative forces of individuals to trial, and found the mean result to be as follows:

The mean strength of	Strength of the arms.	Strength of the loins.
12 Natives of Van Diemen's Land was	50·6	
17 ——— of New Holland	50·8	10·2
56 ——— of the Island of Timor . .	58·7	11·6
17 Frenchmen	69·2	15·2
14 Englishmen of New South Wales .	71·4	16·3

The highest numbers in the first and second class were respectively 60 and 62; the lowest in the English trials 63, and the highest 83.

The Spaniards in the new world found the natives in general much feebler than themselves, and the inability of the former to sustain the labour of the mines led to the introduction of African slaves. The Anglo-Americans have always shown themselves stronger than the natives, not only troop to troop, but man to man, (*Volney, Tableau des Etats Unis*, tom. i. p. 447); and Hearne, M'Kenzie, Perouse, Lewis, Clarke, and others have found the same inferiority of physical force in various parts of the North American coast.—(Ch. 5. v. ii. pp. 138, 139 of *Lawrence's Lectures on the Natural History of Man*.)

Some allowance it is true must be made for original variety; but there can be no question that the half-starved natives of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land owe their inferiority of strength to bad and uncertain nourishment—to scarcity of aliments, amounting too often to absolute famine. As an analogical proof that this is the fact, we are informed by the Moravian and Quaker missionaries, who succeeded the Jesuits, that the American tribes which the latter converted had become more robust, bore greater burdens, and were more healthy; and this change was attributed by them to more regular and better living.—(Quoted by M. Berard, p. 106.)

Captain Head, however, in his "Rough Notes," has mentioned the extraordinary strength of the South American miners, but has afforded us no clue to reconcile the account of Herrera—who says one African was equal to four Indians—with his own, which estimates the strength of the American miner of the present day as even greater than that of the Cornish miner.

Life and health are not absolute and stationary quantities, but variable, and their variation depends upon a number of circum-

stances—on proper nourishment—on clothing—on fit habitation, as protection from the elements—and on mental and personal tranquillity; all these are best acquired and best ensured by civilization, and most uncertain under barbarism, or if that phrase pleases better, under a state of nature.

It is through these means, as much as through the natural force of constitution, that man has truly become a denizen of every climate, and can exist under every variation. He alone, of all animals, has been able to adapt his habits to his situation, or rather to compel the circumstances which surround him to minister not only to his necessities, but even to his pleasures. On the other hand, a slight variation of food or climate, in even the most powerful animals, is speedily followed by degeneracy and death. Hence animals, in point of geographical distribution, are as circumscribed as plants, and the difference between them is little more, than that the one is rooted to a spot, the other tethered to a region.

Will it be said then that civilization is a cause of degeneracy, and that those means which alone provide the body with constant and suitable food and clothing—which convert marshes into pasturage, forests into fields—which purify the air and remove all that is noxious in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, while they foster all which is good for man,—that the means which effect these are the very causes of disease and death, of degeneracy of frame and imbecility of mind? They who are willing to adopt this creed, must, if consistent, prefer ancient Gaul to fertile France—Britain in the times of Cæsar and Agricola to England in our own—modern Egypt to Egypt the mother of science, and abounding in wealth and fertility. It is not Egypt only which may be adduced as an illustrious example of our argument, that population, and consequently health, is increased by civilization, and that with barbarism depopulation invariably takes place; Modern Greece, with its islands, Asia Minor and Spain, are no less striking proofs. In the sixteenth century, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, Spain was the very model of Europe. Her soil was rich, her sons proverbially chivalrous, her language was the language of courts, commerce and the arts flourished, and her population amounted to twenty-four millions. (*Robertson's Charles Vth.*) From that period may be dated the commencement of her degeneration; she has now become the most barbarous power in Europe, with a population of ten millions at most.

On the other hand, her neighbours have been progressively advancing in civilization, and they present therefore a progressive scale in the advance of population.

In 1688	the population of England was	5,300,000
1792	8,678,000
1803	9,168,000
1822	12,340,000

a population considerably more than doubled in the space of 134 years.

It will scarcely be necessary to show the increase of population in France, Naples, Switzerland, and the United States; for although they afford results similar to the above, yet the arguments thence derived may not appear so direct as those, by which we shall prove, that mortality has absolutely diminished in Europe as civilization has advanced, and consequently that the intensity of life has augmented for the public, and therefore for the individual.

In 1700	the rate of mortality in London was	1 in 25
1801	and till now	1 in 38

a benefit therefore of thirteen individuals, or one-half.

The rate for *Great Britain* was,

From 1785 to 1789	1 in 43.6
1790 to 1794	1 in 44.7
1795 to 1799	1 in 46.5
1800 to 1804	1 in 47.4

For *England*,

In 1780 1 in 40	In 1800 1 in 47
1790 1 in 45	1810 1 in 50

so that in the short space of thirty years the mortality for England has been diminished one-fourth; a prodigious result, which can only be accounted for by the rapid strides the country has made, and is still making in civilization. *Berard*, p. 49 (*quoted from Heberden*.)

In the first half of the eighteenth century the proportion of deaths to births in *London* was as 3 to 2; in the last half as 5 to 4; and since 1800 the number of deaths is less than that of births as 12 to 15.—(p. 49.)

In *Sweden*, the mean mortality of twenty years, from 1775 to 1795, was 1 in 37, instead of 1 in 35, as in the twenty years preceding. During this period the births did not increase,—it follows, therefore, that individual life had become longer.—(p. 50.)

In *France*, in 1780, the deaths annually were 1 in 30; during the eight years from 1817 to 1824, 1 in 40, nearly one-fourth less. From the census of the population which was taken in 1817, it appears that the average annual difference between the deaths and the births for these eight years, is nearly 200,000 in favour of the latter. Nothing can be a stronger proof of the favourable change in the law of mortality which has taken place in France.

In a Memoir of M. Benoiston de Chateauneuf, quoted by M.

Berard, p. 53, it is proved, that out of 100 new-born infants, in 1780, 50 died in the two first years; at present, 38.3, or an augmentation of $\frac{1}{4}$ of lives in the 100: 55 died before ten years of age; now, 43.7, or about a fifth less; 21.5 attained the age of fifty; now, 32.5 reach that term, or 11 more; 15 reached sixty years; now, 24.

Such are the strong *facts* which offer themselves to support the reasonings *à priori*; and so universal is their application, that we may fairly convict any historian of inconsistency, who would try to persuade us that barbarous and unenlightened nations are the most populous.

Whenever we perceive, that, either from internal mismanagement, or from external causes, personal and mental tranquillity is disturbed, we may fearlessly state, that there commerce and agriculture scarcely exist, and that in consequence the population must be scanty and miserable. Great national intellect, great capacities for action, and a great degree of luxury may still be found among them; but we repeat, that unless with this mental and personal tranquillity be conjoined, the population will be far more scanty than in a nation lower in the scale of intellect, but higher in the application of it to that form of government which promotes the peace of its subjects. Modern Italy contrasted with China furnishes sufficient proof of our assertion.

Hence all those tales of the frozen regions of the north being the *officina gentium* must be received with great suspicion, unless we would believe that the laws of nature now are not those of former times. *These* regions are still deserts, and, like deserts in any other part of the globe, thinly peopled. The impulse of migration might have pushed the overplus of a dense population *through them*, but it was never communicated from these sterile and inhospitable regions themselves. Life has there no intensity. It is within the range of the Tropics that the largest specimens of every form of existence, whether animal or vegetable, are to be found, and there, too, they are the most prolific. As we proceed towards either pole the number and varieties of living forms diminish, and reproduction becomes more scanty. This is true of vegetation and of all the higher grades of animal organization, with very few exceptions.

It has been said that civilization tends to destroy the natural equality of man, and that, by rendering fortunes unequal, it makes the happiness of one man depend on the misery of another. So far is this from being the case, that inequality of rank is the very condition of virtue, industry, and contentment. The savage alone can afford to be slothful; and he who has nothing more elevated than himself may be indifferent, but cannot be said to be content.

The natural equality of man is a chimæra, for the object of

Nature in all her works is variety and not equality; and until it can be shown that all are equal in strength of mind and force of body, the million will yield to the few, and

“The poor shall never depart from the land.”

It has been further stated, that civilization, by extending commerce, has spread disease—this is most true; but, unfortunately, it was the civilized who suffered. For it is curious to observe, in the history of medicine, how almost all the greatest scourges of mankind are traced to their origin in barbarous nations. Thus, syphilis is said to have been brought from America; the small-pox and measles from Arabian hordes; and the plague from Ethiopia. It is, however, by the knowledge of these and similar diseases, so fatally acquired by civilized nations, that remedies are found for them, and good returned for the evil suffered.

On the whole then, it may be said, that one of the main causes of difference in population among nations is the difference in civilization; and it is a curious confirmation of the fact, that in European nations the mortality is greatest in those classes of society which are the poorest, and which therefore approach nearest to the state of uncivilized people in barbarous countries. Dr. Villermé has, in several Memoirs on the comparative mortality of the wealthy and indigent classes at Paris, stated some strong facts respecting the relative mortality of the different arrondissements of Paris. During the five years from 1817 to 1821, the difference of the ratios of mortality was the same, although the absolute mortality varied for the whole of Paris in that period.

In the 1st arrondissement the mortality was						1 in 58
2d	1 in 62
3d	1 in 60
4th	1 in 58
5th	1 in 53
6th	1 in 54
7th	1 in 52
8th	1 in 43
9th	1 in 44
10th	1 in 50
11th	1 in 51
12th	1 in 43 *

In order to account for so striking and constant a result, the local influences were first reviewed; but it was found that the spots most sheltered from north winds and most open to the sun did not present a less ratio of mortality than those placed in pre-

* The proportions here given are from the deaths *au domicile*, and supply an average of 1 in 51; but when the mortality in the hospitals is added, the ratio is increased to 1 in 32.

cisely opposite circumstances. Neither did the water account for the fact.

At length the density of the population was taken into consideration, and it was observed that in the 8th and 12th arrondissements the mean space allotted to each individual was, for the 8th, 48 square metres, and for the 12th, 36; while the mean space for each man in the 7th and 4th arrondissements was 10 and 6 square metres. The seventh and fourth arrondissements, therefore, should have been the most unhealthy, if density of population was the cause of the difference in the ratio of mortality; and yet it will be seen in the above table that these are precisely the two in which the ratio is among the least, while in the eighth and twelfth it is the greatest.

M. Villermé then found, that if the comparative indigence of the different districts was taken into the account, the mortality (with a single exception, that of the eleventh) was greatest among the poorest. Those districts were reckoned the poorest, in which the greatest number of untaxed lodgings were found.

If the districts are arranged in the order of the greatness of the mortality in each, so that the most unhealthy is placed first, the next second, and so on; and if also in another column they are placed in the order of the degrees of indigence, the poorest first, the next so second, the following table will enable the reader to make the comparison, and verify the statement of M. Villermé.

Order of Mortality.	Order of Indigence.	No. of untaxed Lodgings.
1 in 43 for the twelfth	Twelfth	38 in 100
1 .. 43 .. eighth	Eighth	32 .. 100
1 .. 44 ... ninth	Ninth	31 .. 100
1 .. 50 ... tenth	Tenth	23 .. 100
1 .. 51 ... eleventh	Seventh	22 .. 100
1 .. 52 ... seventh	Fifth	22 .. 100
1 .. 53 ... fifth	Sixth	21 .. 100
1 .. 54 ... sixth	Eleventh	19 .. 100
1 .. 58 ... fourth	Fourth	15 .. 100
1 .. 58 ... first	First	11 .. 100
1 .. 60 ... third	Third	11 .. 100
1 .. 62 ... second.	Second	7 .. 100

It is not easy to say on what the exception of the eleventh district depends, but the facts on the whole bear out M. Villermé in his statement that the poorest are those who suffer most from disease. By saying that they suffer most, however, we do not mean to assert that the distribution of Providence is so unequal, that they who have engrossed the goods of the earth are also they who are the least afflicted. It is most true that mortality is greatest among the poor; to them life is short, but to the rich death is long, and accompanied by all the anxieties and cares which high stations,

more extended sympathies, and greater constitutional excitements naturally produce. Among barbarous nations and the poor of civilized ones, acute diseases produce the mortality. Among the better classes of civilized nations chronic maladies abound. There is one appalling fact which we must adduce in support of our assertion, that mortality is greatest among those who suffer the greatest privations; we allude to the mortality among slaves. In America, it was observed that a very large importation of slaves speedily required renewal, so much did the deaths predominate over the births. According to Hufeland, "*Art of Prolonging Life*," p. 165, one-sixth of the negroes perished in the West Indies annually, "a result which is only paralleled," he adds, "by the ravages of the most inveterate pestilence." The births among the *free negroes* of Martinique and Guadaloupe were four in a hundred, among the *slaves* two in a hundred.

The ratio of deaths of the free negroes in our troops is three and one-third in a hundred, while that among the slaves is seventeen in a hundred, or about five times as many. (*Berard*, p. 63.)

If any argument were wanting to crush this iniquitous traffic in life, this surely were conclusive. The liberty of an animal is conjoined with no high motives. In the desert or the forest his greatest gratification is to minister to his gross appetites, and that place has the most charms for him where his prey is the most plentiful. Learn his propensities and supply his wants, and he lives as long, and is as free, in his cell as he was in his cave. Excite new tastes by giving him food which in a state of nature he could not obtain, and you make him an attached and willing dependent. But who shall supply to the slave the home, the friends, the parents, and all the associations of his early years? Palaces may shelter him, but they have not the pleasant shade of the solitary palm in the desert. Living waters may flow for him, but like the captive of old, he will sit by the waters, even of a Babylon, and weep

"When he thinks of thee, O Zion!"

Much has been said of the ameliorated condition of our slaves in the West Indies. But the best mode of verifying these assertions would be to examine into the ratio of mortality among them at present, and compare it with that of former years, and also with that of the free negroes and the free inhabitants of the islands. If the slave is as happy or happier, as some would make us believe, than the free negro, we may rest assured, *ceteris paribus*, that the rate of deaths and births will be at least equal in the two classes. But should these rates be materially different, they will furnish the best gauge we know of the quantum of misery endured or benefit derived.

We have scarcely touched upon the exercise of intellect, the

necessary result of civilization, as a mean of prolonging life; and yet nothing tends more to procure sound health and quiet days than a due activity in the functions of the brain. Hufeland, in the work already cited, says, there is no instance of longevity in a professed idler. The truth is, that he who is occupied on subjects requiring thought, has not leisure to be intemperate. But independent of the protection which mental occupation gives against excess of all sorts, still there is much truth in the assertion, "qu'on meurt de bêtise." From all consistent analogy we must infer that the most important organ of the body, the brain, must have a great influence in the vitality of the frame. If any other organ ceases to perform its function, it immediately decays, and the constitution sympathises more or less with the local injury; if a limb is not used the muscles shrink, and the bone becomes soft; so that no axiom in physiology is clearer, than that the performance of the function of an organ is necessary to the health of that organ. So much for the theory of the thing. But facts show that they who have exercised their brains have usually attained to a good old age. Of one hundred and fifty-two *savans* taken at hazard, one half from the Academy of Belles Lettres, the other from that of Sciences of Paris, it was found that the sum of years lived among them was 10,511, or about sixty-nine years to each man. And M. Brunaud has shown in his "*Hygiène des Gens des lettres*," that literary men have, in all climates and times, usually been long-lived. So true is it that knowledge is a blessing, and the propagation of it a duty. Even among brutes, Fred. Cuvier has remarked that the stupidest are the least amenable to kindness, and he instances the males of the whole class of ruminants, while the tiger and the hyæna, raised in the scale of intellect, will come to be caressed by the hands of their keeper. Had our limits permitted, we might have compared the civilization of modern with those of ancient kingdoms. But the reader may, if he be so inclined, visit the British Museum or any other collection of antiquities, look on the utensils of domestic economy among the Greeks and Romans, and compare them with those of his own country; or, if he will turn over the *Memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres*, for learned and amusing accounts of ancient times and customs, and then compare these with "*Beckman's History of Inventions*," we think he will come to the same conclusion with M. Berard, that a workman of London with his week's wages is surrounded with, and can probably command more solid comforts than the noblest Roman in the Augustan age, or the most luxurious Greek in the age of Pericles.

ART. VIII.—1. *Reise durch Schweden, Norwegen, Lapland, Finnland, und Ingermannland, in den Jahren 1817, 1818, und 1820.* Von Friedrich Wilhelm von Schubert, der Theologie Doctor und Professor in der Königl. Preuss. Universität zu Greifswald. 3 vols. 8vo. Leipsig. 1823.

2. *Notices sur la Littérature et les beaux Arts en Suède.* Par Marianne Ehrenström. 8vo. Stockholm. 1826.

THAT we have had enough and to spare of travels and voyages in all possible shapes, is, generally speaking, undeniable; and it is but fair to admit that Sweden and the adjacent countries have, within the last twenty years, had their due allotment of descriptive quartos and octavos; still there are some interesting characteristics of these countries, which, up to the present day, have been almost entirely overlooked in the English works. If we consider for a moment the topic of *literature* in the first place, and apply to any one among the learned of our own country; let us try, for example, among professors nodding under their laurels in the plenitude of wisdom, or among hard-working studious aspirants, in the bosoms of our two *Almæ Matres*, and put the question,—what author now resident at Stockholm, Upsala, or Lund, he considers most praiseworthy, and the odds are enormous, that, in the answers we should receive, our learned professor or aspirant would betray a complete unconsciousness that these universities had any character highly eminent to boast of since the times of Rudbeck and Linnæus. Let us try the same question at the modern Athens, or any of the other universities of the sister kingdom, and we are confident of the same result.

Joking apart, the continued and utter neglect of Swedish authors in England, though naturally enough to be accounted for, is yet scarcely justifiable. The degree of ignorance regarding their *existence* is perhaps not so great as we have here suggested; yet we may decidedly affirm that, of “the reading public,” not even one in a thousand has ever thought about the matter, while among our critics it would prove exceedingly difficult to find an individual competent to give a fair estimate of the publications, such as they are, that have appeared at Stockholm within the last twenty years. This at present we ourselves cannot venture to undertake, for translated specimens would be absolutely requisite, and the stock of *materiel* on our shelves is not yet sufficient to admit of our making a fair and equitable selection. Besides, we have a book of travels on our table, to which, after a few more preliminary remarks, we shall principally direct our reader's attention.

Unquestionably, if the three ponderous octavos now before us had merely treated the same topics with our own travellers, who have successively followed each others steps for the last twelve years, over the same ground, from Dr. Clarke to Captain Jones inclusive, we should not have felt much inclination to undertake the labour of wading through Dr. Schubert's production, for fear of incurring the reproach, that as Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and all the other northern kingdoms, have been described a hundred times, they consequently can afford nothing sufficiently curious, new and important to require farther investigation. We certainly do not consider such minute analysis as Mr. Schubert presents of northern statistics, in every possible branch, as an absolute desideratum, for the details are more curious than useful to an inhabitant of England. We take a special interest in Sweden, however, for a reason known to but few of our readers, viz. that since the year 1786, and still more since 1810, there has been a stirring spirit among her literary characters, who, within that short space of time, have achieved so much in various departments, that we may not only expect farther improvement, but also entertain hopes that Swedish authors will one day or another be acknowledged over Europe as highly deserving of respect and attention.

On this account, as we have hinted above, we are the more disposed to notice the present work, though the industrious author himself is by no means a bibliographer. But from a natural association of ideas, we read willingly statistical and other details relating to a people, from whose literature we trust to draw before long specimens that will prove both useful and entertaining.

Already several essays have been devoted to this subject in France; but without referring to them, at present, we may observe, that ever since the year 1739, when Charles XII. established that academy, of which Linnæus was the chief ornament, scientific pursuits have been followed up both at Stockholm and Upsala, with great perseverance and assiduity. Of late years, not only has natural history as before been zealously cultivated, but in the departments of chemistry, natural philosophy in all its branches, mathematics, &c. many characters of high respectability have appeared, among whom we may reckon Berzelius, Accrell, Broling, Cronstadt, Engeström, Garney, Hedinberg, Hedin, Hermelin, Hielm, Hisinger, Hallström, C. T. Lidbeck, Nordwall, Retzius, Rubers, Skiofdebrand, and Swedenstierna, who have all either published scientific works, or contributed to periodicals. That their labours are little known out of their own country is assuredly no proof that they are unworthy of regard.

Even the light-armed infantry of poets and dramatists fail to make their way across the frontiers; at all events, they have not reached Great Britain; and we believe the lurking cause of all this is merely a very groundless prejudice against the Swedish language, which might have proved a bar in the way of Linnaeus, as well as any other man of genius, if he had not written in the language universal amongst scholars.

For the last twenty years, however, the investigation of history and antiquities has rather prevailed over that of abstract science. There is not wanting a tolerable party of metaphysicians and political economists; above all, poets and dramatic writers are numerous and flourishing; while, as to prose novels, it must be owned that circulating libraries are chiefly supplied by translators, the stock of national productions in that way being remarkably scanty; but it will no doubt rapidly increase, the Countess Charlotte de Berger having begun, in the year 1814, to set a laudable example of industry in the composition of pathetic romances. Among historians or illustrators of history, Afzelius, a learned and indefatigable clergyman has, with the aid of Mr. Rask of Copenhagen, completed a work of infinite value to all those who wish to examine into Scandinavian antiquities, viz. a translation into Swedish of the Icelandic prose and poetical Eddas, along with a new edition of the originals, most industriously collated with the different MSS. at Copenhagen and Upsala; to which they have added "*The Scalda*," (or *Art of Poetry*,) this last never having been till then correctly printed. With regard to Mr. Rask, it may be worthy of notice, that after having been an observant traveller in many countries, and acquired an absolute power over almost every modern language, he has found himself more interested by the literary character of the Swedes than by that of any other continental nation; and this too in defiance of the prejudices which, as a Dane, he may be supposed to have imbibed, the inhabitants of Copenhagen detesting most cordially those of Stockholm, so that even Swedish books are held by the former in utter contempt. In some respects, these publications of Mr. Afzelius and his friend are decidedly superior to their precursors of the same class by Von der Hagen, Grimm, and others, which have appeared in Germany.

In conformity to the example thus afforded, a society was framed at Upsala in 1821, for the purpose of bringing out a capital edition of the Norwegian history, written in Icelandic, by Snorro Sturleson, in the thirteenth century, with a Swedish translation, followed by the "*Sagen*" (old stories) of King Suerrer, who flourished about the same early period. Passing over the

rest of such antiquarian researches, we may observe that the same Afzelius, aided by Professor Geyer of Upsala, has published a collection of Swedish Songs, in three volumes, octavo, which well deserve a place on the shelves of the bibliographer. These are accompanied by historical dissertations, and by a quarto volume of music, containing many delightful airs not elsewhere to be found, having been then first taken down from the voice of the singers. Nor is it merely on Scandinavian mythology, but also on comparatively modern subjects, that the Swedish historians have been actively employed, thus rescuing by degrees many valuable documents from oblivion. Among these undertakings we must not forget the voluminous "Records of Northern History," adventured by a literary society at Stockholm, and brought out periodically in octavo volumes. By this work much light has been thrown on the times when the race of Vasa swayed the sceptre, and materials are afforded for a complete view of the reign of Charles XII. who is, above all, the favourite national hero. About five years ago, a separate dissertation on his character, and on the changes in the government after his death, was published by Professor Geyer, and justly excited great attention. The most important historical collection, however, is that entitled "*Scriptores Rerum Suecicarum mediæ ævi*," published under the care of Geyer and Schröder, at Upsala. It was intended to be comprised in three folio volumes, but we have not heard whether more than the first (published in 1818) has appeared. The present King contributed to bear the expense of this national work, which at the same time is well received and supported by the public, who were much interested by the old rhymed chronicles in the first volume, several of which had never before been printed. Among older historians, the best are Dalin and Lagerbring, of whom the latter was in favour about the year 1770; but his opinions and statements have been vehemently combated by Mr. Hallenberg, historiographer royal at Stockholm, who is one of the most promising writers in prose. Other names should be included, for example, Granberg, Count Schwerin, Silferstolpe, Lindförs, and Liliegren, of whom the first has published an excellent history of Gottenburg, the reign of Gustavus IV., various tracts on Statistics, &c. and the two last are authors of some recent works on Scandinavian records, which ought to have been enumerated above with those of Geyer and Afzelius. Before proceeding to mention some of the poets and metaphysicians, we shall only add, that, in topography and illustrated books, the Swedish press has been rather prolific. In particular, we might allude to three volumes by Liliegren, on Northern Antiquities, with lithographic prints; also a work of

Blexell on Holland, which contains much valuable information ; five volumes on West Gothland, by Lindskög, and another publication on East Gothland, by Widegren. Of the remarkable old castle, Skokloster, celebrated in the time of the Thirty years' war, there is an interesting description, with copperplates, by Rochliess. We should note also Thersner's views of Schonen, in ten volumes, which supply a continuation of Dalberg's great work, "*Suecia Antiqua et Hodierna*."

Now then for the "*genus irritabile*." Sweden seems in many respects well adapted to become a poetical country ; and we find that her natives are even as much attached to their own romantic scenes, their wild birch woods, gleaming lakes, and rocky vallies, as those of Scotland and Switzerland. The mythology of the old, and still more of the later Edda, supplies them with beautiful allegories and effective machinery, which, (though we do not forget Dr. Sayers,) seem never to have been properly understood and appreciated in England. Among the most wonderful instances of genius that have appeared in any age or nation, we may reckon Bellmann, the Swedish Anacreon, a self-taught poet, who was born in 1741, and died in 1796. His songs, it is true, will rarely, if ever, bear translation ; the allusions being local, and the scenes almost always laid in low life ; but, on account of their spirit and originality, they afford most admirable models. Besides, Bellmann's genius was far from being confined to verse-making only. The music to his numerous songs was almost invariably of his own composition, so that in the command over the sister arts, we believe he is unrivalled. We have heard respectable judges affirm that, as a musical composer, independently of his poetical merits, Bellmann was entitled to very high distinction. On account of his partiality to low life, he has been compared to Teniers, Ostade, and Gerard Douw, among painters ; however, the analogy is but superficial ; for the painter strives to represent things as they really are ; whereas Bellmann creates for himself a new world out of the rudest materials, and while he writes almost always in the character of a Bacchanalian, we may be assured that his productions are not such as the undue stimulus of wine, but on the contrary, that of nature and extraordinary genius, matured by discipline, could have inspired. That he lived well, and was of a buoyant jovial humour, we doubt not ; but he lived for Art more than for pleasure ; or rather his pleasure consisted in that art by which in his own country he has gained immortal reputation. It is difficult to convey a clear idea of Bellmann's principles, on which, perhaps, a new school of poetry might be founded. However, let any one recollect the tract of investiga-

tion which has been gone over by our own Gräbe (excepting, of course, the prisons and work-houses,) and picture to himself the self-same scenery and circumstances lighted up by a fervid spirit of pleasure, instead of being chilled and clouded by the influence of satirical hypochondriacism: then some idea may be gained of Bellmann's leading characteristics.

About the year 1785, Leopold, a special favourite of Gustavus III. first came into public notice, and has ever since been held in great estimation. Most of the Swedish poets latterly have been men of some rank and consequence. Leopold is not only distinguished as a leading member of the Stockholm Academy, but has been raised to the station of Privy Counsellor, Secretary of State, and Commander of the Polar Star Order of Knighthood. Although his models were almost exclusively drawn from the French school—at that time (1785) none of the best—yet in his smaller poems there is often a degree of animation and energy such as could not have been expected from a mere imitator. His language too, is always clear, forcible, and flowing; but we cannot say much in favour of his elaborate tragedies. “Odin” is more tolerable and readable than “Virginia;” but both are examples of an ill-judged attempt to naturalize the sonorous rhodomontade and see-saw versification of the French poets, in the uncongenial climate of Sweden; while, on the other hand, his “Academical Discourses” are very respectable. There are also some prose novellettes, particularly those of “Kraket, or the Three Hard Words,” “Annette and Ægle,” and “The Beautiful Bigot,” which we have read with satisfaction: Voltaire, as a dramatic writer and poet, seems to have been the grand idol of Leopold; and whatever appeared in the literary world, not sanctioned by his example, proved in Leopold's estimation utterly contemptible. The taste for the writings of Shakspeare, and the school of nature, which began then to prevail in Germany, and the translations of them, led gradually to a great revolution in ideas relative to dramatic composition. In this revolution Klinger led the way, (by the bye, *he* is a character still unheard-of in England,) and was followed by Goethe and Schiller, the Schlegels, &c.; the works of these German authors found their way to Stockholm, and there found partizans; but to all such innovators Leopold and his partizans declared open hostility; and the French models might have retrieved their ascendancy through the influence of Leopold in the Academy, had it not been for Thorild and Ehrensward, incomprehensible riddles for the time in which they lived. They looked upon the Privy Counsellor Leopold, with his Academical Discourses, his Addresses to the King, his Odes, Elegies, and Sonnets, as an

homme borné, and treated him accordingly. Of these two, Thorild was infinitely the more bold and distinguished writer. Three editions of his works have appeared in Sweden since the year 1812, one of them with fine embellishments. The most important of these are his Travels in Italy, Philosophy of the Arts, and Letters to Gustavus III. all which have been translated into German, and which were indeed the first effectual attacks of a daring Scandinavian spirit, on the system of the Frenchified academicians, which would never have proved the means of rousing their literary countrymen from torpor.

Hence arose a most lively contest. Thorild was soon aided by Hoyer, Oedmann, Almquist, and Silferstolpe. There ensued a war of periodical writers, which, as usual, had the effect of sharpening the wit on both sides. The Leopold party had their weekly Literary and Theatrical Journal, in which, of course, they reduced all their ideas to French line and measure. This was followed up by their opponents, with "The Lyceum," a monthly publication; "The Polypheme," "The Aurora," above all, by "The Phosphoros," a monthly magazine, made up of reviews, prose narratives, and poetry. The principal contributors to this last were Atterbome, Palmblad, Endborn, Elgström, Ingelgren, and Sanden, all of whom were poets of extraordinary and original talent. In particular, we should recommend Atterbome, Ingelgren, and Elgström, who (the latter we mean) died untimely in 1810. Along with these periodicals must be reckoned "The Iduna," chiefly devoted to history and antiquities; and "Svea," edited by Professor Geyer, of which the contents are miscellaneous. But we know few publications more interesting than "The Phosphoros,"—scarce any one that to a British reader is so perfectly novel in character. The first poems that we perused there, were two short sketches, entitled, "Kyrko Garden," (the Church-yard) by Atterbome, in which he has called the imagery of the later Edda into life, with a degree of passionate melancholy and imaginative fervour, such as we have rarely seen equalled.

The number of poets and metaphysicians, as we have already said, is redundant; and we shall now reckon up a few names of those who are most eminent. Perhaps no one better deserves to wear the laurel wreath than Tegner, the present Bishop of Wexio, regarding whom we shall extract a few words from the volume published by Madame Ehrenström, the title of which we have prefixed to this Article.

"Tegner's romance of 'Axele,' translated into German, by the Baroness Helvig, by Mr. Schlei, and several others, has made a most lively impression; and not only has Goethe characterized the work as

'a new and brilliant meteor in the poetical world,' but he has reprinted it in his Journal, with a warm eulogium. The Baron de G——, a native of Holland, informed me that he had been induced to learn the Swedish language for no other reason but that he might read 'Axele' in the original, so much had he been delighted with the German versions. Having proceeded thus far, the Baron studied all the rest of our living authors, and has expressed the greatest admiration of their productions. Indeed he was altogether astonished at the unexpected treasures in Swedish literature, so little known in any other country! The romance of 'Axele' has been translated into English,* and Mr. Holmbergson has supplied designs illustrative of the principal scenes in this charming poem. Tegner must have been inspired by the most heroic patriotism when he composed 'The Svea,' which gained a prize from the Stockholm Academy. His 'War Songs for the Jutland Chasseurs, and for the Conscripts of Schonen,' are so spirited, that they might excite courage even in a poltroon. Moreover, his vein of satire is biting and irresistible. Woe to the poor wight who incurs his indignation! The poem of 'Frithioff' is even superior to that of 'Axele'; it has more variety of interest, and has indeed acquired much influence over the public mind. Herein the philosopher discovers food for meditation; the most fastidious critic cannot refuse his applause; young ladies devour his beautiful descriptions; their attention is riveted by his parting scene of the two lovers; they are moved even to tears by the lamentations of 'Ingeborg.' Every Swede feels proud to be a compatriot of 'Frithioff,' and inspired by such a heroic model, he renews the inviolable oath, 'to live and die for his country.'"—p. 96.

The Bishop of Wexio, though unquestionably possessed of great learning and accomplishments, has published but little in comparison with Mr. Ling, Director of the Gymnastic Academy at Upsala, a man of a very powerful and original mind. Like our own Dryden and some others, he did not appear as an industrious author, till he was rather advanced in life, but having once begun, moved onward with rapidity, producing twenty-five or thirty plays, founded mostly on the early history of his own country, which have been received with great approbation, besides several epic and minor poems, which we hope to notice at some future period. One great reason for the interest we feel in these works is their being so purely and decidedly Swedish or Scandinavian. Leopold's efforts, on the contrary, were directed to the transplanting of Parisian exotics into a northern climate; Mr. Ling endeavours to make the most of those which are indigenous,—we mean the old Scandinavian models.

Professor Geyer of Upsala has already been mentioned as a historian and antiquary, but claims to be reckoned also among poets, for his antiquarian magazine, entitled "*Iduna*," has often been enlivened by excellent verses, and his own productions are

* This Translation has not fallen into our hands.—Editor.

all marked by fervour and originality. His poems, entitled "The Pirate," "The Last of the Bards," and "The Last of the Heroes," are especially admired, and would be found most eligible for the purposes of a translator, as they afford so much insight into the peculiar characteristics of northern nations. On consideration, however, we believe that Atterbome should have stood at the head of our list; and while Leopold has been called by his admirers the Swedish Voltaire, Atterbome is frequently styled the Goethe of the North. His acquirements are of a much wider range than those of Ling, or even Tegner; he has seen more of the world, having lived for a long time in Italy, to which country frequent allusions are made in his poems, printed in "The Phosphoros," and in his own poetical "Almanack," the latter having been kept up with great spirit for many years. No one has been more zealous than Atterbome in endeavouring to promote a taste for English and German literature, in opposition to the old French school of Leopold, and he is one of the few Swedish poets who have succeeded equally well in prose and in verse. There are many other authors not undeserving of being mentioned; for example, the Privy Counsellor Kullberg, who has at different times edited three periodicals, and is the author of several poems which have been much praised, as those on "Domestic Happiness," and on "Old Age." Then comes the Privy Counsellor Wallmark, a distinguished leader of the French faction, who still edits the "Almanna Journal," a new series of the weekly paper formerly superintended by Leopold. Professor Franzén is a very popular author, and has been compared by his countrymen, at one time, to Sir Walter Scott, and at another to Lord Byron! There are in particular two volumes of his "Poetical Tales," which are far from being deficient either in spirit or elegance. He joined with Count Adlerspar in a literary journal, of which we forget the name, but which was supported also by Silferstolpe, and various others, especially by Madame Langrén, a poetess of high endowments, whose untimely death is much deplored in Sweden. Hammersköld has published "Poetic Studies," and "An Essay towards a History of the Plastic Art," besides many other lucubrations, which, though little encouragement has been bestowed on them in his own country, evince considerable ingenuity. We have, moreover, Valerius, a poet with the title of Foreign Secretary,—Madame Aspin, *alias* Euphrosyne, the Mrs. Hemans, or L. E. L. of the North,—the collected works of the State Counsellor Adlerspeth,—Pehr Wallström, a genius who, like Atterbome, has travelled much, and in various countries, after which he returned contentedly home, to cultivate poetry and his landed estate in the

cold regions near Carlstadt,—nor must we leave out Aspalin; author of “*My Native Land*,” and other verses of great merit and beauty.

Without attempting or intending to give specimens of composition, we have thus hastily run over a few names to prove that Sweden is by no means without authors, and that those authors are not without the spirit of industry and emulation. We had noted these names from recollection merely, before Madame Ehrenström's work came into our hands;—in that we find above three hundred literary characters enumerated, to do proper justice to whom, this article must have been devoted altogether to the literature of Sweden, a plan which we defer till another time. But in posting through the first volume of Dr. Schubert's work, we think we shall also prove, that in regard to public institutions, statistical regulations, morals, manners, and religion, there is much deserving the notice of our countrymen. We have little doubt that the work before us contains more information on these points than all the works that have been published in England, from the days of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall down to the present time. Dr. Schubert is indeed rather too minute in his details; and were the work to be transferred to our language, the three volumes might very properly be reduced to two of moderate size. However, we have followed him in his long tour with great interest and satisfaction.

The author's primary object in going to Sweden, Lapland, &c. was to inquire into the state of religion and church-discipline in the North, on which subjects he has already published two volumes octavo, printed at Greifswald, in 1821. But in regard to industry in collecting materials, surely there is no traveller equal to a German professor! After his primary intention was accomplished, and his book on church-discipline given to the world, he perceived that he had memoranda still on hand, sufficient to make out three volumes more on subjects not professional and sacred, but miscellaneous and profane. These volumes amount to no less than fifteen hundred pages, of which we cannot be expected to give any adequate analysis. The very table of contents, taken from the heads of chapters, would fill at least eight or ten pages; but we shall give enough to enable our readers to form a pretty fair estimate of the author's capacity for observation and description. One reigning peculiarity in his book might perhaps be considered a fault, but it is not so in our estimation: viz. from the beginning to the end of his journey he is delighted with the situations in which he finds himself, and with all the living characters who come in his way. It is probable that an English tourist would have drawn very different conclusions;

but on the whole, we stand a much better chance of receiving a useful and equitable statement from a traveller who retains his good-humour, than from one who quarrels constantly with every petty inconvenience, till at last all agreeable impressions are effaced, and all pleasant objects veiled from his sight, by the vapours of hypochondriacism and the home-sickness.

The Doctor launches from Stralsund in May, 1818, and proceeds by the packet-ship to Ystad, which, as usual, he describes as a most agreeable town; it is built entirely of wood, and has about three thousand inhabitants. Here he provides himself with a convenient two-wheeled spring-carriage, and recollecting all the subjects which a stranger most wishes to be acquainted with on his arrival in a foreign country: viz. money, inns and inn-keepers, post-horses and postilions, maps and travellers' guides, he devotes his first chapter to a most minute investigation of all these points. The explanation respecting paper money, and the necessity of providing a great quantity of copper coins before setting out, for fear of not getting change upon the road, are only prudential and *à propos*. But his description of the mode of travelling is such as no one surely but a Greifswald professor could have supplied. Here he has gone thoroughly and radically to work, furnishing us with a regular history of the gradual improvements which the roads and post regulations have undergone, from the days of King Magnus Ericson, in the year 1344, up to the present day! The roads in Sweden are indeed extolled by all tourists; one is rarely detained for want of horses, and may advance at the rate of eighty or a hundred miles per day; while, though sometimes an old woman, sometimes a boy or girl of ten or fifteen years old, officiates as postilion, it is very seldom that any unpleasant accident or interruption occurs. The people are almost invariably honest, and the remuneration to such drivers is so small, that the value of a penny, or even a half-penny sterling, will have nearly as much influence as that of a shilling in England. Notwithstanding the smoothness of the highways, there is no such annoyance as a toll-bar. "But above all," says the Doctor, "the politeness and intelligence of the postilions render our progress through the country delightful; though their advantage can only be felt in its fullest extent by one who has a thorough command of the Swedish language. Even to a stranger, however, who cannot converse with them, they are equally attentive, endeavouring by signs to find out all his wants and wishes. Nor is this the result of mercenary motives, but of that sheer good-nature, cheerfulness, and readiness to oblige, which are here almost constantly met with among the lower orders." The comforts enjoyed by

the Swedish peasantry,—their integrity of principle, and regularity of conduct, have been often noticed before; yet by no author are these characteristics, arising from the peculiar system of government, so frequently brought forward and dilated on as by Dr. Schubert. Even from the humblest *bauer*, or farmer, he is oftentimes able to obtain valuable information; for the farmer considers himself, and actually is, a member of the State, who may be chosen as a representative and spokesman of his district at the next Grand Diet; he would therefore feel heartily ashamed if he were not a ready penman and arithmetician, qualified also to speak with confidence on political economy and religious discipline, as well as on agriculture, manufactures, fisheries, the management of sheep and cattle, &c.; “nor is there any risk of being misled on such occasions; for if your informant be not prepared on the question, he will rather tell you at once, ‘That is more than I know,’ than take up your time and attention with vague and ungrounded assertions.”

With regard to the national bank, and money in all its ramifications, the Doctor's dissertation is about as complete and systematic as that on post-roads. Then come the maps and other *compagnons du voyageur*, among which he particularly recommends Thuneld's Geography. At length we behold him in his travelling carriage, on the road from Ystad to Stockholm, in fine weather, with the perfume of violets already in the air. After some remarks on the military and religious discipline of soldiers at Dalby, we find him at Lund, which he describes as a most delightful town, adorned by fine double rows of tall lime-trees, and, though there are not above four thousand inhabitants, possessing many flourishing institutions, besides the university, which is about as well attended and reputable as that of Upsala. There is no garrison in the place, and every disturbance is carefully guarded against which could at all interfere with the regular habits so necessary for the purposes of the student. Even the appearance of players and such like contributors to public amusement is strictly forbidden. The conduct of the professors is mild and dignified; the students are eminently distinguished by their industry and propriety of demeanour, contrasting forcibly in this respect with those of the German universities. The professors have in general very good salaries, and are exceedingly attentive and polite to visitors. The most perfect spirit of unanimity and social cheerfulness prevails through the town; yet the old system of economy and frugality is never laid aside, and this, not so much from the wish to receive money, as from a well-regulated plan to protect both masters and students from the dangers of relaxation and luxury. They rise very early; break-

fast and dine at hours which seem antediluvian even to a German; and according to rule, social evening parties must never remain late together, that is, not after nine,—certainly not after ten o'clock. The degree of kindness, confidence, and hospitality, with which a stranger is received at Lund, and indeed all over Sweden, cannot be too much extolled.

The number of professors, inferior teachers and assistants, was, when our author visited them in 1821, about sixty, and that of the students about four hundred. At the head of the university is the Chancellor, who must always be a man previously important by birth and office, proposed by the *Senatus Academicus* and approved by the king. In Upsala the Crown Prince then held the station of Chancellor; in Lund, the minister for foreign affairs, Count Engeström. Under the Chancellor, there is a Rector who has more immediately the jurisdiction of the Academy, partly vested in his own person, partly in conjunction with the *Senatus Academicus*, or inferior Consistorial Committee, according to the importance of the case. Each of the universities (Lund and Upsala) has its own peculiar statutes, including rules for the students, who are, on the whole, subjected to very strict discipline. Duels (in Germany so frequent) are here unheard of, and even petty dissensions are of rare occurrence. Industry, perseverance, quietness, and good humour, are the leading attributes,—to the preservation of which, the division of the students into Tribes, or *Nations*, as they are called, mainly contributes. These Tribes are chosen and nominated according to the districts from which the young men have come; or, if one district affords but few, then several are clubbed together. The being incorporated with some one of these Nations is a necessary step towards matriculation, and requires the payment of a certain yearly tax, appropriated to useful purposes; for books and scientific apparatus are provided, which no single student could have been rich enough to purchase, seats are rented in the churches, &c. The Tribes compose, and read among themselves, dissertations in Latin, and vie with one another in preparing those exercises required by the professors. If any individual proves unmannerly, dissolute or negligent, he is admonished or censured by his companions; but if the same misconduct is continued, he becomes finally a proscrip[t] and is expelled with disgrace. Even the members of each Tribe are subdivided into different ranks, such as curators, who are usually graduates, and teachers, or adjuncts, who act under the surveillance of their seniors; while at the head of every Nation stands a professor or inspector.

Instead of following out the minute details of Dr. Schubert

regarding the University, we shall rather have recourse to Molbeck,* a tourist of an earlier date, for some notice of Professor Norberg, one of the most distinguished literary characters, who, as a master of the Oriental languages, has very few rivals in Europe. Above forty years ago, in company with the well-known Villoison, and with Björnstaht, he travelled through various countries, residing for a long while in France and Italy, and for eighteen months in Constantinople,—whence he had intended to make his way into Asia and Greece, had he not been recalled in 1780 by a mandate of Gustavus III. In Constantinople he acquired a thorough knowledge of the Turkish language, which, as written in books, differs exceedingly from that commonly employed in conversation and transactions of business. He continued this study nearly thirty years, and among various other labours completed a translation of an important treatise on Oriental geography, which extends to several quarto volumes, though he must have been supported in this task by the mere love of industry, for he could have had no sanguine hopes of being enabled ever to give such a voluminous undertaking to the public.

Nor, in this respect, was the immediate encouragement greater in regard to another of his achievements, which alone is sufficient to render his name immortal. In Paris he discovered and transcribed a MS. code in the language of the Sabæans, a Galilean dialect, to which the Syriac, among known languages, bears the nearest resemblance. The title is "the Book of Adam," and its contents unfold the religious system and annals of the Sabæans, or Nazareans, a singular sect, which is understood to have had its origin in the first century, from among the disciples of St. John the Baptist. Norberg, notwithstanding his extraordinary command over the Eastern languages, had yet infinite difficulties to surmount before he could succeed in interpreting these mystical records. Not only were the language and doctrine of the author (or authors) obscure in the utmost degree, but the hand-writing, on account of its very anomalies, vacillating between the Chaldee and Syriac, was scarcely to be deciphered. In vain did he search for some learned assistants in Paris, and afterwards in Constantinople, though he derived some advantage in the latter metropolis from consultation with a Maronite clergyman of Aleppo, who gave him much information about a peculiar race, calling themselves Galileans, which still exists in Syria, at El Markab, eastward of Mount Lebanon: having been driven thither by an invasion of the Turks, who

* "*Brigfe über Sweden, im Jahre 1812, von Christian Molbeck.*" 3 vols. 8vo. Altona, Hammerich, 1820.

compelled them to leave their old residence in the country between the lake Tiberias and Jerusalem. These Galileans—as is well known—have still their own belief, which is neither Christian nor Jewish, but is founded on an old tradition regarding St. John the Baptist, whom they honour as their peculiar prophet. More than once Norberg laid aside his task almost in despair, and doubted whether it would be possible for any mortal to conclude it. But the formidable old book, with its strange characters, on which so much labour had been already bestowed, still attracted him like the spell of an enchanter. Cardinal Borgia, in a letter from Rome, advised him by no means to desist from his endeavour, inasmuch as no one but himself was qualified for such an undertaking; so that after several years of indescribable labour, he succeeded in transcribing and translating the whole Codex.

Although this task was fulfilled without hopes of being able to give his translation to the world, the publication was effected at last, though *at his own expense*, and the “Codex Nazareus, Liber Adami appellatus,” was printed in the original character, with a Latin translation, at Lund, in 1816, in three volumes, quarto.* “It would be impossible,” says Molbech,

“within my prescribed limits to reckon up all Professor Norberg’s literary achievements, or to give any adequate view of his character. I wish I could describe only the wonderful old man’s equanimity of temper,—his perfect good-humour, and the fervour with which, to this hour, (written in 1812,) he follows up his laborious pursuits. Every one who hears him discourse with all the fire and inspiration of youth; perceiving also by his looks and demeanour that this is not affected, but altogether natural, wonders when he contrasts these attributes with his evident old age and hoary locks. Still as humble and modest as if he were a mere beginner,—without even a particle of conceit or self-sufficiency in his character, he has devoted his whole life to literary and scientific acquirements. In his eyes these are indispensable requisites, in comparison with which all the dignities of this world are utterly contemptible. By this means the name of Norberg has become known and honoured over Europe, while his own nation has not even bestowed upon him one of these orders of knighthood which are lavished on hundreds unworthy of notice,—even among contemporaries, and men of whom posterity will never trace a vestige.”

Dr. Schubert’s minute account of the University is followed by details regarding the minor schools, the College Library, the Public Subscription Library, the Observatory, the Museum of Natural History, the Chemical Laboratory, the Botanic Garden, and

* A very interesting account of the work, by the celebrated orientalist, Baron Silvestre de Sacy, will be found in three Numbers of the *Journal des Savans* for 1819 and 1820.

many other public institutions, private libraries, &c. The College has its own printer, engraver, and instrument-maker. The cathedral church, of course, occupies much of his attention, and very deservedly. It is a large and venerable stone edifice, containing many curious and unique remnants of antiquity, from remotest ages, down to the ruins of a German clock, which was, in its day, considered the eighth wonder of the world. But we have no time to tarry with him longer at Lund. He sets out at last, and the next large town of which he gives us an accurate picture is the fortress of Christianstadt, connected with which are some disquisitions on political economy. Though the roads are good, yet they are often up hill and down dale, so that the horses are tired and almost unable to carry him through. Thus, on a long stage, between Hörby and Wester-Wram, he was left, with a boy of twelve years' old for postilion, and two worn-out horses, without means of obtaining any others. "However," says he,

"we had come pretty near our intended station, when one of the horses fell as if dead,—he rose again notwithstanding; but now we had a new difficulty,—the harness had broken, and the boy (who was by no means unexperienced in driving) doubted much if we should get safely down hill. A hut was visible, and we called out for assistance, but there were no inhabitants, or none awake and serviceable, so that we were obliged to work ourselves in the dark till we had succeeded in restoring some degree of order; I then walked alongside the carriage, and continued to do so, as the boy believed that the horse would certainly fall a second time. The elder-trees were in bloom, and exhaled a delightful fragrance,—after a cutting cold wind, the air was now mild, and the stars shone with the brilliance peculiar to the North. It was midnight when I arrived at the village of Wester-Wram; the door of the inn, according to the custom of the country, was open,—my postilion awoke the female attendant,—she readily started up, prepared for us, in a short time, a most excellent supper,—and after I had enjoyed myself admirably over many dishes, particularly very delicate and rich salmon, I went to bed in an elegant room and slept comfortably till broad day-light. I rose about six o'clock, when the family were at their morning-prayers; their matinal hymn, sung, as it was, in low soft notes obviously drawn from the heart, made a deep and most powerful impression on my feelings. During my whole progress through Schonen to this place, I found that the people, however much they differed as to dress, language, and habits of life, were uniformly honest, regular in all their dealings, and cheerful in disposition. In their language everywhere there is a preponderance of Danish. While in dress, one striking peculiarity never changes, viz. wooden shoes, which render it impossible to walk without making a great noise, though they keep out the water most effectually."

In Solvitsborg, with a long journey still before him ere he can

reach Stockholm, we find our theologian luxuriating in good living, and, as usual, satisfied with all around him.

"In Solvitsborg," says he, "I tasted, for the first time, the admirable Strömlinge, a small species of herring which is caught along the coast of Bleking, and as far up as Torneo. Broiled and eaten with vinegar sauce, they make a most exquisite dish, and whether fresh or salted are much superior to the common herring, while they are considerably larger than the anchovy. The inn at Solvitsborg is neat and cleanly, and the apartments very pleasant. For a waiter we had a young girl, one of the handsomest I have ever seen. Throughout the whole district of Bleking, indeed, one rarely meets with an ugly face, and there are many regular beauties even among the lowest orders. They dress well, and the strictest attention is paid to cleanliness of person, which no doubt heightens their charms; yet it must be confessed that both men and women, even young girls, are in the habit of taking snuff from silver or metal snuffboxes; but they do it so neatly and gracefully, that in them it seems by no means reprehensible."

From Solvitsborg he goes to Mialby, serenaded every evening by nightingales, which are so numerous in Bleking that it may, according to the Doctor's account, be styled "the fatherland of Philomela." At Mialby he witnessed an important church ceremony, the Bishop being just then engaged in one of his annual visitations, on which occasion a new clergyman happened to be inducted.

"After the usual forenoon service was concluded, during which I was much and agreeably surprized by the fine singing of the congregation, there followed a solemn instalment of the new pastor. The Bishop, attired in his official robes, walked up to the altar, with the assistant-clergymen around him, while the candidate stood up at a table on which lay a Bible, and farther off was stationed the secretary of the Chapter. The prelate then delivered a most eloquent discourse, strictly applicable to the business of the day, but in which he contrived to interweave some affecting and beautiful allusions to the friendship which had subsisted betwixt himself and the candidate in early life. The ceremony of consecration succeeded, with the usual forms, and the whole scene was very impressive and dignified. Then began a public examination of the community: the new pastor, in the first place, catechising the younger persons, especially those who had been confirmed the preceding year. Afterwards, the Bishop and his assistants put questions to both old and young, interposing admonitions, remarks, deductions, and explanations. This lasted for some hours, after which he made a long final address, recapitulating all the conclusions he had drawn from this visitation, so that many of the audience were moved to tears, for he appealed to the feelings of individuals in a manner which he rendered irresistible. This discourse being ended, the women retired, and secular business commenced: the Bishop addressing queries to the more respectable elders, who, on these occasions, as at the meetings of parliament, are employed to answer for their respective districts. The queries now related mostly

to the affairs of particular churches, the poor's rates and hospitals, parish schools and workhouses, &c. The notes taken on the preceding day at the private meeting of the clergy were produced and often referred to. In the course of this morning's examination, a circumstance occurred which threw some light on the peculiar regulations of Sweden, and gave the prelate an opportunity of proving how well he could preserve his temper and dignity. It frequently happens that respectable *bauers*, who have once been *reichstagsmen*, or spokesmen in parliament, after their duties there are fulfilled, still enjoy a great degree of respect from their brethren, and on that account step forward as leading characters at other public meetings, where they do not hold any special office. So it chanced that a farmer or land-holder of this description was in the church yesterday, and for some time he alone answered for the whole congregation, so that the Bishop at last requested they would not leave all the responsibility to one man, but speak for themselves. The whole assembly, however, had such confidence in the *reichstagsman*, that for some time he was allowed to proceed just as before, till a fisherman rose to speak, who was immediately stopped by the former, and reminded of the superior privileges of the agriculturists. This produced a momentary confusion; the obstinate representative even had the boldness to interrupt the Bishop, on which account the latter commanded him to be silent, and when he declared his intention of retiring, gave him some hearty rebukes, and ordered that his behaviour should be committed to writing. Pehr Pehrson (that was his name) then retired; he was an old man, wearing a silver medal on his breast, given by the Society *pro Patriâ*, and another gold one for his brave conduct at the breaking out of the Finland war in the reign of Gustavus III. He disappeared, but the Bishop's reproofs had not failed to make their due impression, for he returned after a short interval, and continued silent and submissive. The congregation were finally admonished that if they in their turn had any question to propose, or if any complaint were to be made, they should now speak freely. Some queries were accordingly put and answered; the prelate addressed the people for the last time; and thereafter a land-holder (not the humbled representative) rose, and in clear unaffected language, expressed, on behalf of the community, their thanks for the benefits conferred on them by this visitation."

This is followed by a very minute description of a dinner-party, which we shall pass over without notice; nor have we room to enter on the subject of the military forces in this part of the country, regarding which, and various branches of revenue, taxation, &c. there is a long detail in the next chapter. Being detained at a place called Trensium, where he was obliged to wait two hours for horses, his attention is attracted by some special regulations against the immoderate use of strong liquor,—these laws being placarded in the travellers' room. It appears that all drinking-parties in public houses, also banquets with music and dancing in private domiciles, are expressly forbidden; with an order subjoined, that after nine in summer, and eight o'clock in

winter, the innkeeper should open his door to travellers only. Indeed, of late years, the laws against intemperance have been pretty generally enforced throughout Sweden. The statute of August 24th, 1813, has had great influence, though it is but a revival of old enactments which had fallen into desuetude. According to these regulations, whoever is seen intoxicated is liable, for the first offence, to a penalty of three dollars; for the second the fine is doubled; for the third and fourth offence he pays more, forfeiting also his right of voting at elections, of appearing as a representative, and other rights founded in the confidence reposed in him by his countrymen; besides he is liable to be set in the stocks of his parish on the ensuing Sunday. Moreover, whoever is found drunk a fifth time is confined to a house of correction, and sentenced to hard labour for six months; or, in case of more frequent misdemeanour, he is imprisoned for a whole year. If the offence happens at any public assembly, such as a fair, an auction, or the like, the fine is always doubled; but if at church, the offender is still more severely dealt with. Whoever is convicted of having seduced another into drunkenness is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled in case the person so misled is under age, and the latter is liable to severe chastisement at home. A clergyman thus offending infallibly loses his office, and even a layman, who holds a public station of any consequence, would be liable to be suspended, or dismissed altogether. Nor is drunkenness admitted as an excuse for, or palliation of, any other misdemeanour, and one who dies intoxicated is buried dishonourably without the usual rites of the church. To students, journeymen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers, the giving, and still more the selling, of any strong liquor is prohibited. Any one seen drunk in the streets, or making a disturbance in a tavern, is sure to be imprisoned and kept in confinement till he is sober. Of the fines thus levied, part falls to the informers (who are usually the police officers) and the rest is given to the poor. If the offender is unable to pay the money, he is kept in gaol on bread and water till some one pays it for him, or by dint of labour he has worked himself free. Twice every year these ordinances are read by the pastors from the pulpit, and every innkeeper is liable to a heavy fine, if he neglects to have a copy of them placarded in his principal apartments.

The next town of any consequence that he arrives at is Christianstadt; from thence he goes to Carlsrona, where the most remarkable attractions for a traveller are the dock and the ships of war. The harbour is one of the most convenient and secure in Europe; alongside of the bridge of boats, fifteen hundred feet in length, lay several vessels of not less than seventy-four guns, which,

being quite new to a Prussian professor, of course excite his praise and admiration. In passing through the town of Linköping, the next place deserving of attention, he mentions the library of the gymnasium, or academy there, consisting of about 25,000 volumes, independent of a large and valuable manuscript collection, of which some account is given by the Archbishop Lindblom in his *Memoirs of the Library of Linköping*. Dr. Schubert has here very properly introduced a short notice of the celebrated painter Hörberg, who was perhaps a more remarkable instance of genius in his way than Bellmann or any other. Hörberg was born in 1746, and died in 1816. In 1815, upwards of an hundred altar-pieces, from his pencil, were to be found in Swedish churches, besides a wonderful variety of miscellaneous paintings and copies after the old masters. In all his productions, however rude and faulty they might appear in the estimation of a thorough-bred English academician, there are to be found evident marks of that stern, independent, and forcible mind, which had borne him up from earliest youth under the pressure of the severest difficulties. Even the coarse engraving of his portrait, in a little volume of his autobiography, now before us, though it is in a very odd style, is such as no one could have executed who was not an artist in a high sense of the term. We feel reluctant to part with this extraordinary person, and shall add a few more particulars.

“Hörberg was the son of a private soldier, and was born at a humble farm-house in the distant parish of Wirestadt Smoland. From his ninth year he was obliged to obtain his livelihood as a shepherd, but even at that almost infantine period his propensity both to painting and music (especially to the former) was distinctly manifested. His first attempts were directed to the vignettes on old catechisms and almanacks, which he imitated from recollection on the bark of birch trees. He used also to cut all sorts of figures out of bark or wood, and adorned with them the walls of his paternal cottage. For colour he had nothing better than ochre, chalk, and water, with different kinds of clay; however, by his own inventive genius he contrived wonderfully to improve these materials, so that they served him as a very tolerable set of crayons. If he was so fortunate as to obtain a sheet of paper, he tried to colour his drawings with the juice of wild plants and berries. In the forests and fields he used to draw with coal or charcoal on the rocks or the trunks of large trees, thus often incurring ridicule from his fellow-shepherds. In his fourteenth year he endeavoured to obtain employment for himself with a painter at Wexio, but his parents required his assistance, so that he was obliged to return home and again tend the sheep. During his occupation in that way, however, he continued his old amusements, till on one occasion, when he was very deeply engaged, there came a wolf, who devoured part of his flock. After this misfortune he did not venture to come within his master's sight, but concealed

himself in the forest till absolute hunger drove him to the farmhouse, where he was met by a servant girl, who kindly gave him her own dinner, but admonished him to walk courageously onwards. He went to the house accordingly, but, not meeting any one, he took his clothes, his violin, and shepherd's pipe, and returned to his pursuits. After many obstacles and adventures, he succeeded, in the year 1763, in establishing himself as a regular student of the art of painting at Gottenburg, after which he visited several other large towns. Within five years more, he began to obtain regular employment, married, and had a tolerable income. In 1783, he became a land-holder (farmer), and about the same period, conceived a most ardent wish to improve himself farther in his art at the Royal Academy of Stockholm, a plan which, by the assistance of some zealous friends, he was at last enabled to carry into effect. Here, for the first time, he had an opportunity of studying good masters; he gave himself up entirely to his art, and won several prize medals. In the exhibitions his pictures were preferred to all others; his reputation increased rapidly; orders flowed in upon him to an unprecedented degree, but so little had he of avarice or worldly wisdom in his disposition, that he scarcely raised the original price of his labours. In 1790, he went to Olstorp, in East Gothland, where most of his large altar-pieces were finished. In 1797, the Academy chose him as an associate; he was also the king's painter, but without any salary, till the present king, Charles John IV. allowed him a pension. He died on the 24th January, 1816, in the 70th year of his age.

"Most of his paintings are originals; for the rest he generally took drawings and copper-plates as his models. His altar-pieces amount in number to eighty-seven, of which eighty-two are originals. His other paintings, sacred and profane, amounted several years before his death to upwards of six hundred. The finest altar-piece is at the church of Ostra Husby, in East Gothland. It is fifteen yards wide and ten yards high. Indeed all his church-pictures are on a large and grand scale. He also engraved much on copper, and invented a new style in that art which admitted of very rapid execution. Of his numerous drawings are preserved about two hundred and ninety-one from the New Testament; three hundred and forty-seven from the lives of saints and other Roman Catholic sources, with some thousands from the Greek and Roman mythology. He has also produced some admirable paintings *al fresco*: for example, the Giants' War in the castle of Finnspong. In all his works he has the interesting peculiarities of a self-taught artist; his invention is great and inexhaustible; he seems always to have felt strongly whatever he represented; there is nothing forced in his style; his composition is ever clear and simple, tending to produce a distinctly intelligible and animated effect, in which one may truly say, that he has never failed to succeed. At the same time, it must be acknowledged, that in his treatment of colours the rough and harsh seems too often to predominate; nor was he ever so successful in his attempt at the beautiful and elegant, as in the stern and sublime. But in his representation of old personages, and in perspective, he invariably shows the hand and precision of a master. He had, moreover, a great talent for mechanics, and invented several

improvements on musical instruments. His own musical compositions must not be forgotten. They at least are quite original, and full of genuine simplicity. In private life Hörberg's character was most exemplary. Even under the pressure of severe misfortunes a peculiar cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit never deserted him. His outward appearance was a faithful stamp of the inward man; a powerful mould of body, a bold steadfast countenance, a high forehead, and an air of unconcern in all his actions and gestures. His dress was neat and simple, and his *tout-ensemble* prepossessing and dignified."

In the town of Linköping, Dr. Schubert finds social life very attractive; and though it contains only about three thousand inhabitants, yet there are balls and a theatre, concerts and private parties without number. We come next to a description of the waterfalls, canals, &c. of Trollhatta, which have been already sufficiently noticed by English travellers, and we therefore pass them over. From thence he proceeds to Norköping, a town of considerable size, affording several public institutions of which, as usual, we have a minute account. He is here particularly pleased with the Society for the Promotion of Industry, which both supplies the poor with employment at their own homes, and has been the means of establishing several workhouses, and a correction house, forming a sort of panopticon;—but we have not room for extracts.

At length we arrive at Stockholm, which, of all capital cities yet visited by our author, is, in situation, the most beautiful. Even Dresden, with its fine bridge over the Elbe, and the romantically wooded banks of the river, must yield in comparison. Travellers who have been in almost all the capitals of Europe, assure him that the environs of Constantinople alone will vie with those of Stockholm, while the beauties of the landscape are always heightened and seen through a happy medium, in consequence of the warm and cordial hospitality shown by the inhabitants to strangers. Dr. Schubert's description of their metropolis extends to no less than one hundred and eighteen pages, of which we cannot give any complete analysis; but we may, in the first place, assert generally, that there is scarcely an institution, of whatever description, in any town of Europe, which has not here its representative and equivalent.

In the north wing of the palace is the royal library, which, even in the time of Gustavus II. was a considerable collection, but the king gave it away to the newly-founded university of Upsala. A new collection was begun soon after, but the great fire in the year 1697 left only about 6000 volumes, to which additions have gradually been made till it amounted in 1821, to 40,000, though the funds regularly allotted for its support are

not considerable. There are many valuable manuscripts both ancient and modern; and among other curiosities is here shown that copy of the Bible (the Vulgate) which was used by Luther, the margin crowded with notes in his own hand-writing, and the Latin prayer-book of the emperor Ferdinand, which, during the 'Thirty years' war fell into the hands of Gustavus II. There are also other libraries at the royal palaces about Stockholm, for example at Rosenberg and Haga; but our author, though a book-maker himself, seems always rather out of his element when he gets on the subject of bibliography. Social parties, good cooking, and handsome women, are more to his taste; however, he succeeds better in describing collections of pictures, medals, and antiquities. On the state of manufactures and commerce, he is as usual diffuse; also on political regulations, the orders of knighthood, but above all on churches. He mentions also the very interesting private library of Count Engeström, minister for foreign affairs, to which, with a liberality peculiar to that nobleman, the public are allowed free access. Then follow, in due course, about thirty-five different institutions, till we arrive at the Swedish academy of Arts and Sciences, which, according to Dr. Schubert, publishes annually two quarto volumes of Transactions, though we had always supposed that one octavo was the yearly complement. This academy was projected by Charles XII. and established in 1739, having Linnæus for its first president, under whose auspices the institution became very prosperous, so that out of their own funds its members have been able to defray the expense of several tours and voyages of scientific discovery, nor have they neglected, in latter years, the cultivation of the Swedish language and literature. According to the newest regulations, the academy was, in 1821, divided into nine classes, viz. pure mathematics, practical ditto, practical mechanics, physics, chemistry and mineralogy, zoology and botany, medicine and surgery, political economy and *belles lettres*; the number of acting members, who are employed in these departments, being collectively one hundred and two. Their Transactions now form a curious and extensive repertory, and a history of the academy was published in 1811, by the Baron de Rosenhan.

We come next to the Royal Academy of *Belles Lettres*, founded in 1753, by Queen Ulrica Eleonora, and renovated in 1786, by Gustavus III. It includes ordinary, honorary, and foreign members, and has given birth to a long series of printed transactions. The members hold their meetings in the palace, where they have also their museum; and they announce, publicly, questions for prize essays. Then we are introduced

to the celebrated "College of the Eighteen," instituted by Gustavus III., in 1786, for the improvement of the national language, poetry and eloquence. It offers yearly three prizes, viz. two gold medals of considerable value, and a silver medal. The productions for which prizes are given are usually the lives and characters of eminent men, poems *ad libitum*, and essays on moral science, or on some historical question that requires illustration. The number of members is strictly confined to eighteen, who are looked upon as persons of distinction, and enjoy particular rights and privileges about the court. Soon after its establishment, this academy awarded the highest prize to a biographical essay of Gustavus III. on Leonard Torstensohn, without in the least suspecting who was the real author, and the king most unexpectedly received the gold medal which it was supposed would have been claimed by some hitherto obscure and humble student. The fortunate prize essays are all printed in their Transactions. Once every week, a meeting is held at half-past four o'clock, and each member who comes precisely at the appointed time receives a small *jetton*, or medal of silver, the gift of the king;—those who are even ten minutes too late forego this advantage, and the remaining medals are shared among the associates who made their appearance with due punctuality. Besides these, every year a large medal is struck, bearing the portrait of some distinguished Swede, which is given as a *souvenir* to each academician, while as an addition to their funds, they divide the profits arising from the sale of the government newspaper.

A college for military science was established in the year 1796, divided into five classes, viz. mathematics, tactics, gunnery, inventions, and a civil department. It holds anniversary festivals, at which prize essays are read on the lives of distinguished commanders. But the oldest academy in Stockholm is that of the painters and statuary, founded in 1735, by Count Tessin, though first incorporated by statute in 1773, under Gustavus III. It has its own particular museum, supplied with pictures and models, and from their funds young artists are enabled to defray the expense of travelling to Italy and elsewhere. Besides this, a musical academy was established in 1761, by Gustavus III. But the most useful and best organized of all these public bodies is the Agricultural Society, which has its headquarters at Stockholm, while there is scarcely any district in Sweden that has not a farmers' club, which is connected and corresponds with the metropolitan department, founded in 1811, by an eminent political economist, the Freyherr Nils Edelkrantz. Its principal objects are the improvement of education and conduct among the pea-

santry, and the promotion of economical and statistical knowledge in general. With these views, the members procure descriptions and maps of parishes to be drawn and printed, taking every possible means to render the topographical information minute and complete. Not only do they publish transactions like the other academies, but are very assiduous in circulating tracts calculated to diffuse the knowledge of agriculture as a science among the lower as well as the higher orders, which have their due effect on the peasantry, because there is not one even of the humblest class who has not learned to read and write. In order to carry on its operations more effectually, the Stockholm society has in the country districts, special committees, under the management of the parish clergymen, or of some other responsible functionaries. The present king has, on various occasions, assisted this establishment, especially by a fund for encouraging manufactures and commerce, out of which, since 1813, an amount of 100,000 dollars has been annually paid, so that many undertakings became practicable, which would otherwise have been quite out of the question. Improvements in mechanics are especially encouraged, and for this purpose the Stockholm society has its own particular school. A minor institution was planned at Christianstadt, in 1814, and has already been attended with important results, such for example as the improved culture of fruit and forest trees. The Agricultural Transactions have been published annually since 1812; at the mechanical school, above-mentioned, there are regular pupils, to whom premiums are distributed at the anniversary meetings; at these also, subjects are proposed for prize essays, and there is a public exhibition of the natural and artificial productions of Sweden.

The Patriotic Society was established in the year 1772; also for the improvement of agricultural knowledge, industry, and good behaviour, among the lower orders. This society has besides published Prize Essays, and a sort of Journal. It distributes prizes as rewards for steadiness, activity, and praiseworthy conduct in servants, artizans, &c. These prizes consist of silver utensils, or medals with chains, and are distributed publicly with great solemnity, after divine service.

Dr. Schubert's account of Upsala is slight and short compared with that of Stockholm; we shall therefore pass it over, nor shall we enter, at present, on the subject of theatres and other public amusements. His travels through the more northern regions are certainly interesting; but these open a wide and very different field of observation, which has been made known already to the English public, by the works of Dr. Clarke, Mr. de Capell Brooke, and others. In fact, the object which we had proposed

to ourselves in this article is already accomplished. In *British Journals*, the Swedes, as an intellectual and literary nation, actuated by a stirring spirit of improvement, and possessing many *contemporary authors*, have scarcely ever been noticed. We have therefore thought it advisable to give, for the first time, an outline sketch to prove that in these respects they are unquestionably deserving of attention. Their authors are especially attractive, the more so because they are to us so perfectly novel. The Swedish language is *naïve*, sonorous, and at the same time far from being deficient in softness and musical intonation. The country itself, notwithstanding what Dr. Schubert alleges on this point, is by no means a land of luxury and comfort; we have there no Turkey carpets, *or-moulu* borders, ottomans, lustres, or candelabras. On the contrary, the accommodations for strangers are, for the most part, detestable; the floors are covered with fir-tree branches instead of carpets, and generally speaking, the comforts of life are inferior to what they were in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

With regard to Madam Ehrenström's volume, it is written throughout with that liveliness, which an unaffected admiration of the Swedish literary character naturally inspires, and for a beginner, will serve as a very useful manual, directing his attention to the best authors, from the thirteenth century up to the present date. The plan of her work, however, is that of a mere *catalogue raisonné*, without any translated extracts, so that we feel as if we were only led to the gates of a wide and beautiful domain, of which we shall at some future time explore and describe the varied scenery.

ART. IX.—*L'Agent Immédiat du Mouvement Vital dévoilé dans sa Nature et dans son Mode d'Action chez les Végétaux et chez les Animaux.* Par M. H. Dutrochet, Correspondant de l'Institut dans l'Académie Royale des Sciences, &c. 8vo. pp. 226. Paris. 1826.

THE physiological investigations of Dutrochet are already familiar to the scientific on this side of the channel, and their value is justly appreciated. In the treatise before us, the high character of its author is not only maintained but greatly enhanced; and we do not hesitate to affirm, that the experiments and discoveries, which it details, are more likely to advance the accurate knowledge of the laws of vital motion, particularly as regards the vegetable body, than all the labours of his most distinguished predecessors.

The microscopic inquiries of Grew, Malpighi, Leuwenhoek, Hill, Hedwig, Mirbel, Link, Rudolphi, Kieser, and others, have satis-

factorily elucidated the structure of plants; but, notwithstanding the correct knowledge of the vegetable organs which these have afforded to us, and the light thrown upon their functions by the labours of Du Hamel, Linnæus, Sarrabat, Bonnet, Ingenhouz, Darwin, and Mr. Knight, we were still ignorant of the exact path by which the sap ascends in plants, and of the causes of the progression of this fluid. The solution of these problems is the object of the volume which it is now our duty to analyse.

In the first chapter, "*des Routes de la Sève*," M. Dutrochet endeavours to determine the precise organs through which the sap ascends and descends. The absorption of fluid from the soil by the roots of plants, and the ascent of this, under the form of sap, in the stem and branches, are facts which could not fail to be known at a very early period; but, until the intimate structure of these parts was understood, vague conjectures only could be formed regarding either the manner or the causes of its ascent. Until the tubular organs of vegetables were discovered, the solid substance of a plant was supposed to resemble a sponge, through the cells of which the sap was sucked up, in the same manner as in a sponge; and, even now, although the vascular structure of the vegetable body be well known, yet, this opinion of the diffusion of the sap is in some degree maintained. Even so accurate an observer as Mr. Knight has endeavoured to prove that the sap does not ascend through vessels but through the cellular substance of the alburnum, or young wood: and that the descending sap only is transmitted through vessels, those found in the bark. The fact, however, that the sap ascends through the tubular part of the stem and branches could not be long generally doubted after the discovery of the tubes themselves, for if the branch of a vine be cut transversely through in the commencement of spring, the sap which oozes from the section is perceived not to proceed, indiscriminately, from the whole cut surface, but from small holes distinctly visible to the naked eye. These were readily admitted to be the divided extremities of vessels, but as the existence of various kinds of vessels had been ascertained, a question still remained to be answered;—through which description of vessels does the sap ascend? This question M. Dutrochet has satisfactorily solved by clearly demonstrating that this fluid is transmitted, in its ascent, as De Candolle had conjectured, through the *lymphatic vessels* of that celebrated phytologist, the false tracheæ (*fausses trachées*) of Mirbel, a variety of those which our author has named *tubes corpusculifères*.* These are situated in the wood, both in the state of alburnum and of old or

* "*Recherches Anatomiques et Physiologiques sur la Structure intime des Animaux et des Végétaux.*"

heart-wood, *duramen*; as M. Dutrochet, terms it; they are simple tubes, utterly devoid of valves, and of any lateral communication with one another; and they continue to transmit the sap in every state of the wood, although, in the vine, at the commencement of spring, it is perceived first in those tubes which are situated in the outermost layer of alburnum, whilst the rest of the section remains dry. These tubes are not found in the bark, nor in the medulla; and experience has proved that the sap does not ascend through these parts.

Some authors having detected that the tracheæ, or spiral tubes, contain a diaphanous liquid, and that, when the cut end of a stem of a plant is placed in a coloured fluid, this ascends through the tracheæ, have imagined that these vessels are also sap vessels; but, although M. Dutrochet admits that the spiral tubes contain a fluid, and not air alone; as some phytologists believe, yet he contends that they are not sap vessels; and he has proved that when coloured liquors are introduced into them, these ascend merely by capillary attraction to the height of the surface of the fluid in which the plant is placed, whilst the colouring matter, which is frequently, in such experiments, carried forward to the summits of the twigs is conveyed solely by means of the lymphatic tubes. So far he proceeds upon solid ground; and has satisfactorily demonstrated that the sap in plants, like the blood in animals, is transmitted in a particular set of vessels: but when he supposes, also, that the diaphanous liquid found in the spiral vessels, after it has been exposed to the action of light in the leaf, performs in the plant an office similar to that of atmospherical air in the tracheæ of insects; or, to employ his own language, that as the tracheæ of insects "convey atmospherical air, which is a vivifying gas (*un gas vivifiant*); these convey a vivifying liquid (*un liquide vivifiant*)." he hazards an opinion which can only be regarded as purely hypothetical.

Having determined the organs by which the sap ascends in the stem and branches, M. Dutrochet next examines the opinion of Mr. Knight respecting its descent. This celebrated phytologist, having traced the sap into the leaves, found that it is there changed into a nutritious fluid; the proper juice of the plant, and descends in this state, by the bark, to nourish the plant; but he maintains also, that it descends by the alburnum; *when this is requisite for the preservation of the plant*, implying that this descent by the alburnum is accidental because the vessels of the alburnum serve generally to convey the ascending sap. Dutrochet admits that the proper juice descends through the alburnum, not however by an inverted action of the vessels, as Mr. Knight supposes, but by a natural action, which we shall afterwards have to

explain, and which we may here describe as consisting of a mutual interchange of the fluid contents of the oblong cells (*cloîtres*). It is, therefore, through these tubular cells, according to our author, that the descending sap is transmitted, both in the album and the liber, until these parts are changed into hard wood and old bark. The experiments which he details certainly tend to support his opinion, and they are perfectly consistent with those of Mr. Knight: they also enable him to explain the ascent of the proper juice, which must take place, for the developement and formation of fruit, as well as for the elongation of the stem at the apex and the developement of the gema. Mr. Knight had ascertained that the ascending sap, in spring, carries with it a portion of proper juice which is preserved in the wood during winter, and which it dissolves as it ascends, but he did not explain how this is effected. Dutrochet maintains that it is accomplished by the interchange which we have already noticed, and that the oblong cells give out the nutritive matter contained in them through their sides, and this is dissolved by the first ascending sap.

It is not improbable, also, that the sap, in its ascent, receives something from the parts through which it passes; for the grafting of fruit trees demonstrates, that the quality of the sap is affected by the stock in a degree sufficient to actuate the growth not only of the tree but of the fruit, and by no other means can we explain the deterioration of fruit when grafted on particular stocks, for example, of the apricot and the peach on plum stocks. Thus Mr. Knight* ascertained that an apricot grafted on a plum stock is a very different and inferior fruit to an apricot grafted on an apricot stock; and that the same occurs when a peach is grafted on a plum. In both cases, the fruit is larger and of a finer colour, but in quality it is much deteriorated. Our author objects to the term *proper juice*, a name first imposed by Du Hamel, as applied to the sap elaborated in the leaf and intended for the nourishment of the plant, this being common to and essential for all plants; and proposes to confine the term *proper juice* to the secretions, such as the resins and gum-resins contained in the *proper vessels* of certain plants.

It is a well-known fact that the medulla or pith has not the faculty of conducting either the ascending or the descending sap, yet it is equally true that the pith, in succulent twigs and in some herbaceous plants, is full of a watery fluid which can only be transmitted through the sides of the cells. M. Dutrochet adopts the opinion of M. Dupetit Thouars, that the pith is a reservoir of nutriment for the developement of the gema; and he thinks this is confirmed

* Horticultural Trans. vol. v. p. 287.

by the fact, that in the twig of a vine, examined during the winter, we find the pith everywhere dry, except at the spot where the gem is formed for the shoot of the ensuing spring. We are surprised at the facility with which our author has admitted this explanation of M. Dupetit Thouars, when it can be so much better explained by his own theory, which it is the intention of this volume to propound. In our opinion, the gem is a vital point to which the fluid, contained not only in the neighbouring portion of the medulla, but in the bark and alburnum also upon which it is seated, is attracted by that process of interchange through the sides of the cells which our author has demonstrated to exist; and it is owing to the over-turgescence of the cells of what may be considered the cotyledonous appendage of the gem, and the immediate communication between this part and the pith, that that fluid is found, during winter, in those portions of the medulla which are in the vicinity of buds, whilst the intermediate parts remain dry. The fluid, originally contained in the whole of the pith, is attracted, and passes from cell to cell, towards the points where the buds of the leaves of the following spring are situated; and, being accumulated there, the cells of the intermediate spaces are drained, and, consequently, remain dry. The pith, therefore, cannot be considered a reservoir of nutriment, although it yields up its fluid for preserving the cotyledonous portion of the bud, which contains its nutriment, in that state best fitted for the development of the bud. Neither can we accord with the opinion of our author, which is, in some respects, the revival of an old hypothesis, supported in modern times by Linneus, Dr. Darwin, and Sir I. E. Smith, that the pith is to the vegetable what the brain and spinal marrow are to the animal body. He carries the hypothesis farther, however, than these phytologists, and supposes that the vital energy, which this part of the plant displays, resides in the corpuscles which its cells contain, and which, in a former essay, he endeavoured to prove are actually the nervous matter of the plant, by which impressions are conveyed through the irritable parts of movable plants so as to excite the movements which they display, as, for example, those of *Mimosa sensitiva* and *pudica*. There can be no doubt that motion does not necessarily imply sensation; and, consequently, there may exist a medium of communicating mobility in plants, although they possess no nervous system as in animals. Any objections, therefore, to the corpuscular nerves of Dutrochet cannot be founded upon the want of sensation in plants; but the opinion is too hypothetical in its present form. From observing, also, that the young twig is little else than pith covered with the medullary sheath; and, while it is in this state, that it is the part of the plant most amply

endowed with vital activity, as is evinced in its rapid growth, Dutrochet supports the suggestion of Linnæus, that the pith is to be regarded as the seat of the vital energy of the plant.* But to prove the untenableness of this doctrine, we have merely to refer to the experiment of Mr. Knight, in which he abstracted more than an inch of the pith from the shoot of a vine, above and below a leaf and bud; and yet, both these, "with the lateral shoot annexed, continued to live, and did not appear to suffer much inconvenience, but faded a little when the sun shone strongly upon them."† The most rational opinion of the use of the pith which we have met with, is that which supposes that it is intended merely to give bulk and stability to the young twig, which, in the first stage of its growth, is little more than a mass of pith, inclosed in a very thin layer of bark and alburnum. The pith, in this case, is requisite to afford extension for the formation and arrangement of the vessels in the medullary sheath; while the aqueous fluid filling its cells, being nearly incompressible, affords support to the tender shoot, and thus enables it to sustain itself in whatever position it extends, until the first ligneous zone be consistent enough to afford sufficient stability to the stem or shoot.‡ As soon as this is effected the pith becomes useless; the fluid which filled its cells is attracted to those points on the twig where the buds of the foliage of the ensuing year are seated; and the cellular matter becomes a dry, spongy mass, which remains unaltered in every stage of the future life of the plant.

Having ascertained the organs by which the sap ascends, and those by which it descends and is diffused through the plant after it is changed into proper juice by exposure to light in the leaf, M. Dutrochet next endeavours to prove that the nutritious fluid, deposited between the bark and alburnum for the formation of a new layer of these parts, is given out, or, more properly speaking, is conveyed to the place where it is deposited, by those transverse cells, situated in the ligneous portion of every trunk and branch, which are improperly named *medullary rays*. He supports his reasoning on this point by the fact, that medullary rays are found in dicotyledonous plants only, and no other description of plant increases in diameter by an annual production of successive

* The idea of the medulla, in the leaf-stalk, being the seat of irritability in the sensitive plant is not new, having been advanced many years since by Mr. Lindsay of Jamaica; but Dutrochet, if experience shall prove the correctness of his hypothesis, has the merit of pointing out the nervous corpuscles as the media by which impressions are communicated in plants. For an account of these, we refer our readers to M. Dutrochet's "*Recherches Anatomiques et Physiologiques sur la Structure des Animaux et des Végétaux*," &c. Paris. 1824.

† *Phil. Trans.* 1801. p. 338.

‡ *Lectures on the Elements of Botany*, by A. T. Thomson, F.L.S. vol. i. p. 379.

concentric layers. These medullary rays are composed of chains of oblong cells, stretching in a radiated manner from the centre to the surface of the wood, where they are encountered by others situated in the bark, which, however, are not continuous with them. The former give out the ascending sap, the latter the prepared descending sap; and thus, by the mixture of the two, in the space between the ligneous and the cortical system, a nutritive fluid is produced, to be elaborated by the vital powers of the plant into a new layer of each of these systems. The simplicity of nature, in effecting her purposes is beautifully illustrated in this process; and, however we must despair of ever detecting the mode in which organic structure is produced, either in the animal or the vegetable body, one step, at least, is made towards it by ascertaining the sources whence the materials are derived.

M. Dutrochet maintains that his explanation of the progression of the sap in dicotyledonous plants, applies equally well to monocotyledons, which possess lymphatic vessels for conveying the ascending sap, oblong cells for the descending, tracheæ for conducting the vivifying fluid, and a medullary tissue, which, although it be not collected into one body as in the pith of dicotyledons, yet is dispersed through the stem, and, being filled with nervous corpuscles, performs, according to him, the same functions as the pith in dicotyledons.

Hence it would appear that the organs for conveying the sap in its progress through the systems in the two great classes of plants, if we admit the correctness of the observations and the reasoning of our author, are the *lymphatic tubes* through which it is conducted upwards from the roots; the *oblong cells* (cloîtres) through which it descends after being changed by exposure to light in the leaf; and the *tracheæ* which convey the vivifying liquid taken up in the leaves. Having settled these preliminary points, the question naturally arose—what is the cause of the progression of the sap in these organs? Before attempting an answer, M. Dutrochet examines the observations of M. Schultz, of Berlin, which tended to establish it as a fact, that there is a real *circulation* of the sap. This phytologist having observed a rapid movement of the fluid in the nerves of a leaf of *Chelidonium majus*, placed under the microscope, imagined that he could perceive two distinct currents, an ascending and a descending, and therefore concluded that there was a true circulation of fluid, at least in this plant. Our author, and likewise M. Savi, after many observations, were convinced that the movement perceived in this plant is not an optical illusion; and they were the more satisfied of the accuracy of this conclusion, from observing that the motion occasionally intermitted.

"At the moment when the tremor is at its height, it is perceived suddenly to cease; then in the next instant to recommence with the same velocity. This stasis is general in the whole field of the microscope."—p. 61.

He admitted, therefore, that it is a vital movement; but its nature remained to be determined. M. Savi concurred in the opinion of M. Schultz, that it indicates a circulation; but M. Dutrochet was anxious to investigate the phenomenon further before he admitted this conclusion. He found that the movement continues after the leaf is separated from the plant, and until it becomes completely withered; and that when the nerve of a leaf is cut transversely, in two places, the movement is still perceptible in the isolated fragment—two facts completely at variance with the idea of a circulation. He found that it is affected by temperature, but is not directly dependent upon the influence of heat; for although it does not cease until the thermometer falls to 1° (Reaum.), yet it does not recommence in the same leaves until it rises to 15°: thence our author concludes, that, although it does not indicate a circulation, yet it is evidently a vital phenomenon, and probably a local movement of the molecules of the yellow juice of the plant. The same movement is perceived in the minute vessels of animals, under circumstances which set aside the possibility of supposing that it depends on circulation. Thus M. Dutrochet perceived it in the vessels of a minute fragment of the ear and of the mesentery of a mouse, some time after the animal was dead, intermitting in the same manner as in the nerves of *Chelidonium*, and affording the semblance of a current within the vessels, whilst nothing flowed from their open extremities: he also found that a thin layer of blood, abstracted from either the veins or the arteries of an animal, placed on a piece of glass and illuminated by the sun's rays, display, under the microscope, the same rapid movement, and the accompanying intermissions, as in the plant, and that these cease only when the blood coagulates. Our author does not pretend to explain the cause of this phenomenon, but he is satisfied that it does not indicate a circulation, and is a mere molecular movement; in his own words—

"A corpuscular movement of an unknown nature, a movement which produces unceasing refractions of the solar rays, whence result the rapid and multiplied intersections of the luminous rings, and, consequently, the appearance of tremor which is then observed."—p. 70.

We are surprised that in noticing the observations of M. Schultz, our author does not appear to be aware of those of the Abbé Corti, made so long ago as 1774,* and which were lately thought

* *Osservazioni Microscopiche, sulla Tremella e sulla Circolazione del fluido in una Pianta acquajuala, dell' Abate B. Corti. Lipsa. 1774.*

to be confirmed by Professor Amici, who, to prove the power of his catoptrical microscope, was induced to examine into the nature of the circulation of the sap, which Corti had asserted is obvious in the Chara. He perceived transparent globules of various sizes constantly moving in two opposite, alternating streams, upwards and downwards, in the two sections or halves, but separated by no partition, of the same simple cylindrical canal or vessel which runs lengthwise through the plant, interrupted at certain intervals by knots and a diaphragm which limits the cycle. This supposed circulation, therefore, is carried on in a very limited tract in certain spaces, each of which is totally independent of the other, throughout the whole plant. In some parts the motion is spiral; for instance, the ascending stream is observed first on one side and then on the other. When a ligature was tied on the vessel the circulation went on in the portions above and below the ligature as it did in the entire vessel. When the vessel was cut, that part of the fluid which is flowing towards the orifice only runs out. Vinegar prevented this escape of the fluid, and appeared to deaden the motion. Each vessel contains, in each of its semicircles, numerous green stripes, which appear to be composed of green globules strung like beads, the two semicircles being separated from each other by a space devoid of stripes; and it is only where the stripes are that the circulation goes on. Amici conceives that these green stripes of globules act like voltaic piles, and that the motion itself is to be attributed to galvanic agency.* It is probable that this supposed circulation is of the same nature as the tremor detected by Schultz in the Chelidonium, and explained by our author. The only point which is at variance with this idea is the flowing out of the fluid at the cut extremity of the vessel; but the movement is certainly not what can be termed a circulation.

M. Dutrochet prefaces his third chapter, "*De la Cause de la Progression de la Sève*," with a brief review of the various and unsatisfactory opinions which have been, at different periods, advanced by phytologists in explanation of this function of plants. Malpighi ascribed it to the alternate dilatation and condensation of the sap; Sarrabat to the dilatation and condensation of the air contained in the tracheæ and the pith; capillary attraction is the cause according to others; and some have gone so far as to suppose the existence of a contractile power in the vegetable vessels capable of carrying forward the sap. But none of these hypotheses, with the exception of the last, can account for the extraordinary force with which the sap ascends, as proved by thé

experiments of Dr. Hales and others;* and there is every reason for believing that the lymphatic tubes through which it ascends are perfectly incontractile. What then is the cause of the ascent of the sap, is a question which remained to be answered: in attempting it, our author first proceeds to examine the nature of this vegetable function.

When a plant is cut transversely in the stem, and placed in water, the fluid is absorbed in the direct ratio of the transpiration by the leaves, which is regulated, in a great degree, by the temperature and the hygrometric state of the atmosphere. Light also influences, in a remarkable manner, this absorption and transpiration. Plants, in every state, exhale more in a light than in an obscure situation; during the day the exhalation greatly exceeds the absorption, whilst the reverse is the case during the night: thence it appears, that absorption and exhalation in plants is a *vital action* modified by the presence of light. This is further proved by the fact, that although the absorption of fluids by plants is augmented, to a certain extent, by the empty state of the vessels and the cells of the stem and the leaves, yet, the vegetable tissue does not act either like a sponge, the avidity of which for water is greater the more empty its cells are, nor by capillary attraction. This our author proved by the following experiments:—he placed in water a cutting of *Mercurialis annua*, which he had allowed to wither until it lost 0.15 of its weight; in the first hour, it absorbed twenty grains and a half of the fluid; and in the second and subsequent hours seven or eight grains in the hour, until it acquired its original weight: but when the plant was allowed to wither until 36 grains of its weight were lost, the absorption did not exceed two grains and a half per hour, and the plant soon died. But if the plant be allowed to dry until even 0.61 of its weight be lost, and then be totally immersed for some hours in water, it will regain its turgidity; and, if it be now taken out of the water, and placed merely with the stem in water, and the rest of the plant in air, it will absorb and transpire the same as a fresh plant: should the desiccation, however, be carried to 0.71, the plant never regains its turgidity, and ceases to absorb and transpire, although it imbibe water freely. But in this case the imbibition is not a vital function, the plant never regains its freshness nor its colour; and from the odour which it exhales it is evident that decomposition, instead of being checked, is hastened by

* The following experiment affords a striking proof of this force. Mr. J. Braddick, on the 20th March, 1821, tied a bladder over the fresh-cut end of the stem of a seedling vine. "The bladder soon began to stretch, and to rise like a ball over the wound: thus distended and filled with the sap of the vine, it felt as hard as a cricket-ball; and in forty-eight hours after the operation it burst with the force of the rising sap."—*Horticultural Transactions*, vol. v. p. 202.

the water thus imbibed. From these experiments our author concludes that the integrity of the *organic fluids* which is requisite for the preservation of the life of the plant, is connected with the faculty which the vegetable possesses of being turgid; that this is not lost by a slight degree of drying; but that when desiccation is carried so far as to affect the composition of the organic fluids, it disappears, and the plant dies. According to him two conditions of a plant are essential for the existence of this state of turgidity:—1st. The presence of a certain quantity of liquid in the vegetable organs. 2d. The integrity of the composition of the organic matter contained in these organs; or, in other words, that the condition which distinguishes a dead from a living plant consists in its turgidity; for a dead plant, although its cells and capillary organs be filled with fluid, yet, nevertheless, does not become *turgid*; whilst, on the contrary, a living plant fills its cells and capillaries to that degree of superabundance which produces the state of *turgidity*. It is upon this state of turgidity of the minute hollow organs of a plant, according to M. Dutrochet, that the condition of the plant requisite for the exsension of the sap solely depends, when a plant is cut transversely and its extremity placed in water. The progression of the fluid in this case is promoted by what he terms *adfluxion*, or *influxion*; as, for example, from the stem towards the leaves, in which the power of attracting the sap towards them resides; but in a plant growing in the earth, besides *adfluxion*, the sap is moved forward also by an impulse, which evidently results from a *vis æterna*. Let us examine the proofs which our author brings forward to establish this point.

The first proof which he advances is intended to demonstrate, that the cause of the impulsive movement of the sap is to be sought for in the roots; for when the stem of a vine which is bleeding freely, in spring, is cut through close to the ground, the bleeding in the portion of the stem which is separated ceases at the moment of making the section, whilst it continues freely at the surface of the portion still attached to the roots; and this continues to be the case if the caudex and root be cut into separate pieces by successive sections until we descend to the radicles, at the extremities of which, as can be readily demonstrated, resides the origin of the impelling power referred to, or this power is seated in the *spongiole*, or little conical body which terminates each radicle. This communicates directly with the lymphatic tubes, which commence in the centre of the rootlets and pass up through the stem; thence the fluid taken in by the *spongioles* passes directly into the lymphatic tubes: but as mere absorption would not be sufficient to effect the impulsion that carries the sap

upwards through these tubes, the question arises, in what consists the impelling power of these spongioles?

In prefacing his reply to this query, our author describes the structure of the spongioles of the vine. These, according to his observations, are composed chiefly of cellular, corpusculifer tissue, the central part of which consists of jointed oblong cells, the elements of the lymphatic or corpusculifer tubes, through which the sap ascends. The cellular cortical part is transparent, and covered with corpuscles of extreme minuteness, which have been mistaken for pores by ourselves and others who have examined these spongioles.* As far, also, as our observations have conducted us, these spongioles are not confined to the apexes of the capillary radicles, as M. Dutrochet supposes, but proceed equally from their sides, to which, however, they apply so closely in their shrunk state, as not to be perceptible, even when the eye is aided by a powerful magnifying glass. It is only when the capillary radicle is placed in water, that the spongioles project from the sides and become perceptible, and nothing surprised us more, in our first observation of them, than the rapidity with which they shrink when they are taken out of the water, and the instantaneous manner in which they become turgid when again placed in it. This we certainly ascribed to the pores, which we imagined they contained, being of a valvular nature, readily admitting water to enter, but preventing its exit. We, however, confess that we were equally at a loss to assign a cause either for the activity of their absorbent powers, or for the rapid manner in which the fluid they contain is carried forwards into the lymphatic tubes, which we were convinced was the case, and the cause of their suddenly shrinking; and it remained for M. Dutrochet to explain the real function of these minute but most important organs. It is from these that the *vis a tergo*, which communicates an impulse to the sap, is derived. What is the nature of this power?

Our author first points out the inefficiency of the only two hypotheses calculated to throw any light upon this point; that which refers it to the probable production of gas within the plant, the expansion of which, at the instant of its formation, would communicate an impulse to the sap; and that which supposes a contractile state of the vessels themselves: and, having determined the fact, that turgidity is a state of the plant essential to the progression of the sap; he proceeds to examine the cause of this state and its effects.

Having cut off the tail from a small fish, and preserved it alive

* The only figure of the spongiole with which we are acquainted is in Plate 8 of Thomson's *Lectures on the Elements of Botany*, to which we have already referred. It is termed the fibril.

in a vessel full of water, M. Dutrochet soon afterwards perceived, on the surface of the wound, a species of aquatic mouldiness, consisting of long filaments, each of which was terminated by a small swelling or bulb, perceptible to the naked eye. These filaments were transparent, but the bulbs were opaque, pointed, and resembled the capsules of a plant. He divided some of these filaments transversely, and having placed them, with a little water, in a watch-glass, under the microscope, saw some of the bulbs expel numerous globules through an opening situated at their apex, without any apparent contraction or diminution of their size, the space previously occupied by the globules being filled with water, which seemed

“to perform here the office of the piston of a syringe, for raising and expelling at the point of the capsule, the mass of globules which at first totally filled the capsule.”—p. 106.

The whole of the globules were soon expelled from each bulb, and owing to a peculiar motion which they displayed at the instant of their expulsion, M. Dutrochet was inclined to believe that they were the animalcula described by Needham and Bory de Saint Vincent; but subsequent observations convinced him that this was not the case, but that they were seeds of the plant, on whom a transitory movement had been impressed by the force of their expulsion. Reflecting on this phenomenon, and believing that the water which was introduced into the part of the capsular cavity opposite to the point of expulsion was the mechanical instrument of the *vis a tergo*, which produced the expulsion of the globules, our author naturally inquired—whence comes this water? and by what power is it carried into the interior of the capsule? To enable him to answer these queries, he repeated his observations upon the bulbs of mould produced on dead animal matter in water, and also upon the little sac which contains the spermatie paste of the snail, and which, when placed in water, expels its contents in the same manner as the bulb of the mould. From these experiments, our author arrived at the conclusion, that these small hollow organs have the faculty

“of introducing with violence, into their cavity and through their sides, the water which bathes their exterior surface; and this in such a manner as to expel from that cavity substances which it previously contained.”—p. 114.

M. Dutrochet was, as yet, unable to assign a cause for this *physico-organic* phenomenon, to which he applied the name of *endomose*;^{*} but he ascertained, that it does not occur unless the matter contained in the little cavities be of a greater specific gravity than the water or fluid which surrounds them; and he

* From *fedre*, inward; and *impulse*, impulse.

conceived the possibility of demonstrating this, by obtaining an analogous result on a larger scale, and with a more manageable apparatus. For this purpose, he selected the cæcum, or blind-gut, of a young chicken, into which, after cleaning it with pure water, he put 196 grains of milk, a quantity sufficient to fill one half of its cavity only; and then, having tied a ligature firmly round its open extremity, he placed it in water. After twenty-four hours he found that the cæcum had imbibed as much water as increased its weight 73 grains; and at the end of thirty-six hours, 117 grains of water had entered it, and the gut was become very turgid. But from this time the weight of the intestine gradually diminished; and, at the termination of thirty-six hours, it had lost 54 grains of the water which it had previously imbibed, and the milky fluid within it had become putrid. The temperature during the experiment was from 18° to 21° of Reaumur. The repetition of this experiment with various modifications, and with different fluids introduced into the gut, decidedly demonstrated, says M. Dutrochet,

“that the introduction of the water into the organic cavity depends altogether on the contained fluid being denser than that containing the cavity. As long as this fluid remains undecomposed, the endosmose continues; but the instant that it becomes putrid, the endosmose ceases, and the water, instead of entering into the cavity as before, passes out of it, and with as much rapidity as it entered.”—p. 125.

He at first attributed the passing out of the water to the ceasing of the endosmose; but he soon ascertained, by reversing his experiments, that it is as much a specific action of the organic membrane as that which causes the introduction of the fluid; and that when the gut was filled with a thinner fluid than that in which it was placed, the fluid passed out of it with as much rapidity as it entered in the opposite experiment. This action M. Dutrochet has named *exosmose**. He next ascertained that when chemical fluids, even of a less density than water, are employed, *endosmose* takes place when the solution contained in the closed gut is alkaline, and *exosmose* when it is acid.

As *endosmose* produces an excess of turgidity in any hollow organ endowed with it, and necessarily extends the sides of the cavity so as to cause them to re-act upon the contained fluid, our author conceived the idea, that this would be sufficient to cause water to ascend in a tube, the inferior extremity of which should be fixed into a hollow organ in the state of endosmose, an opinion which was confirmed by experiment. Among other experiments, contrived to prove this fact, he fixed the open end of a glass tube, six decimetres in length, and the bore of which was

* From $\epsilon\chi$, out; and $\sigma\mu\sigma\iota\varsigma$, impulse.

five millimetres in diameter, into the cæcum of a chicken, filled with a solution of gum Arabic; and having plunged the closed gut into rain water, he supported the tube in a vertical position. During twenty hours the fluid was perceived ascending in the tube until it reached the top, out of which it flowed; and this it continued to do until the third day, when it began to sink; and, on the fourth day, the cæcum being opened, the fluid was found to be putrid. Similar results were obtained by employing the swimming bladder of the Carp, and even the inflated pod of Bladder Senna (*Colutea arborescens*), instead of the cæcum, demonstrating that endosmose was not confined to the organic membrane of animal cavities, but was equally the property of vegetable membrane.

The light which these extraordinary experiments threw upon the hitherto inexplicable question of the cause of the progression of the sap in plants, would have been obvious to far less acute and ingenious observers than Dutrochet. But the application of his observations to vegetable *statics* would have been premature, until he had ascertained the cause of the fluids passing through the substances endowed with *endosmose* and *exosmose*; to which subject, therefore, he next directed his attention. The mere fact of a thin fluid, separated from a denser by an organic membrane, passing through that membrane towards the denser, would naturally excite in a philosophic mind the idea that this effect might be the result of an electrical action, the contact of bodies of different densities being a well-known cause of electricity: our author, therefore, formed the opinion that it is the electrical influence which impels the molecules of the liquid through the organic membrane, both in *endosmose* and *exosmose*; and he was confirmed in this theory by the following experiment of M. Porret. This philosopher having divided a cylindrical jar into two compartments, by means of a bladder, filled one of these compartments with water, and put a few drops only into the other. He then placed the negative pole (zinc, or *the less dense*) of a galvanic pile into the compartment filled with water, and the negative (copper, or *the denser*) into that which was nearly empty: the water was forced through the bladder into the empty part of the jar, and continued to flow into it until its surface was much higher than that at which it stood in the part originally full. Imitating this experiment, M. Dutrochet having tied one end of a glass tube into the cæcum of a chicken, into which also he fixed another capillary tube, passed the negative wire of a galvanic pile, through a cork fitted to the first tube, into the cæcum, while the positive wire was placed in the water into which the cæcum was put. The cæcum soon became turgid with the water which had passed into it through its sides, and this rose in the capillary

tube, and flowed over its open orifice, as in the experiment in which fluids of different densities only were employed. When the wires were reversed, and the cæcum empty, no fluid passed into it, but if the cæcum was previously filled with water, it was quickly emptied. Similar results were obtained when the pod of Bladder Senna (*Colutea arborescens*,) was used instead of the cæcum, as in the former experiments; but not when inorganic substances were employed: and this is the more remarkable, as the condition of organic membranes, which fits them for *endosmose* and *exosmose*, continues after they have been dried, it being only necessary to soak them in water to renew their power of displaying these faculties. From his experiments with electricity, our author concludes, that all the vesicles, constituting the tissues of animal and of vegetable bodies, operate as minute Leyden phials electrified negatively within, and positively without; and from this continuing to be the case, as long as the integrity of the animal and vegetable textures remains unimpaired, these vesicles continue turgid by endosmose.

It was important to ascertain the effect of temperature on *endosmose*; and M. Dutrochet, after repeated experiments, ascertained that it is augmented in an increased temperature; a result which corresponds with the fact, that by increasing the temperature of two metals, the contact of which produces electricity, the intensity of the electrical current is increased. Another proof of the electrical nature of endosmose was obtained by nearly filling the cæcum of a chicken with white of egg, closing it, and plunging it into water. The cæcum soon became turgid; and, being opened after the lapse of some hours, its inner surface was found to be lined with a coating of coagulated albumen; which we know to be one of the effects produced by currents of voltaic electricity.

We have now arrived at the most important part of our author's treatise, "the application of his observations to the vital statics of plants." He sets out by recapitulating the facts that a condition exists, in the living tissue of plants, productive of turgidity, or an excessive accumulation of fluid in the minute hollow organs which constitute that tissue, in a manner that could not be effected by the simple attraction of the sides of these capillary organs: and that this *turgidity* is requisite for the progression of the sap. This state is maintained, as well as caused, by endosmose; and the accumulated sap is re-acted upon, not, however, by the *vis a tergo*, but the natural elasticity of the sides of the minute organs containing it; and is, consequently, pushed up into the lymphatic tubes communicating with them, or the sap is carried forward by an *impulse*, the result solely of that condition

of the organic membrane, which M. Dutrochet has named *endosmose*: but it also aids the progression of the sap by *adfluxion*; and upon the mechanism of these two modes depends its entire movements, both ascending and descending. The movement by *adfluxion* is produced by endosmose in the leaves, operating to supply the void occasioned by the great transpiration of water from their surfaces; and is a kind of suction, which draws the fluid contained in the lymphatic tubes towards the leaves. It is by this function that cut plants absorb the water in which they are placed; and by which, at the expense of the sap contained in the stem and roots, they are preserved fresh, although not placed in water. To illustrate this point, M. Dutrochet placed a plant of dog's mercury which had four leaves only, after cleaning the roots from the earth, in a vessel filled with quicksilver, and found that it continued fresh for four days.

"It then lived, he adds," "at the expense of the liquids which the roots contained, and which were drawn up into the leaves by adfluxion only; for there could be no impulse communicated in the roots, as nothing entered into them from without."—p. 167.

With regard to the descending sap, M. Dutrochet imagines that endosmose also produces an impulse in the leaves, which, aided by the natural gravity of the fluid, carries the elaborated sap downwards; but this, it must be acknowledged, is the least satisfactory part of his theory.

It is easy to conceive, if we admit the correctness of our author's observations and experiments, that the endosmose of the radicular spongioles is sufficient to carry upwards the sap in the lymphatic or sap tubes, which are simple tubes, devoid of valves or transverse partitions in trees; but in the grasses, and similar plants, as these tubes apparently extend only from knot to knot, there appears at first some difficulty in conceiving by what means the sap is carried forward through these knots. Our author has anticipated this objection, and contends that this structure, instead of being an obstacle, favours greatly the progress of the sap.

"The agglomerated vesicles, which compose the cellular tissue of the knots, have each their particular endosmose, and in them adfluxion terminates and impulsion commences. The result of their individual actions is a general adfluxion, operating chiefly on that side to which the sap is driven by the strongest impulse, that is to say, on the lower side; and a general impulsion, operating chiefly on the side whence the sap is already attracted by the strongest adfluxion, viz. on the upper side. Thus the knots are true motory organs, placed at certain distances to favour the progress of the sap, which, without their aid, would not attain to the summits of the plants, commonly lank and very extended, in which this organization exists."—p. 171.

Notwithstanding the probability of this explanation, we feel obliged to offer some objections to it, arising from our knowledge of the structure of these knots, which are not, as here stated, simply agglomerated vesicles, in which the vessels of one articulation terminate, and those of another commence; for when a knot is sliced longitudinally, and placed under the microscope, we can distinctly discern the vessels passing from one joint to another, through the spongy cellular diaphragm of the knot, and pursuing their course to the apex of the plant. The impulse which is given at the roots is certainly sufficient to carry the sap through the plexus of inosculating vessels which is present in these knots; and, although we do not deny that endosmose operates in knots, yet, we are rather disposed to regard the knot as a reservoir of nutriment for the developement of the new bud in the axilla of the leaf, which occurs in grasses as well as in other plants, than as a medium for forwarding, by a renewal of the impulse of the sap, the growth and extension of the joint above it; this part being sufficiently sustained by the sap, conveyed through the vessels, which can be traced into it from the roots. The knots, therefore, cannot be accurately regarded as mere motory organs, intended to favour the progression of the sap, although the operation of endosmose in them is required to maintain that impulse against the obstacles presented to it in the knots, by the ramification of the vessels in these parts.

Besides the ascending and descending currents of the sap, a lateral diffusion of it is requisite for the nutrition and development of parts. This is performed by endosmose causing that interchange of fluids between the cells of which we have already spoken; but this is so entirely a vital function, that no impulse can make the sap penetrate a dead part; and it is only when endosmose ceases in the corollas, after the fecundation of the germen, that these parts wither and fall. If the embryo die, the fruit prematurely falls, because the sap is no longer attracted to it, the vitality of the embryo being necessary for endosmose, the cause of the flowing of the sap towards the fecundated germen. *Developement* is also the result of endosmose: each vesicle which contains a fluid denser than the sap contained in the adjoining organs, attracts this sap by endosmose, and tends to introduce it into its cavity. This, however, could not be effected, as the cavity is already full, were not exosmose going on at the same time; but as this is less energetic than the endosmose, the vesicle dilates greatly; and thence, the augmentation of the organic parts, which are all composed of congeries of vesicles: this, according to M. Dutrochet, is one of the causes of developement. The constant renewal also of the fluids in these vesicles, by electrical influence, which causes

their endosmose and exosmose, favours the chemical *composition* and *decomposition* of the fluids, and constitutes *nutrition*. It is this chemical change, effected by the electrical currents in the vesicles, which causes the different qualities of fruits, at different periods of their growth; and which, also, changes the albuminum into hard wood. Each vesicle secretes the fluid it contains, and its sides are true chemical filters, which permit particles of a particular description only to pass, in the same manner as mechanical filters admit the passage only of particles of a certain size. But besides the production of the liquids within the vesicles, and the increase of the volume of these, the augmentation of the number of the vesicles requires also to be explained. M. Dutrochet is of opinion that these are all formed in the organic fluids, which, when examined by the microscope, appear to be composed of globules, swimming in an aqueous fluid. These are in fact the nervous corpuscles of our author; and the rudiments of cells developed in the inside of the parietes of the large cells; the production of new parts being, according to him, always *median*, or surrounded by organic parts. He thinks that there is no displacement of old solid parts by new; that the fluids only are changed; and that both absorption and transpiration are vital phenomena, depending on endosmose and exosmose, and differing greatly from the imbibation and exhalation of fluids by inorganic bodies.

M. Dutrochet contends that there are no vascular orifices in the organic membranous sides of the vegetable vesicles, destined for absorption; this function, as has been already stated, being the sole result of a kind of filtration, through those membranous sides, influenced by electrical currents. A certain elevation of temperature is necessary for the flowing or rise of the sap; and as this varies in different plants, it is not at all improbable that it is attributable to certain physical properties fitted to produce electrical currents under a determinate temperature; "et dont le degré est différent selon la différence de ces mêmes qualités physiques, dont la détermination ne doit pas être très difficile."—p. 182.

M. Bory de Saint Vincent and M. Edwards have lately endeavoured to prove that the vesicles of which both animal and vegetable bodies are composed, possess a distinct vitality, and are in fact zoocarpes, animalcula infusoria, which display their spontaneous animation, when they are detached from the rest of the plant. As this is an hypothesis which has excited much interest, and which we think our author has completely refuted, we will not apologize for transcribing his refutation in his own words.

"I have had the opportunity of observing these zoocarpes; I have

seen their spontaneous movements, always of short duration; I have also seen, under certain circumstances, the globules of the green matter of Priestley move spontaneously, but as soon stop: I have seen in all this only vesicles which are moved by electrical currents; and certainly not animals, endowed with voluntary motion. I will venture to say as much of all those pretended animalcula infusoria, which are simply globules or ellipsoids, and possess none of those parts that characterize animals. Such, for example, are those pretended animalcula which constitute, by their agglomeration, those pellicules that form on the surface of water in which animal and vegetable substances are macerating; these are vesicles sometimes in motion, sometimes at rest, according to the degree of temperature and other circumstances which need not be here mentioned. Finally, M. Edwards, in examining under the microscope cells mechanically detached from a vegetable and plunged in water, saw these cells move spontaneously, and considered that he was authorized to conclude that, in this case, the vegetable parts had become animalized. This phenomenon, like the preceding, depends entirely on the electrical currents which exist in these vesicles. Thus ingenious wonders disappear before the torch of observation: nature possesses enough of the wonderful to console us for this loss. But is it no gain to be freed from errors?"—p. 184.

Such are the observations and experiments which M. Dutrochet has laid before the scientific world, relative to the vital movements of plants. The conclusions to be drawn from them are, 1, that there is no actual circulation, but merely an ascending and descending current, and a lateral diffusion of the sap in plants; 2, that the sap ascends through cylindrical tubes or vessels, which permeate both the alburnum and the old wood; 3, that the elaborated juice of the plant is conducted through a set of oblong closed cells, chiefly contained in the bark; 4, that the lateral diffusion of the sap and elaborated juice is carried on through the organic membrane forming the cellular tissue; 5, that these movements are the result of distinct electrical currents, one operating so as to introduce fluids into the cells and capillary organs of the plant, and the other so as to abstract it from them, which powers M. Dutrochet has named *endosmose* and *exosmose*; 6, that by endosmose the sap is raised to the summits of trees, against its natural gravity, and independent of any contractile power in the vessels through which it moves; and 7, that secretion in plants, and consequently nutrition, depends altogether on electrical agency.

Having finished his remarks on the vegetable body, M. Dutrochet terminates his treatise with an attempt to apply his observations and experiments "*à la statique vitale des animaux.*" He sets out with remarking, that, as the organs of animals, with the exception of the blood-vessels in those that possess a circulation,

are composed of congeries of vesicles, a fact which can be readily demonstrated in the mollusca, the 'fundamental' conditions for endosmose and exosmose are found in animals; and that their vascular systems may be regarded as merely the channels for irrigating, as it were, the vesicular parts, and carrying to their elementary vesicles new organic matter, which they deposit by filtration by the aid of endosmose. He illustrates this position by examining the phenomena attending inflammation. The inflamed part becomes turgid, owing to the fluids in the neighbouring parts being attracted to it by *adffluxion*; the increased calibre of the arteries is owing to the augmented supply of blood which the adffluxion determines to the inflamed part; whilst the veins are dilated by the more than ordinary impulse of the blood, which this part supplies to them in greater abundance and with a greater force than usual.

"Thus," says our author, "the inflamed part is at the same time the termination of adffluxion and the origin of impulsion for the blood. We have already seen that such are exactly the effects of endosmose in plants. No doubt, therefore, can remain that inflammation is a phenomenon of endosmose. Now, this phenomenon, the effects of which are so visible in the morbid state of the body, exists equally in the natural state, but in a less degree of intensity."—p. 194.

An objection here presents itself, that all turgescence cannot be regarded as a morbid *hyperendosmose*, to use the language of our author, as a state of turgescence, for example the erectile, is perfectly compatible with a healthy state of the parts. This objection M. Dutrochet has anticipated, and contends that the two states are essentially different, the erectile depending upon one occasional cause only, whereas the morbid depends upon many; for instance, the introduction of foreign matters into the organic tissue, the alteration of the substances contained in the elementary vesicles, and their greater or less fluidity: and he regards it as certain, that the alteration of the fluids contained in these vesicles is the sole immediate cause of inflammatory diseases.

To the attraction of the blood in the capillary branches of the arterial system, M. Dutrochet ascribes the empty state of its vessels after death; and contends that both the full state of the veins, and the cause of the progression of the blood in them towards the heart, may be explained on the same principles as the ascent of the sap in plants. He admits, however, that other circumstances influence the flow of the blood in the veins; as for example, when there are no capillary ramifications between an artery and a vein, but the one vessel terminates directly in the other, as in the young salamander, in which case the contractile power of the heart is felt through the whole circuit. He regards the idea of a con-

tractile power in the capillary vessels as purely hypothetical; for although these vessels may re-act upon the blood by their elasticity, no real contraction, "*incurvation des fibres*," has ever been detected. He does not deny the probability of Dr. Barry's theory, that the pressure of the atmosphere, in conjunction with a vacuum formed in the chest during respiration, is the cause of the progression of the venous blood towards the heart, but regards it as an accessory peculiar to the mammalia and birds.

"Thus the circulation of the blood is a complex phenomenon, depending on the concurrence of many different causes, at the head of which is found for one part, the contraction of the heart, and for another, the endosmose of the capillaries; endosmose, which is, at the same time, the cause of adfluxion and that of impulsion."—p. 196.

He also applies his theory, with much apparent success, to the lymphatic system, and regards the ganglions as motory organs, maintaining, by adfluxion and impulsion, the motion of the fluids in these capillary vessels.

We have already stated the opinion of our author, that inflammation or morbid hyperendosmose depends, chiefly, upon the alteration of the substances contained in the elementary vesicles. These may, nevertheless, preserve their integrity, for it is not the containing but the contained parts which are altered: and on this supposition the difference of the exciting causes explains the variety in the inflammations of which the body is susceptible: thus the inflammation of the lymphatic ganglions by the syphilitic virus differs from that caused by the scrophulous: and the cancerous ulcer differs essentially from another ulcer situated in the same organ. The adfluxion in morbid hyperendosmose extends itself according to the intensity of the disease; and if it be what is termed a vital part that is affected, this becomes a dangerous centre of adfluxion, unless we can divert the fluids to another point by exciting a more powerful hyperendosmose in a less vital part. It is in this manner, according to our author, that blisters, some kinds of purgatives, leeches, and all revelling agents operate; and on this principle he accounts for the benefit derived from the application of cupping glasses in cases of poisoned wounds.

We must admit, with M. Dutrochet, that the means of combating inflammation have been, hitherto, almost empirical. He, however, conceives that the theory which he has advanced throws considerable light on the physiology of this diseased state, and confidently assumes the following as the most rational method of curing morbid hyperendosmose.

1. The abstraction of the substance, the presence of which in the organic tissue causes hyperendosmose. When this is a solid body, it

must be mechanically abstracted; and if it proceed from an altered state of fluids, the changed fluids must be evacuated by leeches and scarifications, with cupping: the efficacy of which in relieving inflammation experience has fully established.

2. General bloodletting, by diminishing the flow of the arterial blood in all parts of the body, must necessarily lessen it in the inflamed, or, in our author's words, hyperendosmosed part: and as the void thus caused in the large vessels can only be filled by the general depletion of the capillaries, the inflamed part will become less turgid, and the hyperendosmose be diminished.

3. Leeches and cupping in the vicinity of an inflamed part relieve the hyperendosmose in two ways. 1. The evacuation of the blood procures the general depletion of the vessels: 2. their suction causes a derivation in the direction of the affluxion.

4. An energetic hyperendosmose excited in one part, tends to diminish this state existing in another part. This is the result of the change produced in the direction of the affluxion, the fluids being always directed to that part in which the most powerful hyperendosmose exists. In this way blisters operate, and the relief is always in proportion to the evacuation produced.

5. As the addition of water, by thinning the fluid contained in the organic tissue, or by weakening its chemical qualities, diminishes the intensity of the endosmose, the introduction of water into the organic tissues is a powerful method of combating inflammation.

6. As there are inflammations, or states of morbid hyperendosmose, which cannot be cured by the means abovementioned, M. Dutrochet conceives that his theory points out a sixth method of cure. We know, says he, that fluids introduced into the organic tissue by endosmose expel those which already exist in it; so that, in a state of morbid hyperendosmose caused by a chemical change of the fluids, if we can introduce into the organic tissue chemical fluids capable of producing a greater hyperendosmose than already exists, the matters causing this will be expelled by means of the increased activity of the endosmose. In this manner cantharides and many other acrid matters prove useful; and mercury cures syphilis. To this principle also, without our author being aware of it, may be referred the cure of syphilis without mercury, by simple dilution and rest, as has been lately practised. The acrimony of the virus is gradually lessened, the energy of the endosmose diminished, and the disposition to the formation of the morbid state of the fluids, which had been induced by the introduction of the virus, is overcome by the restoration of the milder state of the secreted fluids, selected from the nutritive juices.

7. The intensity of the hyperendosmose may be diminished by the introduction into the economy of certain causes of *exosmose*. Acids, in general, are of this description, and it is probably this property which renders acidulous beverage so useful in inflammations. On the contrary, M. Dutrochet regards solutions of gum, of extract and of sugar hurtful, as being productive of endosmose. If emollient cataplasms produce a beneficial effect, when applied to inflamed parts, it is to be ascribed, ac-

according to our author, to the fluid being absorbed, and favouring exosmose: and he is of opinion that baths can be useful only as the liquids used for forming them are more or less dense than the organic fluids, depending on the nature of the disease.

M. Dutrochet having concluded his remarks on inflammation, commences the consideration of the advantages resulting from the application of his theory to animal *absorption* and *exhalation*. He objects to the theory advanced by M. Majendie, that absorption is the simple result of capillary attraction: and then proceeds to prove, that absorption is the result of endosmose; and that elective absorption depends altogether upon the relation of the fluids exterior to the organic tissue and those contained in it. Thus, in the intestines, chyle is absorbed, but fecal matters are rejected, because, as his experiments have proved, fecal matter is an agent productive of exosmose, while chyle possesses the opposite property.

“If then the chyle possesses such qualities as fits it to be absorbed by the organic tissue, for the same reason the fecal matter possesses qualities which cause it to be rejected.”—p. 214.

The mucous membrane of the intestines is a chemical filter, that permits those substances only which are endowed with certain chemical qualities to pass: but although this is a species of secretion, yet it is merely a separation of mixed substances; similar, for example, to the secretion of urea by the kidneys; for it is well known, from the experiments of M. Prevost and Dumas, that urea exists ready formed in blood: whereas many secretions are the result of a separation and a new combination of the elements of the nutritious fluid. The general theory of secretion of vegetables is applicable to animals; and the organs employed in this function, like those of vegetables, are hollow sacs or cells, through the sides of which the secreted fluid is introduced. This is manifest in insects and the mollusca, the secretory organs of which are composed of a congeries of vesicles, among which the blood-vessels and the excretory canals ramify. The sides of these vesicles are true chemical filters, which, under the influence of an electrical current, transmit, whilst at the same time they modify, certain elements of the nutritive fluid. The secreted fluid is expelled, in the natural state, towards the excretory canals; but, if these be obstructed, it passes into the blood-vessels, thence result certain morbid accidents. In this point of view, nutrition itself is a modification of secretion: the nervous vesicles secrete the nervous matter which fills them, and the muscular vesicles that substance to which they owe their peculiar vital properties.

“Each of these vesicles expel at the same time substances previously

secreted, and these fall into the blood vessels, the only excretory vessels of secretion and nutrition.”—p. 217.

M. Dutrochet conceives, with much truth, that there is no continual waste and renewal of the solid parts as is generally supposed; and adds—

“If the containing parts renewed themselves continually like the contained parts, it is probable that death from old age would never happen, since the living being would never be old.”—p. 218.

We will here close our remarks on this ingenious and highly interesting treatise, the few remaining pages being too hypothetical either to win our assent to the doctrines they contain, or even to induce us seriously to point out their fallacy.

We have attempted to lay before our readers an analysis rather than a critical review of the author's opinions. They require more time, and more attentive consideration, than we have been able to bestow upon them, to authorize us to decide, with confidence in the accuracy of our judgment, on their value.

Like every promulgator of a new theory, M. Dutrochet beholds no cloud in the heaven of his invention; and, exulting in the day-spring, which he fondly believes it is to shed on every thing hitherto obscured by the mists of doubt and uncertainty, robes himself with authority, and confidently assumes as certain that which, at most, is merely probable. Thence, although we feel that we are almost converts to his theory, yet, in his too extensive application of it, we must candidly confess that we think he has failed in many particulars. He has, undoubtedly, drawn aside the veil which had so long concealed the mysteries of the vegetable economy; and it will not be denied that, in elucidating these, he has advanced one step towards disencumbering physiology of many difficulties, the admitted explanations of which have been adopted not always from a conviction of their truth, but from a reverence of those who proposed them; that idolatry imposed by genius on posterity; that adoration due to the only rational object of ambition—

“Clarum et venerabile nomen.”

ART. X].—*Cours de Littérature Grecque Moderne, donné à Genève par Jacobaky Rizo Neroulos, ancien premier Ministre des Hospodars Grecs de Valachie et de Moldavie. Publié par Jean Humbert. 8vo. Genève. 1827.*

AFTER a struggle of six years duration, in which the Greeks, fighting for the most glorious of causes, have displayed virtues and qualities of the highest order, contrasting favourably with the brute courage and unrelenting cruelty and ferocity of their

Turkish antagonists, while their mutual sentiments of national and religious hatred have given so embittered a character to the contest as to render it almost a war of extermination, fortune has again turned the scale, and the Cross has once more yielded to the Crescent. That the Greeks would have finally achieved their liberation by their own efforts, there seemed little reason to doubt; but when the Turks received the assistance of their Egyptian auxiliaries, disciplined and commanded by European renegadoes, it became evident that, unless some extraneous aid were also afforded to the Greeks, the chances of their success would be greatly diminished. The support which they have already derived from the naval and military services and experience of some distinguished officers of our own and a neighbouring nation, has indeed been most important; but, without money, the great sinew of war, in order to procure the means of carrying it on effectually, it is evident, that these services could be turned to comparatively little account. Under such circumstances, and with the gloomy anticipations which the recent successes of the Turks had naturally excited, the friends of the Greeks must have hailed with no common pleasure the intelligence of a treaty having been concluded between three of the great powers of Europe for the purpose of offering a mediation between the parties, as affording a gleam of light in the darkness of the horizon, and a prospect of terminating a contest, hitherto so unsatisfactory in its results. The publication of the treaty, within the month in which we are writing, has strengthened this cheering prospect. That the Ottoman cabinet will at once accede to the proposal of the three powers, is more than can reasonably be predicted, when we consider the disposition of the reigning sultan, the sanguinary character of his recent administration, the bigotry and ferocious ignorance of the Mussulman population, and the triumph inspired by their recent successes. That the plan which is proposed by the treaty, for settling the points of difference between the contending parties, is the very best which could be adopted, is also more than we can venture to affirm; but no one, who fairly considers the difficulty of reconciling such opposite pretensions, will be inclined to judge with severity any plan which presents a reasonable practicability for effecting an object so desirable. It may be matter of regret, that the motives which have at last brought about this important measure did not come earlier into operation; the reasons of this delay it would not be difficult to develop, although a discussion of them would be here out of place. We feel perfectly assured that this recognition of Grecian independence, however tardy, will very soon decidedly turn the scale in favour of that cause, which unites in its favour the hopes and wishes of the

friends of freedom, national independence, and civilization. For the part which our own country has yet to play in this important drama, it is pleasing to regard it as another emanation of that "master mind," whose good fortune it was, twenty years since, to be the leading instrument of his country's generous aid to the Spaniards, in their insurrection against the treacherous usurpation of Napoleon,—whose liberal policy, in more recent times, has fostered the growth and development of free and liberal institutions in the New World,—and whose continued efforts for the maintenance of peaceful relations, and the amicable settlement of disputes which might lead to war between other nations, reflect the highest lustre on his administration.

The example of the Greek revolution adds another to the many proofs which history affords, that political and religious tyranny, by whatever means established, or however sanctioned by long prescription, will, when pushed beyond certain limits, inevitably rouse the spirit of resistance, and warm into life the indestructible germs of liberty, which nature has planted in every human breast. So it has been with the Greeks. Although ages have passed since they ceased to be a free nation, they have shown, when the favourable moment arrived, that the sentiments which actuated their ancestors, in the brightest period of their annals, still animate their bosoms.

One of the most remarkable features in their history, is their preservation as a distinct nation ever since they lost their freedom. To us it appears, that they owe their preservation in a great measure to the very circumstances which might have been expected to produce their extinction. After the Romans had for centuries held them in bondage, after they had been made partakers in the decrepitude of the Eastern empire, they were doomed to be the victims of the invasion and conquest of their country by the Crusaders. That seems to have been the period of the greatest corruption in their language. "All the dialects of the West were then forcibly introduced into Greece; a number of foreign words became naturalized; changes were daily making in the language of the people, and in time it would have been entirely lost, had their masters but known how to win their subjects' affections, and taken pains to amalgamate the victors and the vanquished. But their superstitious feelings, which led them to regard their Greek subjects as detestable heretics, raised a wall of separation between them. The Greeks on their side, returning hatred for hatred, entrenched themselves more and more in their own language, customs and religion, and gradually abjured all moral communication with their masters. This double separation between the Greeks and Franks, served as the model of that

which took place at a later period, between the Greeks and the Turks." Their language therefore formed one of the principal links that held the nation together,—facilitated, under less disastrous circumstances, the dissemination of knowledge, and led to that revival of literature, which, however faint and imperfect, has been one of the main causes of the present revolution.

This being the case, it certainly becomes an object of considerable interest, to know the state of modern Greek literature previous to the war, and for this purpose probably no publication has appeared more suitable than the volume now before us, containing the substance of a course of lectures delivered at Geneva by an individual of rank and talent, the descendant of a Fanariot family, which has been long known for its literary efficiency and political abilities.

M. Rizo was born at Constantinople in 1778, and was left an orphan when only four years of age; he was educated immediately under the eye of his uncle Samuel, the learned Archbishop of Ephesus, and applied himself most assiduously to the study of mathematics, moral philosophy, oriental languages, and French literature. Ypsilanty, Hospodar of Moldavia, the father of those bold youths who have stamped the name with everlasting reputation, was his earliest patron; but on his deposition, M. Rizo was, in 1801, appointed agent, at Constantinople, of Alexander Soutzo, Ypsilanty's successor. Here Rizo passed the six ensuing years of his life, in studious tranquility, while the Turks and Russians were struggling with the bitterness of mutual hatred for the possession of Wallachia and Moldavia. Peace, however, being at length concluded, and the Hospodars of the two principalities established in their respective governments, Prince John Caradza, Hospodar of Wallachia, appointed M. Rizo to the office of *grand postelnik*, or prime minister. There he remained four years, during which he was most zealous in the execution of his official functions, and in promoting the moral and political improvement of the people.

In 1818, M. Rizo was appointed secretary interpreter to the ministry for foreign affairs at Constantinople. In 1819, Prince Michael Soutzo, Hospodar of Moldavia, appointed him to the same situation of grand postelnik which he had held in Wallachia, where he distinguished himself by the same liberal views, activity and benevolence, which he had displayed in the latter province.

In 1821, the Greek revolution broke out, and terminated Rizo's political career. This great event had been anticipated for years;—among the leading excitements, however, which precipitated its disclosure, was the successful rebellion of Ali Pacha; which, along with other concurrent causes, especially the seditious

movements in Servia, and the general discontent which prevailed through Wallachia and Moldavia, induced the first wild and ill advised measures for the achievement of Grecian independence. The time fixed by the *Heteria*, or Friendly Society,* for executing the enterprize which their lofty imaginations had conceived, is reported, indeed, to have been the year 1825. But the rash machinations of Alexander Ypsilanty, who had obtained a two years' leave of absence from the Russian court, and had settled himself at Kischenow, near Odessa, as the head of the *Heteria*, whence he issued his orders to the several directing committees for the insurrectionary organization, proved not only abortive in themselves, but altogether ruinous to the long-cherished hopes of the Grecian patriots. After a single encounter with the Turks, his resources were entirely exhausted, and he was consigned to the gloom and fetters of an Austrian dungeon. On the failure and defeat of this chief, Rizo himself retired with his family to Kischenow; at this place, keeping open house for his unfortunate compatriots, he remained till 1823. With the intention of returning to Greece, he then passed through Poland and different parts of Germany and Switzerland, where he staid a short time, and left his two eldest sons at Geneva, under the care of Colonel Dufour, to be instructed in the principles of military science. Thence proceeding to Italy, he settled at Pisa, in the society of Caradza, Michael Soutzo, Argyropoulo, Chrestory, Iatropoulo, and many other personal friends and countrymen. Neither the beauties of the Italian clime, nor the affectionate attentions of his companions, could, however, divert this unfortunate exile from gloomy thoughts, respecting the safety of his wife and his other children, whom, for want of the necessary means, and in the fond hope of seeing the affairs of Greece retrieved, he had been obliged to leave in the heart of Bessarabia. New misfortunes overwhelmed him with affliction, and cast a gloom over his future prospects. His brother and brother-in-law† were murdered at Constantinople, in addition to which, his eldest son fell a victim to consumption, soon after his arrival at Pisa, and all his property at Constantinople was confiscated.

He returned from Italy to Geneva in June, 1826, in consequence of the pressing invitations of his Genevese friends; there also he had the pleasure of meeting the patriotic Count John Capodistria, who has recently been appointed president of the

* An account of this society will be found in Mr. Waddington's and Mr. Blaquiere's Notes on Greece. The statements of Mr. Pouqueville must be received with considerable qualification.

† At the same time were massacred the Prince Mourousi, Gregory the Patriarch of Constantinople, (whose body was afterwards dragged through the streets by the Jews,) and many others, especially ecclesiastics, of the highest rank.

Greek government. Shortly after his arrival in Geneva, he was requested to give a course of lectures on modern Greek literature; and the volume now before us was the result of his compliance. Even an outline sketch from a competent author must be interesting in this country, where so little is known on the subject; and our author's production deserves every indulgence, considering the circumstance that he was compelled to trust entirely to his memory for his facts and references, having no books at hand which could assist him in his task.

It must not be forgotten that M. Rizo is in his own land a man of high literary reputation, having produced two tragedies,—“*Aspasia*” and “*Polyxena*,”—(both of which are published, and have frequently been acted with applause at the theatres of Yassei, Bucharest, Corfu, and Odessa,) besides some humorous and satirical pieces, principally directed against the vices and follies of his countrymen, at Constantinople. This learned and distinguished stranger has recently arrived in this country, and is at present employed on a history of modern Greece, since the taking of Constantinople by the Turks to the year 1826, for the publication of which he has just issued proposals. These particulars are chiefly drawn from the preface to the present work, written by Mr. Humbert of Geneva, who appears as its editor.

In an introductory chapter of twenty pages, the author has given a brief sketch of the history of the Greek language, from the earliest periods. He signalizes the removal of the seat of the Roman empire to Byzantium as the epoch when the corruption of the language began. The church was the only means by which it retained any portion of its purity; but the reign of the legislator Justinian, the invasion and dismemberment of Greece and the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders, and last of all the capture of that capital and the subjugation of the empire by the Turks, successively and finally buried the whole of that fair region of the globe in a long night of the darkest ignorance and superstition.

With regard to the modern Greek, it underwent no remarkable variation from the fall of Constantinople till the beginning of the eighteenth century. During that interval, comprising a period of two centuries and a half, the clergy continued to make use of the ancient, or *literal* Greek, in the church service and in polemical works which they published, in order to prevent the proselytism, and strengthen the faith of their flocks against the encroachments of the Romish Church. Schools were successively established at Mount Athos, at Smyrna, in the Phanaros at Constantinople, at Larissa, Janina, and Corfu, in which the ancient Greek was taught, and the principal text-books were the Rhetoric of Aph-

thonius, the Theology of Joannes Damascenus, the Elements of Euclid, and the Logic and Physics of Blemmides. Towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, the learned generally began to write in the modern language, and of course it is from that time that the origin of modern Greek literature should be properly dated.

Rizo divides its annals into three periods. During the first, (1700—1750,) the Turkish government began to choose its interpreters, and the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia from among the Greeks. During the second, (1750—1800,) a communication with Europe was established, and a great number of scientific works were translated. But, in the third period, 1800—1821,) better methods of instruction were adopted in the schools, and the project was framed to prepare the people for a revolution, by means of intellectual cultivation.

During the first period, Alexander Mavrocordato was the individual most distinguished. A native of Scio, he went to Italy to complete his studies, and after his return to Constantinople became professor of philosophy. He wrote a Grammar, a System of Rhetoric, Commentaries on several Ancient Writers, a History of the Jews from Abraham to the End of the Seventeenth Century, &c. His letters to Doritheus, Patriarch of Constantinople, were lately published, with the omission of the passages which expressed his hatred of the Turks. He accompanied the Turkish ambassadors to the conferences at Carlowitz as secretary interpreter, and his son was the first Greek who was raised to the dignity of Hospodar of Wallachia. The most learned men of this period were his pupils—for example, Meletius, Cavavellas, Critias, &c. Moreover, he obtained permission from the Turkish government to establish schools in the different towns, and provided them with the best editions of the classics which had been published in Europe.

In the second period, Samuel, Patriarch of Constantinople, obtained high celebrity for his learning and eloquence, and for his skill in the management of state affairs. He was a great enemy to the monks, and used to treat them with contempt for their impudence and ignorance. One day he met two of them in the street. "Did I not tell you," said he, "to leave off begging from door to door? Why do you not rather go to the houses of Xenophon and Aristotle?" "We assure your grace," said they, "not only that we have not been begging at their houses, but we never heard their names before!"

By his advice, Prince Nicolas Caradza translated Voltaire's *Manners and Spirit of Nations*, and *Age of Louis XIV.* into the modern tongue. Within this period also, Bulgaria, a pro-

fessor on Mount Athos, taught Greek literature, theology, mathematics, natural philosophy and metaphysics. He went afterwards to Russia, and, by desire of the Empress Catharine, translated the *Eneid* into his own language. He died as Archbishop of Cherson, disappointed and dispirited by the failure of the attempt which the Greeks made in 1771 to recover their freedom. Theotoky, who had studied in Italy and afterwards in Constantinople, also went to Russia, and was promoted to the Archbishopric of Astracan. His work on natural philosophy, and his "Course of Mathematics," were adopted in all the Greek schools to the end of the last century.

The French revolution inspired many high-minded Greeks with fresh hopes for the delivery of their country. Riga, a Thessalian, who was the author of a work on natural philosophy, and a map of Greece, conceived the project of an insurrection against the Turkish government. In the ardour of his enthusiasm, and taking Tyrtaeus as his model, he composed patriotic hymns,* which soon became popular throughout the nation, who are indeed passionately fond of music and dancing. The names of Miltiades and Themistocles once more re-echoed on the mountains. Heroic names, however, will not serve the purpose of cannon-balls, nor will the best of songs put an enemy to flight. Riga left Vienna, where he had resided for some time, in 1796, and was on the point of embarking for Greece, when he was seized by the Austrian police, which had been watching his proceedings, and delivered up to the Turks, by whom he was beheaded at Belgrade. Had he succeeded in effecting an insurrection, it would only have plunged the nation into deeper misery, but this is no apology for the conduct of the Austrian Government. In the year 1821, we happened to see the nephew of Riga at Missolonghi;—animated with the same spirit which distinguished his uncle, he raised the standard of the revolution in Aetolia, and Acarnania, and was universally esteemed for his disinterested patriotism.

Under the reign of Selim III., the schools were multiplied in Greece, and approved of by the Turkish authorities. Prince Mourouzi, for whom Selim had a great regard, was appointed inspector of these establishments, and school-houses were erected, whereas formerly the Greek children learnt to read and write in the vestibules of the churches. Various new colleges at Cydonia, Smyrna, Scio, &c. were formed, and men of learning appointed as professors. Among these we find Lambros, professor at Bu-

* Lord Byron has translated one of them, *Δαυτε ψαλμὸς τῶν Ἑλλήνων.*

Sons of the Greeks, arise, &c.

charest, and his successor Doukas, who translated the history of Thucydides, and also published editions of the Athenian orators, of Herodian, Arrian, and other writers of the second order. Daniel Phillipides translated the Logic of Condillac, the Chemistry of Fourcroy, and the Astronomy of Lalande; he wrote besides a very interesting history of the Wallachian, Moldavian, and Bessarabian nations. Benjamin, of Mitylene, who had visited the universities of Italy, selected Cydonia, opposite Mytilene, on the coast of Asia Minor, for the seat of a college. It was already a commercial town of some importance. Under his fostering care, that institution had rapidly become a flourishing establishment, when some political intrigues induced him to leave it, and to accept a professorship at Bucharest, offered him by Prince Caradza. After the flight of the latter, he once more lost his place through the jealousy of the Greek clergy; but the revolution, which broke out soon after, brought him back to Greece. He preached everywhere in a strain of passionate eloquence, and with the most indefatigable zeal visited all quarters of the country, in order to excite the flame of patriotism. We remember having heard one of his discourses on a particular occasion; it happened when the Turks were advancing from Arxa and threatened Missolonghi, at which place Benjamin was then stationed. The town was miserably supplied with ammunition; only one vessel that lay in the roads had on board a cargo of gunpowder, and it was sold out on very exorbitant terms. Pressing as the danger seemed to be, the Greeks hesitated to supply themselves with this indispensable requisite at so high a price, till Benjamin mounted the pulpit, and preached a most impressive sermon, reproaching them for clinging to money, and cherishing schemes of parsimony, when life and liberty were at stake. He concluded his discourse with a solemn malediction against those who should refuse to buy powder, wheresoever and howsoever it might be obtained—"να ηναι κατηραμενοι"—"Be they accursed;"—all present answered emphatically "Amen," and the next day every house was provided with the necessary ammunition. Benjamin died lately at Napoli di Romania.

At Janina there was a remarkably good school. Even the philosophy of Kant found its way thither by means of one of the professors of the College, Psalidas, who had studied in Germany. Ali Pahca was disposed to encourage learning, as he imagined that it might be of service to him, and sent several young men to Italy and France at his own expense to learn the sciences, not apprehending that the muses could ever do him any injury.

During this second period, M. Rizo having remarked some of the causes which contributed to the extraordinary intellectual im-

provement of the Greek nation, and mentioned several times the hospodars, the interpreters of the Porte, and the Greek princes, as having contributed more or less to the execution of the vast plan for the regeneration of Greece, takes occasion to give a rapid sketch of the history of this important portion of the Greek nation, who were known by the general denomination of the *Fanariots*. Although himself one of that distinguished but unfortunate class, M. Rizo considers himself sufficiently raised above the prejudices of birth to speak of them with impartiality. As his account contains some interesting, and in this country little known details, we have extracted the principal part of what may be regarded as a sort of episode in his book.

. "The origin of the Fanariots goes back to the taking of Constantinople. After the fall of that city, a small number of distinguished families, who were unable to make their escape, formed a *nucleus* around, and under the shelter of the patriarchal throne.* During the first years of the Conquest, the patriarch Gennadius obtained of Mahomet II. as the patriarchal church, a temple situated in the heart of the city, and dedicated to the holy Virgin, under the denomination of *Ῥόδον τὸ ἀμάρων*, the *rose that never fades*. But as this church was surrounded on all sides by Mussulman habitations, the fanaticism of the Mahometans, inflamed by conquest, could not bear to see and hear the ceremonies of an abhorred religion so close to it. The patriarch was in consequence deprived of this church, which was immediately transformed into a mosque, that still retains its ancient name in Turkish, *Guïoul-Dzamisi, the mosque of the rose*. Another church was given to the patriarch, of mean construction and without arches, situated in the quarter of the Fanaros (or Light-house) close to a gate which bore the name, even in the times of the western emperors, of *Πύλη τοῦ Φαναρίου, the gate of the Light-house*. In this quarter, the patriarch had a house built for his residence; there also the members of the Synod constantly resided for the transaction of the temporal and spiritual affairs of the church and the nation; there were grouped the remains of the distinguished families that composed the body of the *lay clergy*, a peculiar constitution of the western church. Finally, in this quarter was built, nearly about the same period, the school of Constantinople, called the *Patriarchal School*.

"This lay clergy, which from the time of the western empire composed the retinue, and the court of the patriarch, existed only in name after the taking of Constantinople, and was reduced to poverty. But after the Constantinopolitan Panajotaki obtained the office of *interpreter to the Ottoman Porte*; after Alexander Mavrocordato succeeded him in that important charge, with which no Greek had ever been previously invested; but especially after Nicholas Mavrocordato, the son of Alex-

* To the Constantinopolitans must be added some distinguished families of Trebizond who took refuge at Constantinople after the destruction of the empire of Trebizond. Among these were the families of Ypsilanti and Mourouzy. The first of these families is well known; the second has given many excellent citizens to Greece, among others Alexander Stourdza, whose talents as a writer form the least of his merits.

ander, was named *Hospodar* of Wallachia, and the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia were granted exclusively to Greeks of the leading families of Constantinople; the groupe of families settled in the Fanaros then began to increase progressively in numbers and in wealth. Insinuating themselves by degrees into the ministerial affairs of the Porte, these Greeks formed a particular *caste*, officially recognized by the Turkish government. Although regarded as slaves, like the rest of their fellow citizens, the Fanariots filled employments respected by the Turks themselves, and held in consideration by the government. Being almost wholly entrusted with the external affairs, which the ignorance and incapacity of the Turks compelled them to confide to them, they were obliged to acquire a variety of information necessary for that branch of administration. Their children in consequence received a finished education. A perfect acquaintance with the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, the French, and the three principal oriental languages, the Turkish, Arabic, and Persian, were indispensable preliminaries and instruments for success in the limited career of the employments to which the ambition of the Constantinopolitan Greeks could aspire. The Fanariots, who looked to education as the source of their advancement, of their influence and their privileges, rated men of knowledge highly, and protected with all their power such of their fellow citizens as displayed merit and information. In consequence of this, the Greek *savans* crowded from all parts to Constantinople, as the place where talents and virtues were best appreciated and rewarded. The young Fanariots destined for the management of political affairs were brought up under the enlightened eyes of their parents, were early imbued with noble sentiments, and taught to speak a language superior to that of the vulgar; even the women of the Fanaros spoke their maternal tongue with purity, and wrote it with elegance. In treating more particularly of the different works of modern Greek literature, we shall have occasion to mention the names of several Constantinopolitan ladies as the authors of works well worthy of remembrance."

"The Turkish conquerors granted to the patriarchs of Constantinople, of Alexandria, of Antioch, and of Jerusalem, as well as to the Greek archbishops and bishops, diplomas conferring important prerogatives. But how could prerogatives, given by tyrants to despised slaves, be maintained without alteration, unless an efficient cause had been constantly on the watch for their preservation? If the existence of this cause is denied, we must in such case recognize the Ottoman Porte as the most just, the most scrupulous, the most loyal, and the most paternal government which can be under a purely arbitrary dominion; we must suppose that government to have united the two extremes of absolutism and constitutionality. It must of necessity be admitted, that a species of human providence maintained a permanent vigilance in the support of the privileges which formed the nation's sole refuge Many of these privileges were too much in opposition to the interests and prejudices of the Turks, not to require an efficacious force for their preservation, and this force was supplied by the influence of the Fanariots. The latter were thoroughly acquainted with the language, the prejudices, and the manners and cus-

toms of their masters; availing themselves also of the superiority which a good education and various knowledge possesses over ignorance, they easily insinuated themselves into the good graces of the grandees of the empire, and directed them at will. The Greek secretary-interpreter of the Porte managed almost entirely the diplomatic affairs; and the agents of the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia, with money and presents in hand, regularly went the rounds of all the ministers, of all the covetous ulemas, and with the magic charm of the Dutch ducats, fascinated their eyes, melted their hard hearts, and facilitated the execution of the most difficult affairs, and such as were of most importance to the Greek nation."

After admitting that discord and intrigue prevailed among them, to a great extent, in consequence of the opposing pretensions of various families to the principal political offices, he maintains that in the midst of all these the Fanariots never neglected the interests of their country,—that they protected the existing schools, established new ones,—respected and encouraged the arts and sciences, and finally, in very perilous circumstances, where the existence of the nation itself was at stake, displayed astonishing skill and unwearied zeal. Of this last he mentions four instances; during the first war with the empress Catherine; after the arrest of Riga, and the denunciation of his plans by Austria; and during the two wars of Napoleon against Russia. It appears that the plan of Ypsilanty for the present national insurrection was not communicated to them, although the secret did not escape their vigilance; and the author supposes that if they had been consulted and listened to in time, it would have been conducted with more order, more unity, and greater effect. A single word from Michael Soutzo to the Ottoman Porte would have prevented and overthrown the whole plan of Ypsilanty; but the Greek nation was already too much compromised in it not to have rendered such a step the source of additional miseries to Greece. Soutzo himself, full of modesty and patriotism, regarded the regeneration of his country almost as an article of religious belief, and with admirable disinterestedness resigned himself to the sacrifice of his wealth, his place, his own and his family's existence for a futurity of national benefit, in the realization of which, however, he was far from placing implicit faith.

In the sequel, it was the fate of the Fanariots to bear more than their proportion of the national misfortunes; a large proportion of the young men of their first families entered into the *Sacred battalion* of Ypsilanty, and perished in the first of the struggle. The author thus concludes his sketch:

"History, frequently deceived by appearances, and always too prompt in its decisions, will probably confirm the long-existing prejudices against the Fanariots, and, even more cruel than their executioners, will repeat

their names with a branding stigma. And yet almost all these unfortunate men perished for their country, with the additional misfortune that their death was useless and inglorious to it; some being hung before the doors of their houses, before the eyes of their wives and children; others slaughtered and cut in pieces; not one received after death, the last consolation of dying mortals, a sepulture. All their property has been confiscated; their wives and orphans, wandering and without nourishment, have been reduced to beg for a morsel of bread. A very few only of these unhappy families found means to take refuge at Odessa and elsewhere, and are indebted for the prolongation of their existence to the generosity of the sovereigns and nations of Europe."

During the *third* period the Greeks took advantage of the French revolution, and their vessels carried corn from Odessa to the ports of France. They soon opened a communication with various quarters of Europe, and among other places established houses at Trieste, Leghorn, Ancona, Genoa, Marseilles, Odessa. Many young Greeks, besides, went to study in Germany, France, and Italy, from which they returned home with a firm determination to do their utmost for their country's deliverance; and Greek books were published at Paris, Vienna, Venice, Leipzig, &c. We must not forget one individual who has done more than any other in supporting the cause;—we mean Coray, a man whose talents as a scholar are well known in Europe, but whose patriotic services can be duly appreciated only in his native land. Limited as we are in all undertakings, by time and space, wonders may be achieved, if life be devoted unremittingly and exclusively to one great object. Since his arrival in France, Coray's whole existence, his every thought and action have been directed to the cherished purpose of effecting the liberation of Greece. Accordingly, the prefaces to his numerous publications contain invariably some useful observations for the benefit of his nation; there are always a few "spirit stirring lines," breathing a pious and ardent love of his country, which he well knew how to instil powerfully into the hearts of his readers or listeners. Nearly thirty years ago, he wrote a pamphlet, entitled "*On the Present State of Civilization in Greece*," which contained much valuable information for the European inquirer, and many useful lessons for the Greeks. He also suggested the plan for the great Lexicon of the ancient and modern Greek Languages, of which Prince Mourouzy undertook to defray the expenses. One volume of this work appeared in 1817 at Constantinople. His Prolegomena to the Politics of Aristotle, which Rizo omits to mention, were written in the first year of the Revolution; and the Greeks would have done well, had they carefully followed his counsels. We heartily wish that this patriarch of Greek patriots may yet

live long enough to behold the final triumph of the cause to which his life has been devoted.

It would be superfluous to recapitulate all the literary productions of Coray, but we may notice by the way, his views with regard to the improvement of the language. He steered between two opposite parties, one of which insisted on the revival of old words and grammatical forms, which had been for centuries out of use. The others, enamoured of the modern system, disclaimed all reference to ancient models, but would improve and cultivate the language, exclusively on its present materials. Coray's object was to establish such a correct and intelligible style, as would at once give satisfaction to both scholars and people: for doubtless if we adhere exclusively to that which has the authority of present use, our power of expression would never be extended; while, on the other hand, we are not disposed to advocate the violent introduction of obsolete peculiarities, many of the modern forms being equally harmonious, and we believe with Christopoulo, that much of what is now considered as corruption and perversion of the literal Greek would have been sanctioned among the ancients. The first step towards improvement would be to banish the odious swarm of Turkish, Italian, and German words; at the same time, if the revolutionary struggle were over, and peace re-established, the ancient Greek must be taught in all the schools, not only in towns, but in every village; and then, we have no doubt, that the modern tongue would be greatly enriched from the inexhaustible fountains of the parent stream. Much will depend on the future political institutions of the country, but, at all events, the language will, by the means we have adverted to, keep pace with the intellectual progress of the nation. As we have mentioned Christopoulo, we must not forget his *Anacreontic Odes*, which are written in a style exceedingly playful and elegant. His flexibility and gracefulness of expression are indeed surprising, and we do not wonder that among the Greek ladies his productions are enthusiastically admired.

Of recent publications of importance, one of the most remarkable is a "*History of Ancient Greece*" by G. Paliouris. Another valuable work, the *History of Greece and Turkey*, since the fall of Constantinople, till the middle of the eighteenth century, has been written by Athanasaky Ypsilanty, but is not yet published. The *History of Souli and Parga*, by Perrevos, (Venice, 1815,) is a work of the highest interest, and has been greatly extolled by Baron Niebuhr, the Roman historian. As might have been expected, there are a great number of translations, including Robertson's *America*, Goldsmith's *Histories*, the *Voyage of Ana-*

chæris, (of this there are two versions,) Rollin's *Ancient History*, the Works of Montesquieu, Tenneman's *History of Philosophy*; also the best productions of Goethe, Schiller, Kotzebue, Gessner, Wieland, Tasso, Alfieri, Metastasio, Monti, &c. The *History of Greece* by Dr. Gillies was translated by the Princess Argyropoulo, daughter of the Hospodar Caradza.

With regard to philosophical and theological works, there are few that would excite any interest in Europe. Novels and romances they have none, except such as have been borrowed from the French, German, or Italian. But of national poetry, especially popular songs, we may confidently say, that the store is both interesting and boundless. The Klephtic songs, especially, are full of boldness and originality, of which the collection published by M. Fauriel affords some excellent specimens.

War and love are, as usual, the favourite themes on which imagination dwells with delight. The fierce desperado on the mountains, who has sworn eternal hatred to the Turks, wandering in the solitude of dark woods, or sitting on the broken cliffs whence he surveys the wild rolling ocean waves, there cheers his heart with a strain that suits his own wild life; the horrors of battle, which paralyse a humbler mind, will fill his soul with raptures, and he will feed his pride on the contempt of thralldom, although decorated with golden chains. Love too is an universal theme,—a sunbeam that steals itself even into the gloomy bosom of the slave; every nation, whether civilized or nearly savage, in servitude or in the enjoyment of freedom, will have their songs of love.

But, in addition to these topics, Greece can boast of the magnificence of her natural scenery, whose enthralling features make every heart thrill in exulting delight, amid the beauty of its "vales and rills," its dark blue waters by day, and cloudless stars by night. Who can wonder that poetry flourishes in a country which is itself the poetry of creation?

We cannot close this article in words more appropriate to the occasion, than the author's own conclusion.

"May the Almighty Father of all nations at last look down with an eye of compassion upon Greece, and with his powerful arm raise from the dust her unhappy people, who are lavishing their blood to conquer their sacred and imprescriptible rights,—rights which nature has made common to all men: then will civilization, with her attendant arts, once more flourish; then will the traveller seek in Greece for other things than ancient monuments and mouldering ruins; he will offer his salutations to living and regenerated Greece,—to the Sons of Greece worthy of their parent, and not unworthy of their ancestors!"

In these prayers and hopes we most cordially join.

- ART. XI.—1.** *Storia d'Italia, dal 1789 al 1814.* Scritta da Carlo Botta. 4 vols. 4to. Paris. 1824.
- 2.** *Supplemento alla Storia d'Italia di Botta, contenente la corrispondenza del Governo Francese col General Bonaparte.* 8vo. Pisa. 1825.
- 3.** *Osservazione critiche sulla Storia d'Italia, &c.* Poligraphia Fiesolana. 1825.
- 4.** *Ragionamento Critico sulla Storia d'Italia, con alcune risposte dell'Autore.* 12mo. 1825.

OF all the Italian works which have appeared within the present century perhaps there is none more remarkable than that of Mr. Botta, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. It relates to an epoch of intense interest, not only for Italy, but for the whole of Europe; for it cannot be denied that the great revolution, which began in France, was completed in Italy, and that the successes of Bonaparte's campaigns in the latter country, gave birth to the colossal power of that extraordinary man, who was destined to alter the whole system of European society, and whose meteor-like course stands unrivalled in the annals of the modern world. Almost every nation in Europe took part in the events of the late Italian wars. French and Germans, English and Russians, Spaniards, Portuguese and even Turks, came to hoist their flags, and to measure their strength on the sunny shores and rich fields of the lovely but unfortunate Peninsula. The details of the ten years struggle, which was carried on through every district of Italy, from the Alps of Piedmont to the farthest Calabria, are full of incidents of the most stirring and most romantic character. The Italian insurgents need not yield the palm of boldness and activity to their brethren of Tyrol or of Spain. Italy meanwhile was doomed to suffer all the miseries of a divided country, without one common centre to direct the councils and to watch over the interests of the people, an unpitied victim struggling in the deadly grasp of two gigantic contending foes.

Before Botta's work appeared, Italy had no history of that momentous period. The interest excited in the country by this truly national narrative has been most intense. In the space of a twelvemonth after the first appearance of the work from the Paris press, eight or ten Italian editions were published, and fresh reprints are still coming forth in almost every state of Italy. The faults as well as merits of this work will be adverted to in the course of the present article, but we must premise one special recommendation in its favour, viz. the frank, manly sincerity with which it is written. For ages past, Italy had not produced an

historian so independent in his sentiments,—so little time-serving,—so free from party affection and flattery,—so much superior in short to every species of servility as Mr. Botta. Wherever he has erred, it has been unintentionally, and generally upon minor points, while the great outline of facts has always been faithfully adhered to. This is now universally acknowledged by candid men of all parties and colours, and the absurd charge of subserviency to Austria, which weakness or malignity had at first attempted to throw on the author, is not only refuted by the whole tenour of Botta's life, by his present condition of a voluntary exile, living at Paris in a state of honourable mediocrity, and supporting himself by his literary labours,* but is triumphantly answered by a hundred passages in his work, where he fearlessly censures the Austrian government whenever the acts of the latter towards Italy appear to him to deserve it. But then, our historian has not perhaps gone far enough for the taste of some fiery partizans; he did not confound the politics of 1790 with those of 1820; he did not think proper to abuse Austria upon all occasions whether right or wrong; he even went so far as to give it credit for some instances of justice and good faith; he remembered that, previous to the revolution, the Austrian government had shown solicitude for the welfare of the Italians; he acknowledged the often useless bravery of its troops; in short, he spoke of the Austrians as men,—as beings entitled to the same impartial equity as the French or the Italians themselves; he did not call them Goths, Vandals, and barbarians, probably considering that the use of such invectives, however authorized in the language of triumphant Rome, sounded ridiculous in the mouth of an Italian of our days. We cannot blame him for his temperance; on the contrary, we shall endeavour, in our review, to keep in harmony with it—especially as we are perusing the history of times already far removed from us, if not *by date*, at least by the total revolution in interests and feelings which has taken place since the fall of Napoleon. Most of the actors in the great drama, which ended by his overthrow, are now passed away; a new generation has risen to whom those far sounding names are no more than historical mementos; new powers, new politics, new parties, have grown out of new combinations; and we, whose memories are still impressed with the lingering recollection

* Since the publication of the present work, Botta has undertaken a continuation of Guicciardini's History, which he intends to bring down to the epoch of the French revolution. A limited subscription was entered into by his friends, out of which he is to be allowed the sum of five hundred francs (20l.) a month for his support, whilst he is engaged in this laborious undertaking, which will require several years for him to complete, and which must of course preclude his attention to other pursuits. Is this like a protégé of the imperial court?

of times now gone by, may venture to advert to them calmly, and to speak of the mighty dead with historical justice and impartiality, well knowing that the lessons which those records impart, though not immediately applicable to the present era, will continue to prove interesting and instructive to future ages.

A brief notice of our historian's life will give perhaps an additional interest to our remarks upon his work. Carlo Botta was born in 1766, in the town of San Giorgio, in Piedmont. He studied medicine in the university of Turin, where he obtained his degrees. The first events of the French revolution having excited the minds of many (especially young people) in the countries bordering upon France, Botta partook of the feelings of the times in favour of reform and the improvement of social order. The expression, perhaps inconsiderate, of these sentiments led to his arrest in 1792, but he was released two years after, when he resolved upon emigrating to France. There he was employed in his professional capacity with the French army, styled "of the Alps," which afterwards received the appellation of the army of Italy. In the train of these forces he re-entered his country in 1796, and next year he followed a division sent by Bonaparte to the Ionian islands. There he wrote a description of the island of Corfu, which he published on his return to the continent. In 1799, he was named by General Joubert one of the provisional government of his native country Piedmont. The advance of Suwarrow obliged him to retire once more into France, but after the battle of Marengo he was appointed by Bonaparte, to be a member of the executive commission, to which the temporary administration of Piedmont was entrusted; and, after the annexation of that territory to the French empire, he was elected in 1804, to represent the department of the Dora in the legislative corps. Appointed vice-president in 1808, he found his legislative office to be a mere sinecure under a monarch so jealous of his authority, and he employed his forced leisure in completing his *History of the North American Revolution*, which he published at Paris in 1810. We shall say nothing here of the merits of that work, which gave Botta a name among Italian historians, and which even American critics have spoken of with praise. By the restoration of Piedmont to the king of Sardinia, Botta's nominal legislative functions ceased; he was appointed, in March 1815, rector of the Academy of Nancy; but on the second restoration, he lost his situation, and since that time he has lived privately at Paris, without any employment or pension from government. It was then that he gave himself up entirely to his favourite object, of recording for the use of posterity the vicissitudes and calamities of his native country during the five-and-twenty years

that elapsed from the French revolution to the first abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, and the consequent capitulation of Mantua in April 1814.

Botta was not unaware of the difficulties that awaited him in the execution of his task. Having determined to write the undisguised truth, as far as his mental powers and his means of information would allow,—to speak with frank sincerity, not only of princes and ministers, but also of the people, to spare no party, to flatter no friend, and to calumniate no enemy, he communicated his intention to his acquaintances, most of whom observed to him in reply, that “he either would not have the boldness, or would not be able to effect his purpose; and lastly, that supposing the design practicable, he *ought not* to put it into execution.”—Book I. p. 4. He persisted, however, and having thrown the gauntlet to men of all parties, ultras and liberals, patriots and tramontanists, religionists and freethinkers, he has taken his chance with the public; the numerous editions of his book, the avidity with which it has been read from one end of Italy to the other, and the very strictures with which it has been assailed by men of all colours, have served to prove that he has hit the truth oftener than was agreeable to the parties interested. He published his work at Paris, comparatively safe from the vexatious censure of the local authorities of his own country, but still exposed to the vindictiveness of individual rancour, of wounded self-love, of duplicity unmasked. Yet it must be said to his honour, and that of his critics, the tone of the latter has been generally that of esteem for the writer, whilst they profess to detect the errors of the work.

Mr. Botta has divided his history into twenty-seven books or chapters, twenty of which relate to the Italian wars from 1792 to the peace of Lunéville in 1801, and the seven last continue the history of Italy under Bonaparte's rule, from his appointment to the presidency of the Italian Republic, up to his abdication of power in 1814, and the consequent restoration of the old dynasties. During this second period, Italy becomes in some measure a province of France; the historian has no longer to record decisive events; the scene of war was removed far from the Alps; the Italians, silent and submissive, continued to supply men and money to assist in propelling the car of the victor, but their history was in great measure the history of “the great empire,” and this accounts for the comparative brevity of this part of Botta's task. Yet this epoch is far from being destitute of interest; the arts by which the Italian Republic was metamorphosed into a kingdom, with the apparent approbation of many grave, learned, and influential men, who had a few years before

denounced eternal hostility to kings,—the annexation of Piedmont,—of the ancient Republic of Genoa, the ally of France,—of Tuscany, of Parma, at last of Rome,—to the French empire; the wars of Naples, Calabria, and Sicily, the exile of all the old sovereign dynasties, the long contests between Napoleon and the See of Rome, upon matters religious and political, which ended in the imprisonment of Pope Pius VII., and lastly the war of the restoration in Italy, in which Austrian and English, French and Italian troops took a part; all these, and many minor topics of interior policy, give to this second part of Botta's narrative an interest not the less intense, because it attaches itself to details more particularly Italian, and less generally known.

Our author begins with a well-written description of the various Italian states; as to their condition previous to 1789,—their respective governments, and the character of the then reigning princes. Every where a progress towards improvement was visible. Various sovereigns,—Leopold in Tuscany, his brother Joseph II. in Lombardy, and even Ferdinand of Naples, were effecting useful reforms in the administration,—checking openly the undue influence of the clergy, and of the nobility,—countenancing a very considerable latitude of discussion and of writing; the Pope was embellishing his capital, and draining the Pontine marshes; the Republics of Venice and Genoa were resting in the lap of peace and prosperity; Parma and Pavia continued to be the seats of learning; Piedmont was perhaps the only state in which hardly any change had taken place, and which was ruled according to the old maxims of the monarchy, and yet Piedmont was undoubtedly the country most attached to its sovereign.

“ To resume: there were in Italy no seeds of revolution, but a wish for reform in the legislative and judiciary systems; also in the discipline and administration of the church, with a feeling of impatient dislike to the scattered remains of the ancient feudal power. The princes showed a disposition to effect these reforms, and this had excited plausible hopes of farther improvement in the fundamental part of the social system. These were supported by the Italian philosophy of the times; which, far from being licentious or turbulent, inculcated moderation in the powerful, and greater attention to the happiness of the weak. Religion, or rather the Church, having become rich and powerful, especially through the instrumentality of the Jesuits, had betaken herself to indulge and flatter the passions of the great, neglecting those whom she ought to have especially held under her protection, namely the poor and weak. Philosophy, therefore, superseded her in this benevolent duty, and succeeded in it, until lawless men, under specious pretences, abusing the privileges they had acquired, filled the world with crimes, blood, and misery, just as other individuals, if possible, yet more guilty, had in previous ages,

abused the name and influence of religion, to oppress and torment their fellow-creatures."—Book i.

Nothing, however, could compensate for the miseries to which a country is exposed by being parcelled out into numerous principalities, independent of each other, and different in the forms of their governments, without even the loose bond of a federative alliance. In case of war, what security can there be for the subjects of those states, except in the influence of some greater foreign power? But each state is naturally jealous of its neighbour, as well as of foreign interference, and therefore, in any thing like a general crisis, to which Europe is periodically subject, whilst some Italian princes join one of the belligerents, the others will either waver until the favourable opportunity is lost, or throw themselves in the opposite side of the scale, and thus bring upon their common country the united miseries of a foreign and of a civil war. This was exemplified during the first coalition against France, and to the early Italian events of that war we shall therefore advert at some length. Austria having declared war against France in 1792, sent large bodies of men into her Italian provinces, and requested the King of Sardinia to make common cause with her. On the other side, the French constitutional government despatched its agent, Semonville, to propose an alliance between Sardinia and France, and to induce the King (Victor) to allow the French troops to march through his states in order to attack the Austrians in Lombardy, offering him an increase of territory at the expense of Austria. Victor Amadeus refused to entertain these proposals, and incensed at the news of the 10th August, and the insults offered to his relation, Lewis XVI., ordered Semonville out of his territories. The French National Assembly then, at the suggestion of Dumourier, Minister for Foreign Affairs, declared war against the King of Sardinia, on the 15th September, 1792; but on the 10th of the same month, the Executive Council had already sent orders to General Montesquiou to invade Savoy. Such was the beginning of the wars which desolated Italy for so many years after.

Savoy, which, by its position on the French side of the Alps, and by the habits and spirit of its inhabitants, is more French than Italian, was soon conquered; the Piedmontese commanders having allowed themselves to be surprised, and their army cut off from the capital. The Piedmontese troops fell back upon the natural bulwarks of Italy, the great chain of the Alps. At the same time, the county of Nice, another transalpine province of the Sardinian states, was invaded by the French, and conquered as far

as the Roia, which divides it from the Genoese territory. The victors were now, therefore, on the boundaries of Piedmont and Genoa; and thus ended the campaign of 1792.

Among the various Italian states, a league was now proposed for the defence of the country, to which the sovereigns of Italy acceded; but the two Republics of Venice and Genoa, the former through pusillanimity, and the latter through mercantile interest and national antipathy against the Piedmontese, refused to join. By this conduct they most unquestionably promoted the views of the French in conquering Italy, a result which involved the destruction of the two selfish republics, or rather oligarchies.

Meanwhile, the Austrian troops had arrived in Piedmont, and joined the Sardinian army. In four successive years the allies fought in the passes of the Alps against the French; four years were the latter stopped on the threshold of Italy. The war in these mountainous regions assumed the character of a siege. From the little St. Bernard to the maritime Alps of Tende and Mondovi, an immense chain of posts defended the summits and the depths of the mountains against the impetuous attacks of the French. Every winter the snow and the storms put an end to the warfare, which began again with fresh violence in the succeeding spring.

The campaign of 1793 began with great hopes on the side of the Piedmontese and Austrian allies. The southern provinces of France were at that period in a state of insurrection against Robespierre's government; Toulon had been occupied by the English and Spaniards, Marseilles had revolted, and Lyons (the second city in France,) openly defied the authority of the National Convention. The vicinity of Piedmont to the latter city afforded a good opportunity to King Victor to make common cause with the Lyonnese, and it has seemed to us a matter of surprise, (if any thing can excite surprise amidst the mass of inconsistencies displayed by the first coalition against France) that the King of Sardinia, at the head of a strong and brave army, within a few days' march of Lyons, should allow that important city to be overpowered and destroyed by the Terrorists, without attempting its rescue. Nor were the Lyonnese, although constitutionalists, averse to an alliance with the King of Sardinia, which they felt was their best chance of salvation from impending destruction; they sent therefore a Mr. de Precy to Turin, to treat with the Piedmontese and Austrian allies. Mr. de Precy proposed (and he was warmly seconded by the Austrian General Devins,) that the main army of the Piedmontese should march by Savoy to the assistance of Lyons, whilst a smaller body should keep in check the French army in the county of Nice. But the

prejudices and obstinacy of King Victor prevented the adoption of these decisive measures. That sovereign, who could not rouse his mind to the unprecedented importance of the crisis, felt highly incensed at the partiality which the Savoyards had evinced in favour of the French, whilst he was on the other side gratified by the loyal behaviour of the people of Nice, who, though their territory was overrun by the enemy, still kept up communication with their sovereign, and annoyed their assailants by means of small bands of partizans. He, therefore, only thought of chastising his wayward subjects of Savoy, by that which he considered the greatest punishment, viz. allowing them to remain for the present under the power of the French Convention, and he turned his principal force to the south, to effect the deliverance of Nice. Devins and Precy, who judged coolly on these matters, were maddened with vexation at this infatuation of Victor Amadeus; and the Austrian General bitterly complained that the King had bereaved him of a golden opportunity of rendering his name illustrious by a signal victory.

The disastrous consequences of King Victor's improvidence were not slow in manifesting themselves. Whilst he fruitlessly attempted to re-conquer that nook of land called the county of Nice, he allowed the cities of Lyons and Marseilles to fall before the armies of Robespierre. A small body of Piedmontese, who had at the same time entered Savoy to effect a diversion, were driven back on Mont Cenis by the French General Kellerman. Soon after Toulon was re-taken by the French Republicans. Thus vanished all the bright prospects with which the campaign of 1793 had been opened, and the Piedmontese, after sustaining severe losses, were again reduced to the necessity of defending the passes of the Alps.

Next year the French effected their entrance into the states of Genoa, by a violation of neutrality. The Genoese Republic had withstood all the entreaties and threats of the allies,—had refused to make common cause with the rest of Italy, and continued at peace with the French. Its merchants and sailors supplied the French troops with provisions; a French minister, Tilly, and other agents, were acting in its capital the part of political emissaries and revolutionary apostles, whilst the English minister was bitterly complaining of this mock neutrality; and to crown the difficulties of the Genoese Senate, a French frigate, the *La Modeste*, was attacked and seized by two English vessels in the harbour of Genoa. However, the senators, still trusting to the desperate chance of preserving the neutrality and independence of the Republic, for which they were willing to make any sacrifices, agreed to pay four millions of livres to the French as a com-

pensation for the loss of the frigate. Thus peace continued between the two Republics. The King of Sardinia looked upon his southern frontiers as comparatively secure, when on a sudden, in April 1794, a corps of sixteen thousand French, coming from Nice and Monaco, appeared under the walls of Ventimiglia, the first Genoese town at the western extremity of the Riviera; General Arena intimated at the same time to the Governor, that his soldiers were about to pass through the Genoese territories, in order to attack the King of Sardinia, the enemy of France. A protest was the only opposition Genoa ventured to make, and from that moment the French went through and occupied any part of the western Riviera that suited their convenience, and thus were enabled to assail Piedmont in its weakest point, through which, at last, they effected their invasion, and yet the Genoese Senate still continued to talk of their "neutrality." Even Mr. Botta, departing from his usual good sense, adopts the phrase, as if, after such barefaced, and to the allies, fatal violation of the Genoese territory, a neutral position could by any means be considered possible; he is indignant because the ministers of the allied powers held strong language to the Senate, and because in one instance an English commander seized, on the coast near Genoa, a ship loaded with arms and ammunition for the French troops, and this under the guns of a battery erected by the French at St. Pier d'Arena, a suburb quite close to the capital! This happened so late as September, 1796, after the French had been for more than two years quartered in the Riviera, and fighting against the Austro-Piedmontese, who were on their side, marching and countermarching through the finest part of the Genoese territory! Botta acknowledges, it is true, that the "existence of a French battery on the *neutral land* afforded Nelson some pretence for acting as he did. But then," he adds, "the English admiral was not justified in sailing out of the hospitable harbour of Genoa, to effect this capture."—Book viii.

During the campaign of 1794, the French obtained possession of the Alps, from the summits of which they threatened the Vallies of Piedmont, where the inhabitants were obliged to keep themselves on the defensive, stationed in the lower defiles, and in the fortresses which command the roads leading into the plains. Such a state of affairs could not be of long continuation. In the modern system of warfare, an extensive country, however guarded by mountains, cannot sustain a long siege. The French had stormed the positions of the lesser St. Bernard, of Mont Cenis, and Mont Genièvre, threatening thereby at the same

time the Valley of Aosta, that of Susa, and the plains of Saluces. But these proceedings were intended only to divert the attention of the allies from the operations in the Riviera of Genoa. The French, meanwhile, had extended their line as far as the walls of Savona, and there Kellerman and Massena had assembled a considerable army, with which they threatened to enter Piedmont by the Vallies of the Tanaro and of the Bormida. The Austrian and Piedmontese allies attacked them repeatedly during the campaign of 1795, but could never dislodge them from the Genoese territories. Thus Genoa (thanks to her neutrality!) saw her finest territories become the theatre of war, and her trade destroyed by privateers, while it was with difficulty that her constituted authorities were maintained amid continual alarms within the walls of Genoa and Savona. The battle of Loano, in which the allies were defeated, and driven back over the Appennines, gave to the French the quiet possession of the Genoese Riviera, and paved the way for the triumphs of Bonaparte next year. Thus closed the campaign of 1795.

The events of these mountain wars on the Alps and Appennines, in which the soldiers of both armies fought year after year with astonishing valour and perseverance, in the midst of snows, storms, torrents, and precipices, having to conquer nature as well as man, are well described by our author, who, being himself a Piedmontese, of course seems most at home when writing of his native country. Nor is he sparing of praise to the French soldiers and commanders. When he complains of the devastations committed by them on the unfortunate territories of Genoa, he tries to extenuate their conduct on the plea of absolute starvation; while, he observes, that the Austrian troops, who were well supplied with all necessaries in passing over their allied district of Piedmont, were guilty of excesses not less heinous than those of the Republicans. This remark is repeated in his account of the following campaign, when the war extended over the whole North of Italy. So much then, for the charge of partiality towards Austria, which has been brought against Botta, whose early bias it is known was in favour of the French; who, according to his expectations, were to be lasting friends of Italy, though they appeared for the moment in the guise of her invaders.

The brilliant successes of Bonaparte's campaign of 1796 are too generally known to admit of deriving from our historian much novelty of information. In January, the new General in chief was appointed to command the Army of Italy in lieu of Scherer; in March he arrived at Nice, the then head-quarters of the French, where he found the army in a bad state of discipline, ill-equipped,

and discontented. His first letters to the Directory are full of complaints, but also full of confidence in his own exertions:

“The army”—(thus he writes from Alberga on the 6th of April)—“is suffering under the most frightful penury; I have great obstacles still to surmount, but they are surmountable, though distress has relaxed the discipline of the troops, and without discipline there can be no victory. I hope, nevertheless, that I shall be able to arrange every thing promptly; already even the aspect of affairs has altered for the better, and in a few days we shall attack the enemy.”—Supplement, p. 3.

Accordingly, in a few days after, he did make an attack at Montenotte, Millesimo and Dego, where, seconded by such brave officers as Rampon, Massena, and La Harpe, he conquered step by step the defiles of the Appennines, broke in between the Austrian general Argenteau and his Piedmontese allies,—divided them for ever, and penetrated through the valley of the Bormida into the plains of Piedmont. The Piedmontese general, Colli, disputed for a few days the passes of the rivers, but being at last obliged to give way, retired towards Turin, whilst the Austrians under Beaulieu had withdrawn to the Po to defend the Milanese territories. The King of Sardinia, terrified by the sudden irruption of the French, alarmed also at the reports of partial insurrections among his own subjects, and persuaded by short-sighted or treacherous counsellors, submitted to receive conditions from Bonaparte, and to give up his fortresses; thus securing to the French a firm footing in Italy. The truce was concluded at Cherasco on the 28th of April; and Bonaparte, now freed from anxiety with regard to Piedmont, turned himself against the Austrians. He deceived General Beaulieu, for while he seemed to prepare for passing the Po at Valenza, he brought the flower of his army along the right bank of the river, and effected the passage at Piacenza. The Austrians retired in haste to take up a position at Lodi on the Adda; but Bonaparte, leaving them not a day's rest, came onward, and in spite of a tremendous fire of artillery forced the bridge of Lodi, and drove the Austrians, after an obstinate resistance, from their entrenchments. Beaulieu retired on the Mincio under the protection of Mantua; the Archduke took the same road, and Milan with all its territory submitted to the conqueror. He entered that city on the 14th of May, one month after the opening of the campaign in the Appennines of Liguria.

“The world,” says Botta, “now contemplated a most wonderful spectacle. A soldier eight-and-twenty years old, a month before scarcely known beyond a very limited sphere, had with an army, ill-equipped, badly supplied, and not numerous, passed over lofty mountains, crossed deep and rapid rivers, won six pitched battles, dispersed two armies more

powerful than his own; overcome one king, driven away an imperial prince, acquired the dominion of one of the finest Italian provinces, opened the way to the conquest of the rest, and drawn upon himself the eyes of the whole world."—Book vi.

The following instructions to Bonaparte from the Directory place in a clear light the French policy at this period. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had a minister residing at Paris, had strictly maintained his neutrality, yet Bonaparte was ordered to take immediate possession of Leghorn, to sequester the ships and all property belonging to the subjects of England, Austria, Naples, and Portugal, and to hold the Grand Duke responsible for the execution of such measures.

"You will draw from Tuscany," concludes Carnot, "all that is necessary for the army, and give promissory notes to be liquidated at a general peace. The settlement of our disputes with the Republic of Genoa must be deferred until after the occupation of Leghorn; meantime, let her furnish for the use of the army, cattle, carts, and provisions, on the same terms with those made for the Grand Duke. After the occupation of Leghorn we must demand a loan from Genoa, and also insist upon the sequestration of all property belonging to the subjects of our enemies. The French emigrants must also be driven away indiscriminately from both States. In regard to the Duke of Parma, he must be punished for his obstinacy in not detaching himself from the coalition; his states must supply us with every thing we want, in kind as well as in cash; but his connexion with Spain obliges us to keep certain measures with him, and not to commit in his territories any useless devastation,—in short, to treat him better than our other enemies. *The Milanese territory, however, must be dealt with most rigorously.* Impose on it contributions in cash to be paid immediately, and during the first terror caused by the arrival of our troops. The canals and the great public works of that country must not be spared from the contingencies of war, but in this a certain prudence is required. Venice must be treated, not as a friendly, but as a neutral power—for she has done nothing positively to deserve our favour. As to Rome, if the Pope wishes for peace, let him order public prayers for the prosperity and success of the French Republic. Some of his finest antiques—paintings, bronzes, libraries, silver images, and even bells, must serve to defray the expense of the visit you will pay him; and, lastly, with regard to the Court of Naples, if, scared at your approach, it should feel inclined to come to terms, it must, first of all, place in our power the ships and other property belonging to the enemies of the Republic, and close the harbour against all their vessels, even under a neutral flag."—Supplement, p. 21—24.

Of course the above instructions were punctually obeyed. Parma was taxed two millions of French livres, Modena six, Leghorn five, Genoa four, the Roman States twenty-one, the Legations twelve, and Lombardy twenty. These were the first

contributions laid in the year 1796, but they were more than doubled afterwards, when the Pope paid by the peace of Tolentino fifteen millions more, Venice six, the King of Naples fifteen; in short, the amount of money drawn from the Italian States in the shape of contributions in the course of three years, from 1796 to 1799, is roundly estimated at two hundred millions of French livres, not including the requisitions in kind, such as forage, provisions, carts, cattle, clothing, and medicines, which were drawn from the various towns; nor the private exactions made by generals and subalterns; nor the enormous plunder of churches, convents, hospitals, *monti di pietà*, palaces and villas of the obnoxious nobility; nor the crown property and money in the Exchequer; nor the arsenals, museums, and libraries,—the amount of which it is impossible to calculate,—for the plunder was renewed at every fresh conquest and occupation of a city by the French troops. Every city in the Peninsula was more or less plundered, either by the chiefs or by the soldiery. For the spoliation of Milan, see Book VII. The disgraceful plunder of Rome, and the extortions at Naples, will be found clearly narrated in Book XIII.

Nor amidst this golden harvest, were the commissaries and other *employés* of the army by any means neglectful of their own interest. We have letters of General Bonaparte himself to the Directory, complaining loudly of the peculations of those worthies:—

“ You had probably calculated (thus he writes from Milan in October 1796) that our *employés* would pilfer a little, but that at the same time they would do their duty, and keep within the bounds of decency. But they thieve in so awkward and barefaced a manner, that if I had a month's leisure I could prove them all deserving of death. I have arrested many, and brought them before court martials, but the judges are bribed. This is indeed a kind of market where every thing is bought and sold. One *employé*, charged with having imposed a contribution of eighteen thousand livres on the little town of Salò for his own private profit, has only been sentenced to two months' imprisonment. The city of Cremona furnished more than fifty thousand yards of fine linen for our hospitals,—but these wretches have sold it—nay, they have sold the mattresses and bolsters,—they turn every thing into money. Attempts are made to bribe my secretaries, even in my ante-room, and a commissary of war is accused of having sold a chest of bark which the King of Spain had sent for us. But I am obliged to set off to-morrow for the army, which will be a great joy for all the thieves whom I have found out by looking over the accounts.”

And in another place,—

“ The robberies which are committed daily are incredible; in the midst of military operations I could not look closely into details, but

now, during my residence at Milan, I promise you to keep a sharp look-out on the plunderers; I shall let you know shortly that the court martial has sentenced a dozen of them to death. Henceforth, the people of Lombardy will be less exposed to vexations. I cannot say as much of the unhappy population of the Mantuan state; for in truth, nature shudders at reflecting on the swarms of villains who are devastating that country. Bologna and Ferrara being free from the presence of soldiers, are the luckiest of all."—*Supplement*, pp. 81—102.

This singular good fortune, however, did not last long, as we shall presently see.

Such atrocities failed not to produce violent irritation in the people, and led to frequent revolts among the partizans of the old governments, which were put down by fire and sword. Scarcely had Bonaparte established his head-quarters at Milan, when insurrections broke out at Pavia and Binasco; this was a dangerous example to the rest of Lombardy, and the utmost military severity was employed to prevent the spreading of the contagion. Binasco was burnt; Pavia was given up to the pillage of the soldiery, and all sorts of violence were perpetrated in this unfortunate city. The university, however, was spared, the name of Spallanzani having obtained for it this favour.

The General in chief next took possession of the three legations, Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna; he abolished the papal authority, re-established in the first the old Republican forms under the direction of the senate, took possession of Ferrara in the name of the French Republic, and imposed upon those states heavy contributions. The people of Lugo revolted; Augereau sent a column of troops, who plundered and burnt the towns, sparing, however, the women and children. Similar catastrophes took place in the Appennines of Modena, and on the frontiers of Genoa.

Italy was invaded, spoiled, terrified, but not yet revolutionized. The Milanese stood listlessly looking on; they were spectators and sufferers, but not parties in the war; the Piedmontese were hostile and rancorous against the French, feeling overpowered, yet in spirit unconquered; the remaining people of Italy were not more afraid of the invaders than of the increasing jealousy and severity of their rulers. General Bonaparte wished for an insurrection in favour of democracy; this he thought might strengthen his position, and facilitate farther successes. Yet he had no intention at this time of making the Italians principal actors in the contest. His cool head, proud aspirations, and military habits, made him look with aversion on disorderly popular movements, and the experience he had previously had in France, tended to increase this bias, while he was quite unincumbered with

wild enthusiasm or theoretical principles, which he scornfully denominated ideology. Thus we see him in his despatches cold and calculating in all that concerned the popular party in Italy, and the instructions he received were decidedly adverse to the encouragement of a popular revolution.—

“The restoration of Lombardy to the Emperor might become the means of our obtaining a lasting peace.—Policy and our interests, well understood, prescribe that we should oppose obstacles to the enthusiasm of the people of Lombardy. You must not forget that we shall be required to give indemnification in Italy for that portion of territory which we intend to keep on the left bank of the Rhine, and that the unfavourable turn of our German wars must necessarily weaken the desire we might otherwise feel, of rescuing from despotism that part of the peninsula over which your talents and the bravery of the army have given us a momentary dominion.”—Supplement, p. 97.

The first city in Italy that hoisted the standard of independence was Reggio, a third-rate town in the states of the Duke of Modena. Count Paradisi, who might apply the words “*quorum pars magna fui*,” gives us a plain unembellished account of this transaction, paltry in itself, but important in its consequences. Masses of men are generally guided by the instinct of imitation; they follow the first leaders. Reggio led the way to the revolution of the whole of Italy. An absolute court in a small state like Modena, is of course especially obnoxious to insurrectionary influences. People submit more resignedly to an emperor surrounded by myriads of soldiers, encircled by all the splendour of a sumptuous establishment and retinue, than to a petty duke, whose domestic affairs are accessible to all the provincial curiosity and gossip, and whose dignity is obliterated by too familiar access, and a daily exposure of his faults and weaknesses. The Duke of Modena was the last remaining prince of the once illustrious House of Este; he was, moreover, affable, just, and well-informed, but he was accused of parsimony, which failing was the more reprobated, as he was known to be enormously rich, and had an only daughter married to the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand of Milan. Terrified at the invader's approach, he withdrew himself, with great part of his treasures, to Venice. This precaution disappointed and irritated the French, and their Venetian Minister Lallemand, who, under the safeguard of his public character, performed the part of an active agent and *explorateur*, had written repeatedly to Bonaparte that the Duke was wealthy, that he must be taxed heavily, and that he could easily be brought to pay large sums for the safety of his dominions. The Duke had left at Modena a council of regency, which sent an agent to Bonaparte to negotiate an arrangement. The General granted a truce

upon condition that the Duke should pay six millions of *livres*, in ten days' time, and the value of another million in provisions for the army.

"The Duke," says Botta, "had never practised any hostility against France, but he was accused of being a feudatory of the German empire, which, however, was a mere nominal condition, and was brought forward only as a pretext, in order that they might plunder him."—Book vii.

The contribution being paid, the Duke continued to live at Venice, and the Regency presided at Modena, allowing the French troops free passage through the duchy, and supplying them with every thing required. This, however, did not avail them long. As the insurrection in Reggio was the type of all those that followed in Italy, we shall consider it more closely in its causes and bearings. Botta's account is as follows :

"The first impulse was given by Reggio, a city jealous of the precedence of Modena, which was the seat of the ducal court. In the night of the 25th August, (1796,) the partizans of democracy rose suddenly. The garrison was weak, the magistrates timid, the infection powerful. The tumult being unresisted, spread quickly; the town was soon illuminated, and resounded with republican songs, and vociferations hostile to the Duke. The Republicans planted the tree of liberty, and hoisted the three-coloured flag. On the following morning, every sign of the ducal government had disappeared, and Reggio was, or at least fancied itself, free. The Duke's soldiers withdrew to Modena. The first movers of the insurrection were now joined by several more possessed of influence, from their wealth or intellectual acquirements, who wished to direct the disorderly mass, hoping that the hitherto nominal liberty might in time become substantially established. The people of Reggio loved good and true liberty; they only erred in fancying that it could ever subsist in the presence of a foreign conqueror. They formed a provisional government, elected popular magistrates, restricted the authority of the senate, and enrolled a militia; also sending emissaries into the country, who incited the people to follow their example. They despatched Paradisi and another for the same purpose to Milan, but above all, tried to revolutionize Modena. However, the Duke's garrison fired on the reformers, and, for the moment, the insurrection was smothered. Bonaparte, on the other hand, seized the opportunity, and issued a reproachful manifesto against the Duke; at the same time, directing two thousand men to take possession of Modena, in order that the people, as he said, might be under his protection."—Book viii.

Count Paradisi's history of this transaction differs from the above, in as much as it shows that the democratic spirit was by no means so powerful as Botta's account would make it appear, and that the insurrection of Reggio was entirely brought about by French intrigue. And to this we give full credit.

"A troop of Corsican boatmen, marching to join the army besieging

Mantua, halted at Reggio, and leaving the barracks where they were quartered for the night, began to parade about the streets, singing republican hymns; they then adjourned to the public-houses, where they met many idle and dissipated characters, with whom they caroused, and whom they easily persuaded afterwards to go to one of the bastions, and root out a small mulberry tree, which they attempted to plant in the middle of the square, where being unable to fix it from the hardness of the pavement, they left it leaning against the wall of a house, and then about midnight went away. The rest of the town was perfectly quiet. Next morning, some of the principal inhabitants being apprised of the occurrences of the night, and suspecting that the Corsican sailors had not acted without instruction, or at least encouragement, repaired to the Corsican commissary or agent, whom the French had placed at Reggio to provide for the wants of their army. This person first boldly repelled every suspicion of intrigue on the part of his government, or of the commander in chief, saying he had strict orders not to mix in the affairs of the people, but afterwards taking aside some of the inhabitants, he expressed his satisfaction, as an individual, to find himself in a place where the first sparks of Italian liberty were visibly kindled, and threw out hints of assistance and hopes of success. His clerk went about repeating the same sentiments among listeners of the humbler classes. All this created a ferment; the mechanics and tradespeople shut up their shops, the populace vociferated against the government, the young men took up arms, the magistrates stood alarmed and inactive, and the few soldiers were confined to their quarters. Meantime, a troop of young men came in from the country, dragging a large poplar tree, and fixed it steadily in the middle of the square. The senate assembled, and uncertain how to act, sent a messenger to the French commissary, to ascertain, if possible, whether this novelty was in any way connected with French influence. The answer, or rather oracle, was, *'that the tree of liberty being once hoisted in any place whatsoever, no person or persons could attempt to take it down without exposing themselves to the greatest danger.'* The representative of the Duke had withdrawn to Modena with most of the troops; the principal magistrates had concealed themselves; the senate alone remained, composed of the patricians, and they took up provisionally the reins of government.

"The revolution of Reggio was indeed promoted by the French, with all those wonted arts by means of which they overthrew so many of the old governments, and without any support from the upper classes of the nation. The minds of the people, meanwhile, were lukewarm and wavering, and the love of liberty, far from being active, was scarcely developed, and in Northern Italy did not indeed manifest itself till some years later, when the Republic was again verging towards monarchy, and when it became more obnoxious to the new rulers, than it had been to their precursors."—*Osservazione Critiche*, pp. 16, 18, 20.

We have said that we fully believe Count Paradisi's account of the whole of this transaction at Reggio, from his being an ocular witness and one of the principal inhabitants of the town, and also from his high character for integrity and honour, of which he gave

abundant proofs during the following vicissitudes of Italy, when employed in some of the first offices;* but we are above all disposed to trust him on account of the moral evidence attached to his circumstantial statement, so perfectly consonant with our knowledge of the French policy throughout Italy, during all the changes that took place in the Peninsula during those years of confusion and calamity.

With regard to the views of Italian patriots at this time, we are told, by Mr. Botta, that

“the greater number wished for a republic, in which the patrician authority should act as a check to popular power, a form of government the most ancient and natural to Italy, where the patrician order was totally different from the feudal nobility of the middle ages, the former being consistent with civil, though not with political equality, whilst feudal nobility can only exist on the ruin of both. As for the vulgar cry of indiscriminate equality, all men of sense heard it with contempt, as they well knew that in a country like Italy, democracy could not exist without the assistance of soldiers and of unsparing tribunals, of which France had had lamentable experience. They also knew that whoever by means of wealth, knowledge, or superior talents, has acquired an influence over his fellow-creatures, becomes thereby *de facto*, in spite of all the clamours of democrats, a patrician. This patrician order, or aristocracy, if properly organized, contributes to the harmony of society; if opposed or left to chance, it can only disturb it. We must arrange society according to the natural and instinctive sentiments of man, not after the geometrical principles of the French lawgivers, who have been always careless of human affections and passions, and therefore always wrong in their calculations. The Italians required a patrician order for the stability of the commonwealth, a popular representation in order to preserve civil equality, and *both* for the attainment of national liberty. To these desirable arrangements were opposed the overbearing military forces, both French and Austrians—the absurd caprice of the Parisian legislators, wishing to introduce every where their new form of government, and the will of Bonaparte, the enemy of liberty, the friend of absolute power, the admirer of feudal nobility, and the hater of patrician aristocracy; nor must we forget the farther opposition raised by servile Italians, aping ultra-montane fashions, and infatuated with the mania of geometrical politics.”—Book viii.

Now we would ask Mr. Botta, how was it possible with such formidable obstacles to realize his beautifully sketched plan of Italian union and emancipation? Was such a plan any thing more than the dream of a few imaginative and sanguine men, unworthy of being mentioned in the history of a country, in a record of facts, not of wild conceptions? Botta often and justly compassionates the weakness of those Utopians, as he calls them, who

* This excellent and accomplished nobleman died last August, in his native town of Reggio, regretted by all who knew him.

looked forward to the time when a golden age of Arcadian simplicity would arise out of the chaos into which their country was transformed; but does he not expose himself to be classed among such dreamers, when he entertains his readers with a detail of those vague schemes, of which, according to his own demonstration in other places, the execution was utterly hopeless? What could Italy effect, divided, indolent, spiritless, and between such colossal powers as France and Austria? And what did the mass, the immense majority of Italians know or care about patrician order, social equality, and popular representation, words of which few among them now understand the sense, even after thirty years political training?

We are told indeed by our historian, that after the first shock of the French invasion had subsided, and when the probability that the Austrians would return became more distant, men of discernment began to consider what were the best means of opposing the foreign military despotism by which they were threatened. Persons of influence in all ranks of society, churchmen and laymen, patricians and plebeians began to turn their thoughts towards the union and absolute independence of Italy, a brilliant phantom, of which, through ages of humiliation and impotence, the light has never entirely faded away.* The French called this party the *black league*, and our author says that

"they feared it more than they did the Austrians or the old royalists. This was not so much a formal association as a general sympathetic feeling, an universal impulse which had spread over the country, and in which individuals participated who were averse to republican ideas, men who disliked the French as well as the Austrians, but who all wished for the deliverance of Italy from foreign thralldom. The princes might have favoured this impulse had they been capable of appreciating it, but they unfortunately feared liberty more than they loved independence, while the people, on the other hand, loved the independence of their country more than political liberty."—Book viii.

This is up to the present day the secret of Italian politics.

"Had there been a prince," says Botta, "in character like Lorenzo, Castruccio, or Della Rovere, had he seconded the feelings of the people, had he unfurled a national banner to the winds, he might have fixed the fate of his country, and perhaps changed that of Europe. But Sardinia thought only of acquiring a small increase of French or Milanese territory, Genoa was bent on commercial interests, Venice was sunk in effeminate indolence, Rome was too ecclesiastical, Florence too selfish and self-contented, Naples looked only to an accession of territory in the

* So late as May, 1814, when Napoleon was at Elba, a plan was submitted to him by a handful of Italians for re-establishing the *Roman Empire*, concerning which some curious details will be found in a book entitled *La Vérité sur les Cent Jours*, printed at Brussels in 1825.

marshes at the expense of the Pope; while Milan, a prey to foreigners and without a native prince, could only follow, but not commence a general movement."

In the tenth book, we have an exposition of the two modes of warfare, Austrian and French, old and new.

"In little more than one year Bonaparte and Massena, from the western extremity of the Genoese territories, had conquered all the North of Italy, and penetrated triumphantly into the very heart of the Austrian territories. Cool intrepidity was the leading characteristic on the part of the Austrians, impetuous courage on that of the French; the former measured the country foot by foot, the latter overran it at once; the Austrian warfare was systematic; they extended their lines so as to advance on all points, whilst the French condensed themselves in order to break through the enemy and interrupt or disorder their communication. The Austrians marched with all their baggage and supplies along with them; the French advanced unincumbered with any thing more than their arms and ammunition, thus moving far more rapidly than their antagonists. One great disadvantage to the Austrian generals arose from their usual parsimony in paying for intelligence, while Bonaparte lavished money to obtain information from all quarters. The latter acted with almost perfect independence, and paid but little attention to the instructions of the Directory, while the Austrian commanders were bound by the plans and orders of the Council at Vienna, slow in deliberating and jealous of its authority. Bonaparte made several mistakes, which however he himself perceived and corrected with astonishing quickness and boldness; while the blunders of the Austrian generals disheartened them on account of their heavy responsibility."

In the spring of 1797 Bonaparte had advanced to Clagenfurt, the Archduke Charles retiring before him, but the rear of the French was threatened by General Laudon, who had descended from the Tyrol, and advanced into the plains between the Adige and the Mincio. Bonaparte placed no confidence in the neutrality of the Venetian republic, which he had provoked and insulted in every possible manner. The levies from Croatia and Sclavonia threatened Trieste and the right wing of his army. Had not the Venetian Senate been so deficient in resolution, and the Emperor Francis in perseverance, Bonaparte would have been completely surrounded. But Venice clung to her neutrality, and Bonaparte, after having escaped the danger, never forgot his having placed himself, to a certain degree, in her power. The same circumstance happened between Prussia and France during the war of Austerlitz, when the former met with similar treatment for the part which she had played; for men of Bonaparte's stamp never fail to visit their own errors upon those who are too cautious or too scrupulous to take advantage of them. On the 31st March, 1797, he wrote to the archduke in terms of conciliation, with a well-timed eulogy of that prince's distin-

guished merit, the consequence of which overtures was the agreement for a truce, which led to the famous treaty of Campo-Formio, where Venice was rewarded for her neutrality by being made the peace-offering between the two parties.

But we must now take a retrograde course, in order to expose the arts by which Venice was led to become the sacrifice, and which are still more nefarious than the last finishing transaction. The senators, through cautious selfishness, timid indolence, or whatever we choose to call it, had adopted from the beginning of the war a system of neutrality, and rejected all the invitations of the allies. The French themselves had praised this conduct, and in the language of the times had called the Venetian republic the Elder Sister of the French. But as their invading armies approached her territories, they discovered that Venice was but an aristocracy, and even complained of her having granted the rights of hospitality to the fugitive brother of Louis XVI. Some continental territories of the Venetian republic intervened between the German and Italian states of Austria, and when the Austrian General Beaulieu, driven from the Milanese, took a position on the Mincio, supported by the fortress of Mantua, Bonaparte, in order to expel him from it, began to make attacks on his right, threatening to cut off his communications with the Tyrol. With this view he entered the Venetian province of Brescia, and pushed his advance to the lake of Guarda. He himself suddenly entered the city of Brescia, and thence issued a proclamation, stating that the necessities of war obliged him to pass through these territories, but that he would conduct himself as a friend of the republic, and always respect the good understanding which had so long subsisted betwixt it and France. The Austrian general, who had hitherto abstained from entering any town belonging to Venice, hearing of this encroachment of Bonaparte, which endangered his rear, sent some troops to take the fortress of Peschiera, which was guarded only by invalids. Thus one violation of neutrality led to another. Bonaparte, however, taking advantage of all circumstances, considered himself no longer bound to keep any measures, and from that moment French and Austrians forced their way through the country, took up their quarters, and occupied the towns, as they had before done in the states of Genoa. Bonaparte having passed the Mincio at Borghetto, and forced Beaulieu to retire to the Tyrol, took and garrisoned Peschiera; afterwards by threats and violence he effected his entrance, on the 1st of June, into the important fortress of Verona, the principal city of the Venetian mainland. Meantime he informed the Directory that he continued to threaten and complain, so that, to avoid greater evils, the

Venetians supplied with a good grace every thing he wanted for the army.

"If your object," he continues in the same letter, "is to draw five or six millions from Venice, I have furnished you expressly with this pretence for a rupture. You may ask them for that sum as an indemnity for the affair of Peschiera, and for the battle of Borghetto, which followed as a necessary consequence. But if you have ulterior views, I think it will be well to protract this argument, and wait for the favourable moment, for we must not quarrel with every body at once."

What follows throws a still stronger light on the merits of the case:—

"The truth," says this honourable commander to his equally upright employers, "the truth with regard to Peschiera is, that *Beaulieu shamefully deceived the Venetians*; he asked a passage for fifty men, and when the soldiers were once in, they took possession of the place."

Accordingly, the Directory, upon the plea that Venice had allowed the Austrians to take possession of Peschiera, ordered their general to insist on the Senate giving up all the property, ships, and monies belonging to the enemies of France, and to levy contributions on the Venetian territories; in short, to treat this once flattered and admired republic precisely as he had treated the neutral states of Genoa and Tuscany.

In the following campaign between the Austrian General Wurmser and Bonaparte, the unfortunate Venetian states experienced all the horrid effects of their unprotected helpless condition. Both French and Imperialists, under the mask of friendship, plundered, burned, violated, and murdered, respecting neither age, sex, rank, nor condition. The delightful shores of the Guarda lake, the rich county of Verona, the populous banks of the Brenta were reduced to a wilderness. The towns were taken and retaken by the two armies; the Austrians plundered Salò and Villanova, they entered by force Brescia and Verona. Meantime the French ravaged the banks of the Adige, pillaged the towns of Villafranca, Arcole, Este, and Desenzano, carried off the cattle, burned the farms, and committed all sorts of abominations in private houses, monasteries and churches. Such was the conduct of the soldiery, while Bonaparte continued to levy contributions, and took forcible possession of the citadels of Bergamo and Brescia, as he had done before at Peschiera and Verona. Finally, to the remonstrances of the senate through its ambassador, Quirini, at Paris, Rewbel, one of the Directors, answered by complaining "that the Venetians did not like the French!"—book viii.

Still these horrors might possibly admit of some palliation, and one might plead the impossibility of restraining the soldiers in the midst of an obstinate war in which two armies disputed

every inch of the ground betwixt them. The machinations, however, which were coolly resorted to in order to excite revolt in the Venetian provinces against the senate, and thus to create a pretence for interfering and for effecting the final destruction of the republic, are very different, and admit of no defence or apology. A revolutionary committee, composed of Italians of various states, and including several Frenchmen, was formed at Milan, if not by the desire, at least with the full knowledge of the French commanders, for the purpose of inciting the Venetian subjects to declare themselves independent. They succeeded at Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema, in which town the democrats, with the connivance and even support of the French military, already through a breach of neutrality stationed there, arrested the magistrates, lowered the Venetian ensigns, and proclaimed their independence.

At this news the senators of Venice at last awoke from their torpor; they sent reinforcements to Verona, they gave full powers to Count degli Emilj, and others, to arm the peasantry already enraged by the outrages and dilapidations committed by the foreign soldiers. The French had a garrison in the castle of Verona, and an open quarrel between their troops and the Venetian reinforcements became inevitable. The people sided with their old governors, and on the 17th April, 1797, a dreadful insurrection broke out, so that all the French that were found in the streets were slain by the mob. A Capuchin monk stood in the square preaching a sermon on patriotism, in which he appealed to national feelings and, in the name of liberty, against the oppression of foreign invaders.

"No alternative," he exclaimed, "now remained to the Italians, but to rise *en masse* against those insolent foreigners; long patience and remonstrances had proved useless, for, if they complained, they were taxed with rebellion, and if they remained silent, they were accused of conspiracy. The aggressors had the insolence to accuse the Italians of treachery, and of carrying concealed weapons, as if it were not infinitely more base in the former to use fire-arms against the weak and the unprotected, than in the latter to resort to knives and daggers as the last resource of despair. Behold Genoa invaded in spite of her long sufferance, Leghorn plundered against the rights of neutrality! Look at Bergamo, Brescia, and Crema, goaded on to sedition against our government. Now that the people of Verona had taken up arms to drive away the invaders, let them be prompt and resolute in action, thus setting a generous example to the rest of Italy. Only let the French be driven away, and no other barbarians will dare to tread on our soil. They shall all be put to flight," &c. &c.—book x.

But this ebullition of popular fury could only lead to an unfortunate result. Victor and Kilmaine marched rapidly upon Verona; the people fought desperately for several days, but were at

last overcome by numbers and discipline. The French obtained entire possession of the place. Then came all the horrors of retaliation. The city was laid under heavy contributions; the *monti di pieta*, the national property, and many private houses were plundered; the Counts Emilj, Valenza, and Verità, the Capuchin orator, and others, were put to death; the country all around was pillaged and devastated. General Augereau himself remonstrated against these atrocities, but Bonaparte only answered by fresh abuse of the Venetian senate. Indeed he had already in the beginning of April, previous to the insurrection of Verona, made an offer at Sudenbourg to the Austrian plenipotentiaries of the best part of the Venetian territories as an indemnification for the loss of Lombardy. But why then, it will be asked, incite at the same time the provinces of Bergamo and Brescia to rebellion? "Because the Austrian government would feel less repugnance at receiving them after they had revolted against their own ancient government, than in taking them from the senate, which had never given Austria any offence." Similar principles induced Bonaparte shortly afterwards to subvert the Venetian aristocracy, and to establish there a municipal republic. After this was effected, he signified to the democrats, that in compliance with the treaty of Campo Formio, the French troops were to evacuate the Venetian territories, and he had the effrontery to tell d'Angelis, the commissioner at Verona, who upbraided him for having sold them to Austria, that the malcontents might defend themselves if they chose. "Restore us the arms thou hast taken from us, traitor, and we shall defend ourselves," was the answer of d'Angelis. To his dupe Villetard, who had been the instrument of the revolution, believing, simple man, that the General would support the independence of Venice, and who now, ashamed of the part he had been acting, remonstrated in an indignant and energetic letter, Bonaparte very coolly answered, "that the French republic did not make war for the benefit of others, and was not bound to endanger its interests for the sake of a few mad partizans of an universal republic." But why thus disunite the Venetians and destroy their ancient government, why should they be thus enfeebled, disgraced, plundered, disarmed, and left as it were bound hand and foot in the way of the Austrian armies? "By the treaty of Campo Formio the French Republic consented that the Emperor of Germany should possess Venice." What pitiful equivocation!

Here our author is at variance with the French Count Daru, the author of the excellent *History of Venice*. The whole dispute, however, happens to turn upon the single question, whether Bonaparte or the Venetian senate first broke the neu-

trality by absolute hostilities? Daru states that the senate took hostile measures, that is to say measures of defence for their own capital, previous to Bonaparte's threatening the subversion of the republic. Botta, on the contrary, says that it was in consequence of Bonaparte's threats to the Provveditor Foscari on the 31st May, 1796, that the senate assembled on the 1st June, and on the 2d carried into effect the said measures. "But how is it possible," says the French critic triumphantly, "that the senate could in one day receive Foscari's communications from Peschiera, which is thirty leagues distant? It is quite evident, that they had hostile intentions against the French even before Bonaparte threatened them."

The facts, however, are as follows. Bonaparte took forcible possession of Brescia, a town belonging to Venice, and in consequence of this, Beaulieu suddenly seized Peschiera, which was soon retaken by the French, and it was there on the 21st of May, that Bonaparte complained to Foscari of that fortress (Peschiera) having been occupied, and summarily demanded full power over Verona, the second city of the republic. Moreover, one of the pretences was that the Count de Lille (Louis XVIII.) had taken refuge in that city some time before, although the Venetian senate had ordered him away, in base compliance with the request of the Directory. Consequently the French were allowed to enter Verona and take possession of the fortifications, after which time the states of Venice were open to both French and Austrians, without any manifesto or proclamation either of war or friendship. Bonaparte next took possession of the castle of Bergamo. The Venetian senate then endeavoured at all events to save the capital, explaining, however, to Lallemand the French ambassador, the object of their preparations, which appeared to satisfy not only that minister but the Directory, for he continued to hold his place at Venice till the final catastrophe of that republic, which occurred a twelve-month after.

That Bonaparte and the Directory had both cherished for a long while the plan of indemnifying Austria at the expense of Venice, there can be no doubt. His complaints were like those of the wolf in the fable, and it would be an insult to common sense to argue any farther on this point. Though the Venetians were now sunk and debased, and had lost all their ancient spirit, still this affords no excuse for the treatment they met with. But even supposing the senate to have furnished a pretence for aggression, what palliation can be suggested for the manner in which the people were encouraged, and indeed obliged, to rise against their patricians, and adopt a democratic form of government, while at the same time they were given up to the absolute sway of Aus-

tria? The whole is such a compound of villainy, treachery, and subterfuge, that it is difficult to speak of it with common temper. It was a transaction disgraceful to all parties, but atrocious on the side of those who played with their words and promises as well as with the properties and lives of an unoffending and confiding people.

Before the French left Venice they plundered the arsenal and the public stores, brought away some of the war-ships, sunk or broke up the others, burnt the Bucentaur for the sake of taking the gold out of it, and then left the city desolate to the wondering Austrians.

"There was one senator, the well-known Pesaro, who had constantly, but in vain, warned his countrymen to distrust France, and who on the last day of the senate's existence had, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, 'I see now that all is over with my poor country; but to a brave man every land is a home!'" "This identical Pesaro," adds Botta, "I grieve for his fame, now received the oaths of the Venetians in the character of Austrian commissioner."

The whole catastrophe is contained and amply detailed in the tenth and twelfth books of this history.

We have laid some stress on this nefarious transaction, because it displays in no ordinary degree the policy of Bonaparte and the Directory. A similar system was pursued with regard to Genoa and Piedmont, which were both on terms of peace and friendship with France. After an insurrection in the Genoese capital openly excited by the French and their partisans, the government was modelled *à la Française*, and a ransom paid to those beneficent protectors. As for Piedmont, its fate was protracted a little longer. Bonaparte was favourably inclined towards the house of Savoy; indeed he showed himself in general more lenient towards monarchs than republics; but after his departure from Italy, the agents of the Directory began to torment the Piedmontese in every possible way. It is impossible to read patiently the long tale of insults, provocations and artifices with which they harassed that unfortunate country. It required all the religious endurance of King Charles Emanuel, and all the cool moderation of his minister Count Priocca, to bear with such treatment for two years, without resorting to some act of despair. Our historian is evidently au fait to the cabinet transactions of the court of Turin at that time, and his feelings are such as might be expected from a Piedmontese. It is enough to say, that while the French Directory called the King of Sardinia their friend, and retained possession of his principal fortresses,—while, moreover, their troops went and came through Piedmont, supplied at the expense of that country, the king being in fact

the humble subject of the French government,—the agents of the latter allowed, if they did not encourage, parties of Piedmontese democrats to form, recruit and arm themselves in the territories of the Cisalpine and Genoese republics, and invade repeatedly the estates of their sovereign; moreover, when the leaders of these insurgents were taken, tried, and executed, the French agents disclaimed all connexion with them, and abandoned them to their fate; after which they denounced the king of Sardinia as an enemy to the republic, while Ginguené, the Parisian ambassador at Turin, demanded the liberation of all the prisoners. We must not forget the complaints of Priocca to the republican agent.

“If we must indeed cease to be a power, if such is the will of Fate, let the French nation fulfil our destiny; but let us not thus be threatened, insulted and attacked by our own subjects; let us not see ourselves die slowly, and as it were by our own hands.”

The whole of the fifteenth book is full of melancholy details. The duplicity of the Directory,—the inexperience, the fears and credulity of Ginguené,—the strong judgment and dignified behaviour of the Piedmontese minister, under the most critical circumstances,—the insolence of the French military, their intrigues, barefaced insults, and extortion,—the delusion of their Italian partizans,—the unshaken fidelity of the Piedmontese population to their government,—the sincerity and calm affliction of the king, the deplorable state of the country,—all these together form a picture of the deepest interest. And yet Ginguené* was an unwilling, and, in a great measure, an unconscious instrument of the Directorial duplicity. Thus, at least, Botta avers in his favour—

“Ginguené was a man of probity, not merely apparent, which might have been only hypocrisy, but of true, unaffected, and austere integrity; his disposition was benevolent, and his most cherished philosophical tenets were those of genuine philanthropy. He was well versed in literature; for instead of the superficial smattering which is generally found among the frequenters of gay society, he might boast of profound literary knowledge; indeed no good quality would have been wanting in his character, had he lived in less disastrous times, and in a less phrenzied age. But by these times he was deceived, like many other upright and sincere men, who looked on the mere outside of affairs without penetrating substantially. Ginguené was a lover of genuine and virtuous liberty; but he erred in placing its existence where it was not, and as, among other attributes, he had an ardent imagination, with great tenacity of opinion, he persisted in his error, mistaking obstinacy for laudable perseverance. He was sincere in his delusion, but this delusion made him act in a reprehensible manner towards the Piedmontese govern-

* Author of the *Literary History of Italy*.

ment; and I, who was his friend, and proud of his friendship, cannot, and will not, abstain from reporting his diplomatic conduct, not as a friend, but a faithful historian. I can firmly say, however, that with the exception of the Piedmontese embassy, Ginguéné's conduct was always such as to render him worthy of being ranked among the men who have done honour to our age."

Another of the French literati, M. Garat, was sent by the Directory as ambassador to Ferdinand of Naples, with a view to keep him in check, partly by fair means and partly by threats. This deputy, a man of peaceful and mild disposition, was nevertheless imbued with the Utopian reveries of that period, and unaffectedly believed that the revolutionary changes were to be universal, and to produce at last a sort of glorious and happy millennium. A man of this stamp was little adapted for the court of King Ferdinand and Queen Caroline. Accordingly, when introduced at their court, he spoke of peace and friendship as liberal boons of the Directory,—of independence and liberty as gifts which the French Republic had imparted to other nations amid the thunderbolts of conquest,—of that extreme moderation with which, of their own accord, they had placed boundaries to the valour of their soldiers,—he complimented King Ferdinand as an honourable and virtuous ruler, but stigmatized the English nation as slavish at home and tyrannical abroad. France, of course, he described as free and happy within herself, lenient and considerate in her conduct towards others; the Republic was all-powerful by the spirit of liberty—wise through lessons of adversity. He concluded at last by reading Ferdinand a lecture on philanthropy and the duties of sovereigns, especially those who, like him, were "called to wield the sceptre over regions filled with the most stupendous phenomena of nature, and with the memories of the sages and the great of olden times." Ferdinand, unacquainted with the language of Lyceums, listened in astonishment, and looked towards the conclusion of this rhapsody, as if happy to escape from the overwhelming eloquence of the republican envoy.

At last the seeds sown by the Directory, and their agents, began to produce corresponding fruits;—all the Italian governments were overturned, the sovereigns exiled, the ancient republics destroyed, the pope a prisoner, and, in the beginning of 1799, the country was parcelled out into democracies. But the new governments had no foundation—they were built on sand—and the tempest that broke out again from the North overturned them in one short season. By the campaign even of that year, 1799, the French were driven away from every part of Italy, and the tide of war was rolled back to the Var, and the frontiers of

France. Suwarrow reconquered Lombardy, Piedmont, and Tuscany; and retook all the fortresses which had cost the French so much blood. By the flattery of the Italians, Bonaparte had been styled "Jupiter,"—now Suwarrow was nominated "Cyrus." Catholic archbishops received in their cathedrals the schismatic Russian warrior; and prints were distributed at Turin, in which Austria, Russia and Turkey were impiously represented with the symbolic attributes of the Trinity. The confusion of the unfortunate Italians was extreme; beset and tormented by Austrians and French, Russians and Turks, besides insurgents from every quarter in the Peninsula, some shouting for the Emperor, some for the King, and others for Religion, the Pope, and the blessed Virgin, hunting down Jacobins, but all living at discretion in a land already exhausted by four years' previous war and plunder, it is truly astonishing how the country could bear all this, without being reduced to a desert.

But if the north of Italy was thus persecuted, affairs were, if possible, worse in the South. Naples surpassed, as it has always done, the rest of the Peninsula in tragic horrors. The mournful events in that kingdom are well known; they have been related by many authors; yet Botta has thrown upon his Narrative (Book XVIII.) a colour of novelty, by the dramatic style in which he has brought out that catastrophe.

Among the many striking episodes in that description is the death of the Italian General Lahoz, a man of tried valour and abilities, but of a restless intriguing character, who had been the friend of Laharpe and Latour, and one of the principal instruments in revolutionizing Italy. Afterwards, weary of the miseries that were inflicted on his country, indignant at the treaty of Campo Formio, and the despotism of the Directory, he took part against France. He was now heading the insurrectionary bands of the Adriatic provinces, in concert with the Austrians, against the French garrison of Ancona, and against his own former companions, when he was mortally wounded in a sortie by one of his own countrymen. He died at the Austrian head-quarters at Varano, protesting to the last his warm love for his country, which he had endeavoured to deliver from foreigners, by assisting the Austrians to drive away the French, as he had formerly aided the latter to expel the Austrians. But this was a rash and desperate resolution, dictated less by cool judgment than by rancour and disappointment. The sentiments of Lahoz, however, have been common to many of his countrymen, who, with their minds distracted by theories, and unassisted by principle, were tossed amid the stormy elements of discord, like sailors on a wreck, without compass or rudder, and did not discover their errors till it was too late.

From this chaos of disasters in Italy, our author leads us to the Venetian dependencies on the opposite coast of the Adriatic. There we find ourselves among acknowledged barbarians, whose deeds, however ferocious, are hardly more destructive than those of the civilized French and Italians. Ali Pacha, of horrible memory, availing himself of the downfall of the French power in Italy, led his wild barbarian hordes to drive the French out of the districts lately possessed by Venice on the coast of Epirus, of which the former had possessed themselves contrary to the rights of nations. Under the command of General Lasalcette, they had entrenched themselves at Nicopolis, having with them some Suliotes and Prevezans. The armed multitudes of Ali penetrated, in spite of the most gallant opposition, into the French camp; and then a conflict or massacre began, which ended in the slaughter of most of the defenders. A detachment, which had been left at Preveza, being surprized by the Albanians, met with the same fate. Lasalcette, and a few of his companions, were taken to Ali's camp. There the orgies of cruelty, for which that monster was celebrated, began afresh. He gave orders that the Prevezans should be tortured in presence of the French prisoners, whom he obliged by threats and blows to assist in the work of scalping his murdered victims. The remaining population of the fated Preveza were carried to the island of Salagora, there to be butchered indiscriminately. The French prisoners were taken by land to Janina, and then by a long and inhospitable route, tormented all the way by merciless barbarians, they at last reached Constantinople, where their chiefs were shut up in the seven towers, while the subalterns and men were sent on board the galleys.—*Botta*, B. xvii.

The eighteenth century closed with the battle of Marengo, which was followed by the peace of Lunéville, and the establishment of Bonaparte's power over Italy. New methods were now adopted by the conqueror; every purpose had been fulfilled, and the current of affairs seemed to flow on smoothly and gently, with no farther bloodshed, and few measures of rigour; both victors and vanquished were alike tired of sanguinary conflicts. The French generals lived at the Italian capitals in princely style, caressed by the nobility, amid festivals, banquets, and aristocratic splendour. The poor republicans were forgotten, or despised, and driven from place to place. The people were still oppressed by taxes and contributions, to support both the French military and their own ephemeral governments, to enrich generals, commissaries, residents, and contractors. Yet at least the peaceable and unoffending part of the community, with their properties, were comparatively safe and unmolested.

In drawing Bonaparte's twofold character as a military and civil ruler, Botta has touched and retouched the portrait so often, as to render it almost a complete riddle. At the opening of the campaign in 1796, we find this extraordinary personage, by his neglect at Montenotte, endangering the whole fortunes of the French army; and the success of that day seems to have been entirely owing to the fate of a subordinate officer, Rampon. Yet a few pages after, Botta, describing his triumphal entrance into Milan, observes, that "this young soldier of fortune, the youngest indeed of all the generals, and whose name a month before was hardly known to the world, soon proved his superiority, and assumed an ascendancy over them all, appearing rather like a commanding officer among subalterns, than a leading character among persons of his own rank."* Having passed this eulogium, however, after praising Bonaparte's sagacity, skill, and foresight, distinguishing him as a man who left no plan or undertaking imperfect, our historian represents the same individual, a few days after, as perplexed, hesitating, and even pusillanimous at Castiglione, where, if it had not been for Augereau's presence of mind, he would have withdrawn to the Po, and thus forfeited the success of the campaign.† Some pages further on, we find that he "was not a man likely to be thwarted from his purpose by an untoward accident;" moreover, that "his comprehensive mind and active disposition were such, that whilst occupied with enterprises of the greatest importance, he did not neglect at the same time any point of minor consequence." At Lonato, on the contrary, he seemed to act almost at random, without any preconcerted plan, and "rather as if impelled by fortune, than exhibiting his sway over its caprices." After the fight of Caldiero, he almost despaired of success, and wrote a most melancholy account of his situation, yet "although he had lost confidence, his judgment remained unclouded, and taking advantage of Austrian slowness, by a bold manœuvre and double passage of the Adige, he fell all at once on the enemy's camp at Villanova, thus regaining his ascendancy. This was the movement of a great master, than which history affords few instances more splendid." The manœuvre here mentioned led soon after to the celebrated battle of Arcola, which lasted three days, during which Bonaparte repeatedly, though hopelessly, endeavoured to force the passage of a bridge, each time sustaining a tremendous loss, although there were two other roads by which he might have overcome the difficulty, and he found himself at last thrown back almost alone into a marsh, from whence he was extricated by Belliard, with

* Book vi.

† Book viii.

the help of a Venetian soldier; nor was it till the third day that he effected his purpose by turning the position of the Austrians.

These and other contradictory statements regarding Bonaparte's military talents are sufficiently perplexing, nor is the difficulty cleared away by Mr. Botta's truism, that "error is the common attribute of man," followed by his odd assertion, that "although Bonaparte has often erred in his military operations, this need not detract from his character as one of the greatest captains that have appeared on the stage of the world." Had Mr. B. confined himself to a statement of facts, successes and reverses, the reader would have tried to form his own opinion on the merits of that extraordinary man; but the historian, by attempting to sum up evidence and pronounce judgment, becomes so involved and enigmatical, that we are at last altogether confused and disappointed.

Bonaparte's military talents were, in truth, blended with a peevish obstinacy, which he mistook for firmness, and a wanton disregard of difficulties, proceeding in some degree from a deficiency in moral principle. The higher he rose in power the more intractable he became, and, through this stubbornness, he brought upon himself his final ruin. But at the period of these Italian campaigns his reputation was yet to make; he was not seated on a throne, nor had at his disposal the whole population of an empire; and he found himself obliged to husband his resources, and be cautious in his operations, while he was not above trying to repair the errors he committed, which he did generally with the fullest success.

During his government as First Consul, we are told that he "exiled the turbulent promoters of outrage and faction, recalled the emigrants, restored order in the exchequer, enforced obedience to the laws both by the magistrates and people, established strict discipline in the army, encouraged literature and science, re-opened the University of Pavia, and appointed men of learning and character to be professors. He advised the Genoese, through his minister Dejean, to be guided by experience; to lay aside abstract theories, which often lead to dangerous results and scatter the seeds of future revolutions. In less than a year after his return from Egypt, he had tranquillized France, reconquered Italy, and made treaties with all the continental powers of Europe."

But let us now consider how he acted in regard to the Italian Republic in particular, of which he had appointed himself president, although he resided at Paris, engrossed by vast designs, leaving the former country to rest under the management of the well-meaning, polite, but weak-minded Melzi, the vice-president.

"Literary and scientific men flourished, provided their characters were sufficiently pliable to become adulators. Whoever expressed him-

self with any freedom was either exiled, or safely lodged where he could no longer be heard. The Consulta of state, which had been instituted for this particular object, being obsequiously obedient to the will of the chief, well knew how to impose silence on those who were too fond of giving their opinions to the public. This was proved in the instance of Ceroni, a young man of a lively and generous mind, who, on account of some lines which savoured of independence, was imprisoned, and afterwards banished. On the same occasion Teuillet, an officer of rank, and Cicognara found themselves implicated, along with several others, only for having praised Ceroni's verses. This hint being understood by the other poets and *litterati*, they had recourse to the most servile flatteries. Bonaparte continued to repeat, that it was high time to put some check to the licentiousness of the press, and in this he was right; but eventually his proceedings checked altogether those authors who deserved encouragement, as well as those who were censurable. Many publications made their appearance at that period, but all were deficient in originality or energy, if we except some violent attacks on the English; because abuse of that people formed a part of the general system of adulation. No writer seemed to rise above the crawling pace of sycophant mediocrity, nor attempted novelty, for both the thoughts and style were borrowed from Parisian sources, and those none of the best—the most contemptible and senseless journals serving for models. As President of the Italian Republic, Buonaparte found means to enlist eminent authors on his side, by gifts of money and of dignified stations. They were thus cajoled, lived in ease and luxury, and either became silent or flatterers like the others. Yet sometimes at their convivial meetings, or in splenetic moods, they did not scruple to divert themselves at the expense of their Parisian president, who knew this and laughed at it, for he did not fear them. In short, the finances were prosperous, and the troops in good order; but literature was servile, and independence destroyed."

At last comes the imperial era of Napoleon's life, with its gigantic aggressions, sweeping conscriptions, inquisitorial police, and military despotism. Italy failed not to supply all that was yet left to her, in soldiers, money, arms, and—flattery. Under the Emperor's influence, the surface of society was there perfectly tranquil, and therefore all was considered safe. Only the distant clang of arms now and then awakened the people to new doubts, new illusions, and fresh disappointments. After the peace of Tilsit every one seemed reconciled, or at least resigned, to that fate which seemed to them irrevocable.

"The world feared and idolized Napoleon; even the most powerful princes set the example in this respect, and their people followed it. Even the trade of flattery was at an end, for eulogies and descriptions, however pompous, fell short of the reality. The poets of the age, with all their efforts, could not reach to such a height, but of course they styled him 'Jove;' the priests metaphorized him as 'the arm of God;' monarchs addressed him respectfully as brother and sire. Had his cha-

rafter been truly great and generous, he would have checked this unmeaning adulation, but he seemed rather to delight in trying how far the baseness of man would go."

To this we may add, that the laws were duly administered, but that one individual was above them, who altered or suspended them at pleasure; that education was liberal, except in those points which touched the political system; that mendicity was abolished, but external commerce destroyed; that the harbours of Italy were deserted, while roads were opened, canals cut, and public buildings raised; that agriculture and manufactures were encouraged; and lastly, that the division of the country was perpetuated by the unnatural junction of all western Italy, Tuscany, and even Rome, to the French empire, whilst the kingdoms of Italy and of Naples stood at the two opposite ends of the peninsula, the humble satellites of France.

If any proof were required that Napoleon's policy, stern and unyielding like himself, was seldom impeded by considerations of humanity and mercy, we might quote the occurrences at Crespino, which we believe are not generally known, but which are recorded by other historians besides Botta.* The *Commune* of Crespino, situated near the mouths of the Po, not far from Rovigo, made one of the departments of Basso Po in the kingdom of Italy. During the war of 1805, when some Austrian troops, having crossed the Adige, advanced towards that quarter, the Crespanese rose in arms to welcome and to join them. The French having soon after driven back the Austrians, a terrible decree was issued by Napoleon against the ill-fated *commune*, in which it was declared that Crespino had ceased to make a part of the kingdom, or to be under the protection of its laws. Moreover, the inhabitants were placed under the military controul of a Colonel of *Gendarmes*; they were deprived of their civil rights; were sentenced to pay double taxes; and any offence was to be summarily punished by stripes. This decree remained in force for a twelvemonth. At last, after repeated supplications from the inhabitants, which were supported by Eugene's warm intercession, Napoleon answered, that "blood was required to expiate the guilt of the Crespinese. Therefore, let three or four of the principal inhabitants be shot in the public square, and by their deaths redeem the guilt of their countrymen." Eugene's humanity induced him to plead for a mitigation of the sentence; at last he prevailed so far, that the number of victims was reduced

* For example see the "*Storia dell'Amministrazione del Regno d'Italia, durante il dominio Francese.*" 8vo. Lugano: 1823. A work which is full of instructive particulars concerning the internal condition of Upper Italy during the dark period of the French empire.

to two, and these were accordingly executed at Crespino, to satisfy Napoleon's ideas of political justice.

In book twenty-fourth, we have another horrid account, founded on the miseries of civilization when a people are forced into it at the bayonet's point, as in the instance of Calabria. In 1810, that is to say after the French had had quiet possession of Naples for nearly four years, the southern provinces of the kingdom were still in a state of insurrection, and General Manhès was sent by Murat to subdue Calabria. Under his direction one-half of the inhabitants was armed against the other; he ordered that the disaffected should be hunted down from all quarters, and thus succeeded in exterminating them entirely. Those who were taken died either in the unwholesome prisons or on the scaffold, or were torn to pieces by their enraged enemies. The mutilated limbs of the victims were scattered along the high road to Reggio; the banks of the river Crati were strewn with them, and the tower of Catrovillari was rendered for a long time uninhabitable by the effluvia from the heaps of bodies of those who had died in it. Among the victims were people of all classes, banditti and malefactors along with men of the most opposite stamp, who were conscientiously opposed to the foreign government, especially the members of that fraternity lately so much talked of under the name of the Carbonari, and whose leader, Capobianco, was put to death. The sect of the Carbonari was originally republican, and adverse both to the French court and to that of Sicily; but, at the epoch now alluded to, many members of this association had joined the partizans of the Bourbons for the common object of driving the French out of Calabria.

Italy was at last tranquillized, or at least was silent; the din of war had rolled far away beyond the Alps, but the young conscripts followed it to the north and the west, compelled to swell the ranks of the universal conqueror. Indeed, to estimate the losses of Italy in the murderous campaigns of the empire would be impossible: to Spain alone it sent thirty thousand men, of whom only nine thousand ever returned to it; besides, Naples forwarded to the same country ten thousand, of whom only eighteen hundred survived. Moreover, Genoa, Piedmont, Parma, Tuscany, and Rome, all provinces of Italy, annexed to the French, had each their regiments in the French army; an Italian officer has lately estimated the number of Italian soldiers employed by Napoleon at one time in the Spanish and Russian wars at nearly two hundred thousand!

The twenty-fifth book is entirely occupied with the disputes on matters of church discipline betwixt Napoleon and his prisoner, Pope Pius VII. This book is curious, from the disclosures of the

petty artifices and secret vexations employed by the police to frighten an old man, left alone and deprived of his councillors, into concessions which his own conscience refused, while it displays the invincible tenacity of the Roman See, with regard to what it considers its rights; a tenacity which seems to increase by opposition, and marks the unchangeable spirit of that court. We must say, however, that Napoleon, professing to be a Catholic, acted with useless duplicity, severity and injustice to the Pope, at the same time that he showed weakness and indecision in his proceedings against so feeble an enemy. Such transactions are, in truth, unworthy of a great conqueror and great monarch; even Joseph and Leopold understood such matters better than he. The manner in which the Pope was smuggled away from Rome was highly discreditable to the French, and equally inglorious was the manner in which they contrived to remove him from his prison of Savona, and carried him to Fontainebleau, in June, 1812. Such were the fears of the police, that for fifteen days after Pius had left Savona, the civil authorities used to go regularly to the papal residence, as usual, as if to pay their respects to the pontiff; the domestics laid out his table, and prepared the repast, appearing daily in the market to buy provisions, and the *gensdarmes* asserted that they had seen his Holiness in his apartments, and walking in his garden. All this was done under the threat of their being sent to the dungeons of Fenestrelle, in case of indiscretion. A poor countryman, having stated that he had met his Holiness on the road to Novi, was called upon to retract the evidence of his own senses, which he did, vowing that he would never more utter even the *name* of the Pope. The latter was already two hundred leagues off, while the good people of Savona believed him still amongst them. Such was the power of Bonaparte's system of police.

We now approach the downfall of this tremendous power, which weighed equally upon every individual from the Tagus to the Niemen, and from the Baltic to the Straits of Messina. Whatever disappointments have attended that mighty revolution, whatever abuses have remained or crept in since that universal system of military despotism was overthrown, we cannot but rejoice in the providential triumph of Europe over one insolent and intolerable oppressor. The massive chains were then broken, and the shapeless ill-contrived fetters which have since been partially used to shackle various nations of Europe, cannot for a moment be compared either in pressure or strength to the former. Nations have at least been restored to their individuality; they can, and will in time determine what is best for their respective interests; nor can

any alliance oppose this so effectually as the will of one stern, all-powerful and relentless Ruler had done.

In 1813, the reverses of the French in Germany having compelled them to retire beyond the Rhine, the Austrians found themselves at liberty to direct part of their force against the kingdom of Italy. After a lapse of several years, the Austrian eagle again showed itself on the well-known summits of the Noric Alps. Eugene, with an army of sixty thousand men, French and Italians, opposed for a time the Austrian forces, which, extending their line in a semicircle, threatened to turn his left by the Tyrol, and his right by Trieste. The Viceroy was obliged to retire, evacuating first the Illyrian provinces, where the French were exceedingly disliked, and next the Venetian territories, where the unfortunate inhabitants hated both French and Austrians. The Italian army took its position on the Adige, but here new misfortunes awaited it. General Nugent, with a corps of auxiliaries, had landed near the mouths of the Po, and occupied Ferrara and the Romagna. Murat, on the other hand, having taken possession of the Roman States, entered into an alliance with Austria for the purpose of driving the French out of Italy. The Neapolitan soldiers, being told by Murat, that he had detached himself from Napoleon's interests, followed their king cheerfully, although he himself was a Frenchman, and Napoleon's brother-in-law; and they boasted before him in their usual style of exaggeration, that they would exterminate the French root and branch. Murat and his officers, in order to act their parts with due effect, were obliged to applaud these ebullitions of the Neapolitans, who, meanwhile, whether fighting for the French or against them, never dealt in a very friendly manner by the countries through which they passed. They fought, however, with some spirit, on the Taro, between Modena and Piacenza, forcing the passage of that river. At the same time, the English landed in Liguria, and took Genoa, while Eugene retired with his army to his remaining position of the Mincio, supported by the fortress of Mantua. The kingdom of Italy was fast approaching to its end.

Meantime, the Italians were inundated with proclamations. Some promised independence; others held forth on the topics of religion and paternal government; Eugene spoke of fidelity to Napoleon; Murat declaimed against foreign oppression; the Austrians invited the Italians to submit quietly. All this created a confusion, an uncertainty, a chaos of incoherent ideas and expectations, which it is impossible adequately to describe.

The news of the recent occurrences at Paris gave the finishing blow to the falling fortunes of Eugene and his army. The man against whom the whole of Europe was in arms, had at last abdi-

cated; the Bourbons were restored to the throne, and the French troops which were with the Italian army had therefore changed masters. Eugene himself, submitting to necessity, consented to their departure, and an agreement was made to that effect between the Viceroy and the Austrian Marshal Bellegarde. By the same truce, Venice, and the various fortresses dependent on that state, were delivered to the Austrians, and a suspension of hostilities agreed upon, while it was agreed that delegates from Milan should proceed to the allied Sovereigns, in order to stipulate regarding the future state of Lombardy. This was the memorable convention of Schiarino-Rizzino, near Mantua, which was signed on the 16th April, 1814, and proved the death-warrant to the kingdom of Italy. Thereafter, the Italian troops, deprived of French assistance, and hemmed in by enemies on every side, submitted to their fate; tumults against Eugene's government broke out at Milan, upon which the Viceroy gave up Mantua to the Austrians, and retired to Bavaria, the country of his consort. General Bellegarde took possession of Venice and Milan in the name of the Emperor of Austria, and Genoa was afterwards given by the Congress of Vienna to the King of Sardinia.

"Thus," concludes our historian, "Italy, after an eventful and bloody period of ten years, than which ten earthquakes and as many volcanoes would have been less fatal, resumed in appearance her former condition. Victor Emmanuel returned to Piedmont, Francis to Milan, Ferdinand to Tuscany, and Pius to Rome; Parma was transferred from the Bourbons to the House of Austria; Murat preserved, but for a short period, the crown of Naples; the old Italian republics were extinguished, for the ingenuity of the age discovered that legitimacy was a word without any plural number. Little San Marino alone was spared, perhaps in imitation of Bonaparte's policy; for its smallness and poverty did not excite the cupidity of any. The governments of Francis, of Victor, of Ferdinand, and of Pius, were certainly neither harsh nor revengeful; but they did not take into consideration the greatness of the change which vicissitudes so varied and so continuous had produced in the minds and hearts of men,—for though the change might be, as some asserted, a moral disease, still it required a suitable treatment. Posterity will judge whether the evils which followed the restoration are to be considered the fault of the patients, or of those whose proper duty it was to have cured them."

Here then we begin to tread on fresh ground, which it will be the task of some future historian to explore. We shall follow our author's example, and stop here, with an earnest wish that the perusal of this work, which, with all its melancholy details, has produced on us a most fascinating impression, may prove a source of useful instruction to the inhabitants of Italy, both for the present and future generations, as a beacon to warn them of the

dangers into which their fathers fell, should circumstances ever bring round such another crisis in the destiny of the beautiful but till now unfortunate Peninsula.

We have not yet made any remark on Mr. Botta's style, but in this respect we think he has made a successful attempt at reviving the lofty step and classical garb of the great Tuscan historians in the sixteenth century, of whom Guicciardini seems to have been his principal model. To those whose taste has been early accustomed to the exotic phraseology and affected simplicity, from which even the best writers of the last century are not totally free, the sententious turn of Botta's periods may appear bordering on pedantry; to us, who consider the Italian language as susceptible of the greatest variety of tone and measure even in prose, it is satisfactory to see historical narrative rescued from the familiar tone of the apologue, or of letter-writing. We cannot speak so favourably as to his choice of words, which has always proved a stumbling-block to writers born in the countries of dialects, who, in purity and freedom, seldom can equal the natives of Tuscany, or even of Rome. We have observed some trivial expressions, especially when the author indulges in a humorous or satirical vein, and certain vulgarisms, little suited to the dignity of the subject. His fondness for long speeches, in which he makes his principal characters express their sentiments, is but little suited to the "reading public" of the present day. But, on the other hand, he excels in the description of stirring events—of the bustle of the field, the alarms of a siege, the din and tumult of popular commotions, the soul-harrowing calamities of the devoted inhabitants, —the victims of famine, pestilence, or the sword; in these he stands unrivalled. We might point out numberless passages of this kind; for example, his account of the dreadful events at Naples in 1799, that of the siege of Genoa, in Book xix.—of the catastrophe of Preveza, the passage of St. Bernard by the French, and of the wars of Calabria and Sicily, in Books xxiv. and xxvi.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. I.

AUSTRIA.

THE celebrated orientalist M. von Hammer has recently published the first volume of his *History of the Turkish Empire*, which is to form six volumes 8vo. *with Maps*. This work is the fruit of thirty years research in nearly two hundred Turkish, Arabic, and Persian works, independently of those examined on this subject in almost every important library in Europe, amongst which M. von Hammer cites particularly the collections of Oxford and Cambridge.

For a long time vain attempts were made to abolish the Bohemian language at Prague. As the Bohemians constitute the majority in their native country, the national language has triumphed, and the government has become convinced that it is lost labour to attempt abolishing the idiom of a whole kingdom. A theatre has recently been opened for the performance of national pieces.

In general, every village in Hungary has its schoolmaster, (vide Magda, *Statistique et Geographie de la Hongrie*), and it is very rare to meet with a Catholic or Protestant peasant unable to read. After this we may be able to estimate the accuracy of a statement recently emitted by a high authority—the *Edinburgh Review*—that almost all the inhabitants of Hungary, Transylvania, and Croatia, can neither read nor write. Vide *Revue Encycl. Mars*, 1827.

A new edition of Eckhel's *Doctrina Nummorum Veterum* has lately appeared at Vienna, in 8 vols., together with the hitherto inedited *Addenda*.

The *Lives of the principal Latin Poets of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries*, with a metrical Translation of their best Poems, accompanied with the original Texts, and the necessary historical and mythological Notes, will speedily appear at Vienna, in 3 vols.

Beethoven, the celebrated composer, died at Vienna, on the 26th March.

Lithographic Impressions of Select Drawings, by celebrated Masters of all the Schools, from the collection of the Archduke Charles, will speedily appear. This collection contains 14,000 original designs. The work will be published in livraisons, the number of which is not yet fixed. The early Numbers will contain the Schools of Italy and Germany, and the latter the Schools of France and the Netherlands. A Part will be published monthly. Each plate will be 26 inches long by 18 broad.

BAVARIA.

THE education of the clergy has been at all times an object of solicitude with the German princes. It is more particularly during the last half century, however, that their chief attention has been directed to it, in order that the clergy might keep pace with the improvement of the people. The reforms effected in Austria under Maria Theresa and Joseph II. and even under the present Emperor, are well known. It is chiefly in other parts of the south of Germany that ecclesiastical instruction has been organized on a large scale, and adapted to the moral and intellectual wants of the nineteenth century. It is in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in Wirtemberg, and Bavaria where such a state of things has been established, and where its good effects are felt. The clergy in these countries, having become truly adapted to the wants of the nation, exert a salutary influence on all classes of society. The Catholic is the religion of the state, but all others are free; and all citizens, whatever their creed, are equally admissible to the same public functions and employments, and possess the same civil and political rights. The Articles of the Concordat concluded with the Pope are subordinate, in their application, to the fundamental law of the state, and particularly to the *Edict on religious matters* annexed to this law. On all these, and many other points, the excellent Manual of Ecclesiastical Law of M. Brendel, Public Professor of Ecclesiastical Law at the University of Wurzburg, may be consulted. It is one of the most important works that has appeared in Germany in our days, and combats in a manner equally victorious, the doctrines of the Ultras, and the false opinions attempted to be circulated in Europe.

The publication of the *Kayserchronik*, or Chronicle of the Emperors, is to take place immediately. It is an historical poem of the twelfth century, containing 17,500 verses, and will be edited by Dr. Massmann, in 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume will contain the Text, with various Readings and Notes; the second will consist of a Dictionary, Historical Notes, Fac-Similes, &c. The editor also intends publishing, in parts, a Series of Documents on the Language and Literature of Germany during the Early and Middle Ages, collected during a voyage of two years devoted to visiting the libraries of Wolfenbüttel, Heidelberg, Munich, Strasburgh, &c.

Senefelder, the inventor of Lithography, has discovered a new mode of printing from paintings, which has all the qualities of those executed in oil. He has termed it *Mosaic Printing*, and it is remarkable for its beauty, lightness, and durability.

DENMARK.

PROFESSOR MOLBECH, First Secretary to the Royal Library of Copenhagen, intends publishing by subscription the oldest Danish Translation of the principal parts of the Historical Books of the Old Testament, from a MS. of the fifteenth century, in the Library of Tholl.

On the 28th of January last, being the anniversary of the birth of the King, a Society was formed at Copenhagen for the purpose of encouraging the composition and publication of literary and historical works of merit in the Danish

language, and for rewarding writers in these branches who deserve well of an enlightened public.

Professor Rask, of Copenhagen, has lately returned from his travels in the East, after several years absence, devoted, on the spot, to the study of the languages of the various nations from the Caucasus to Hindostan. He has presented a Memoir to the Scandinavian Literary Society of Copenhagen, in which he relates the results of his researches on the antiquity and authenticity of the language of the Zend, and of the Sacred Books written in that language. He proves that these books rest only on old and obscure traditions; that they are not even written in a dialect of the Sanscrit, but in a language which may prove a key to the Assyrian, and which holds a middle place between the Sanscrit and the Scandinavian.

FRANCE.

THE annual Meeting of the Asiatic Society of Paris, was held on April 30th, being the sixth since the institution of the Society. As usual, it was occupied with reports relative to oriental literature. The works printed by order of the Society, during the past year, are the four following:—I. The Text of the Sanscrit drama of Sacontala, by M. Chezy.—II. The Poem of Nereïs, on the taking of the city of Edessa in Armenia, revised by M. St. Martin.—III. A Georgian Vocabulary, by M. Klaproth. IV. The fourth and last Part of the Chinese Text of Meng-Tsen, by M. Stanislaus Jullien. M. Abel-Remusat, the reporter, afterwards noticed the various works on oriental literature, published during the same period in other parts of the world. M. Champollion. jun. then gave a sketch of the chief historical results of the Phonetic System, M. de Sacy read a memoir on some Arabic papyri, and on the writings of Hedjas, and M. Jullien read a novel, entitled the Two Orphans, translated from the Chinese.

A new Journal, in the Arabic language, has been announced at Paris, under the editorship of M. Garcin de Tassy and M. Babinet; intended as a medium for diffusing the lights and civilization of Europe over the less-favoured regions of the East.

According to an *Ordonnance* of the King, the Persian editions of Tabari, Ferdousi, &c. together with the principal Indian and Chinese Chronicles, are about to be published at the expense of the government. The editors of these works are to be taken from among the members of the *Société Asiatique*.

A curious work, in the form of dialogue, is announced to appear at Paris, on the Manners of the Turks. The author, M. Paleologus, was born at Constantinople, of a Greek family, and having passed his youth in Turkey, has conceived the idea of depicting, in a series of dialogues, a view of the present state of Turkish manners. A specimen has been printed in *Le Globe*, from which we anticipate much pleasure and instruction on the appearance of the complete work.

The important science of Statistics is receiving every day fresh accessions. Buchon's *Atlas des deux Ameriques*; Bailleul's *Bibliomappe*, which contains the

fundamental principles of Geography, Statistics, Chronology, and History; the Marquis de Chabrol's *Tables Statistiques du Département de la Seine*; and the *Situation Progressive des forces de la France*, by the Baron Charles Dupin, hold the first rank among the works suitable to the present period, when so much anxiety is evinced to have a perfect knowledge of the nations forming the great human family. These nations, so long divided and embittered against each other, begin at last to perceive, that their true interests are common to them all; and that, in politics as in morals, the good or evil effected recoils upon the authors. That nation which in its foreign policy and in its commercial relations, employs its power and influence for the happiness of other nations, adopts the system most adapted to render its own condition happy and flourishing.

The third volume of the *Recueil des Memoires de la Société de Géographie* is in the Press. It entirely consists of the important work of M. Brugnière, on the Chains of the European Mountains, to which the Prize of the Society was awarded in 1826.

The *Society of Christian Morality* held its annual Meeting at Paris, in April last. Great in its objects, although feeble in its resources, this Society has already deserved well of humanity. It was this Society that first awakened in France a sympathy for the oppressed Greeks: it was it that has diffused and deepened a detestation of the Slave Trade, and contributed to the improved legislative enactments on that subject; and every year its resources are increasing and its usefulness extending. The *Duc de Broglie* presided, and opened the meeting in a speech remarkable for its power and simplicity.

M. de Ferussac, Editor of the *Bulletin des Sciences*, has just finished a work presenting the complete Statistics of all the Journals of the civilized world, from the Invention of Printing to 1826; including also the learned and literary Societies of all parts of the globe.

The study of the *old Medical* writers, for some past, has been much on the increase. Besides a collection of the Greek writers, begun in Leipzig in 1821, and which has already reached its sixteenth volume, a society in Paris has undertaken a similar enterprize, but embracing a wider range, as it not only includes the Greek and Latin writers, but also the Arabic, those classed under the denomination *Latino-barbari*, and a selection of the principal modern works which have been written in Latin; the whole to form a collection of one hundred volumes.

M. Mignet, the celebrated author of the History of the French Revolution, is preparing a History of Henry IV. and his Times.

We have read, with much pleasure, a series of articles in a periodical work, *Le Catholique*, on ancient Arabic poetry, containing an interesting analysis of the Poems of Amrialkais, Tarafa, and Zohair.

The scientific world has lately sustained an immense loss in M. de la Place, so long considered as at the head of modern science. The labours of this illustrious geometer, during his long and brilliant career, will no doubt soon meet with an historian. Did our limits permit, we should be happy to give copious extracts from the discourses pronounced at his funeral, characterising

his principal discoveries and the leading traits of his genius. It was observed, that during half a century the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences had been enriched by his numerous and important contributions, containing all those remarkable inventions and applications of a fertile analysis which have so prodigiously extended our knowledge of the planetary system, together with the doctrine of probabilities, so much indebted to his subtle genius. There also we find recorded, the great result of his indefatigable labours, the certainty of the *Stability of the Solar System*,—that last seal of Eternal Wisdom to its glorious work—a result, the noblest attainable by human intelligence.

GREECE.

THE CHREMONIDIAN WAR.

THIS war is mentioned in Athenæus. No other historian having alluded to it, the passage of Athenæus was perfectly incomprehensible, till Niebuhr, in an Essay lately published on the subject, by a comparison of a passage of Teles, (a philosopher of the time of Plutarch, quoted in Stobæus,) has shown that this war between the Athenians and Macedonians received its name from Chremonides, an Athenian, who, travelling into Egypt, received the command of the united fleets of Greece and Egypt from Ptolemy Evergetes.

The Lyric Poems of Kalvos of Zante, and Christopulos of Kasteria in Macedonia, have been printed together, at Paris, with a French Translation. Coray published, in 1826, the Oration of Lycurgus against Leocrates; with Notes, a French Translation, and a Dialogue prefixed *πρὸς τὸν Ἑλληνικὸν συμφορῶντα*. St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia, and Moral Tales, have also been recently translated into Modern Greek; but the most important work in this infant literature, lately published, is the translation into Modern Greek, by Professor Constantine Michael Kumas, (2 vols. 4to. Vienna. 1826,) of Riemer's Greek and German Dictionary.

A great number of Georgian and Armenian MSS. have been discovered in the Convent of Gaelaeth. Thama, one of the kings of Georgia, had sent thirty young men to Greece for the purpose of translating their most remarkable works, and it is hoped that among these MSS. may be found some of the celebrated treatises which have been lost.

HANOVER, AND MINOR GERMAN STATES.

THE work of Decken, "Ueber die Insel Helgoland, oder Heiligeland und ihre Bewohner," (8vo. plates. Hanover, 1826,) is of some importance for the study of antiquity. It not only contains a description of the Island, and Historical Notices on its Possessors at various times, (the Cimbrians, Frisians, Normans, Danes, and English,) but also extensive Essays on the Navigation of the Ancients (the Phœnicians and Carthaginians) in the Northern Seas, and on the traffic carried on by land through Germany with the Northern States. It also contains many researches on the old Germanic races, and on the worship of *Nerthun*, commonly, but erroneously, called *Hertha*, (vide Taciti German.) which was diffused among the *Nuithonen* (or fisher-people) inhabiting the Northern Coast of Germany. Heligoland is regarded as the island described by Tacitus, and shown to have been a place of the worship of the idol *Foets*.

Professor Trommel, of Carlsruhe intends publishing Fifty Plates to Virgil's *Æneid*. In these he will give a reduced copy of the designs of the Duchess of Devonshire, representing the remarkable places described by Virgil. Many of the less important, however, he will replace by others of a more interesting description. The first Number (in 8vo. and small and large 4to.) has appeared, containing the Site of Troy, two Views of Carthage, Zakynthos, Scylla, and the Coast of Italy.

The translation, by Guigniaut, of Creuzer's *Symbolik*, one of the most remarkable works of the present day, is thus noticed by Böttiger in the preface to his late work, entitled *Ideen zur Kunst-Mythologie*, &c. Dresden. 1826. "M. Guigniaut, by his new and judicious arrangement of the *Symbolik*—by the elucidations which he has added to the end of the different volumes, and in which he has rejected a great part of the reflections of the German author—by the perspicuity of his style, a quality so indispensably requisite in the French language—by the new matter with which he has enriched his translation, and particularly by the plates, engraved by Reveil—has rendered eminent service to archeology. His work is indispensable to all who are engaged in such studies."

The following is a list of the most interesting works on the Mythology of the Ancients, which have appeared since the publication of the last edition of Creuzer and the first volume of the translation by Guigniaut:—

- Bauer's *Symbolik und Mythologie des Alterthums*. Stuttgart. 1824. 2 vols.
 Münter's *Religion der Karthagen*. Copenhagen. 1824. 4to.
 ———— *Sendschreiben, &c., or Letter to Creuzer on some Sardinian Idols*.
 ———— *Der Tempel, &c., or the Temple of the Celestial Goddess at Pappos*.
 Schwenk's *Etymologisch und Mythologische Andeutungen*. Elberfeld. 1823.
 Völker's *Mythologie der Japetischen Geschlecht*. Gießen. 1824.
 Welker, *Ueber eine Kretensische Colonie in Theben, die Gaetia Europa und Kadmos der König*. Bonn. 1824.
 ———— *Die Æschylische Trilogie und die Kabireweihe zu Lesbos*.
 Otfried Müller's *Prolegomenen*. Göttingen. 1825.

A German Translation of the Works of our celebrated Botanist, Mr. Robert Brown, has recently appeared at Smalcald, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltungen*, Nos. XLIX. and L. bestow proper castigation on a work, the third edition of which was printed at Rome in 1825, entitled "Notices respecting a Great but Invisible Conspiracy against the Christian Religion and the Monarchical Principle." Philosophy, Protestantism, the Illuminati, and German Literature are all utterly demolished by this production of some cloistered friar.

A Review of Klaproth's Supplement to the Dictionnaire Chinois-Latin of Father Basil de Glemont (published by De Guignes in 1813) appeared in the *Ergänzungsblätter to the Hallische Litteratur Zeitung* for 1826.

The first idea of annual meetings of men cultivating the same arts and sciences appears to have arisen and been carried into execution in Switzerland. In that country, naturalists, musicians, philanthropists, &c. meet annually, for the purpose of exchanging their ideas, and strengthening the friendly ties that may have already been formed; thus supplying the want of a great capital,

which in some other countries becomes the centre of civilization. Within these few years the example of Switzerland has been followed by Germany in this respect, as her medical men and naturalists have deeply felt the utility of such meetings in a country divided like theirs into so many small states, which are not always in the best union among themselves. The first meeting was held at Dresden in September last: about 120 members were present from Saxony, Prussia, and the smaller German states; but there were none present from Austria. Many interesting papers were read on this occasion, but we shall only mention such as have a general interest. Professor Treviranus read a memoir on the insect found in the wild fig in Upper Italy. M. Carus communicated his discovery of the circulation of the blood in insects. Professor Cretschmar, of Frankfort, gave an account of the animals from North Africa, sent to the Frankfort Museum by the celebrated traveller Rüppel, such as the *Fenneck* (*Megalottis*), already known from an engraving in Denham and Clapperton's Travels, and which appears to be of the canine species, the breed of which is very common in Africa, where it inhabits the caverns. M. Rüppel has also sent the skull of a male Camelopard. This skull is remarkable for displaying the base of three horns, one of which is placed in the middle, thus recalling the discussions respecting the doubtful existence of the Unicorn. M. Wilbrand presented to the assembly an exposition of his new system of respiration; and M. Weber some observations on the medicinal leech, particularly with reference to its propagation. Presents were also made to the Society of many objects of natural history. Many of the smaller Societies of Germany having proposed to publish their Memoirs and Transactions collectively in one work, the proposition was agreed to by the assembly, which will correspond with M. Nees von Esenbeck, for the purpose of having them printed in the *Acta Naturæ Curiosorum*, or published separately.

HOLLAND AND THE NETHERLANDS.

THE Advocate Ryke, of Brussels, has printed his Prize Essay on the State of Legislation and the Law Courts in the eastern parts of the Netherlands, before the invasion of the French, and on the changes introduced by them in these departments during their government.

The third volume of the Memoirs of the Second Class of the Netherlands' Institute, contains, among others, an Essay on the Influence which the Literature of Italy, Spain, and Germany, has had on the Language and Literature of the Low Countries, from the commencement of the fifteenth century to the present time.

The Belgic Almanack, published by Tarlier of Brussels, contains many beautiful poetical pieces, by Ed. Smits, Strassart, Reiffenberg, &c.

Tollens, a merchant of Rotterdam, is the favorite poet of the Dutch people. His poems are in every one's hands. The last edition, although published at a very high price, had 10,000 subscribers. His last poem, *Nova Scmbla*, is one of his best.

The celebrated Dutch Naturalist, Dr. Blume, has lately arrived in Europe, after a residence in Java of nine years. He has brought with him an immense

collection of objects of natural history, and intends publishing an extensive work on the Botany of the Dutch East India Possessions. As precursory to this work he published at Batavia, a View of the Vegetable Kingdom of Java, in Fifteen Parts.

A *Conversations Lexikon* is about to be published at Brussels, in the French language, on the principles of the Leipzig work, with the approbation of the government.

The Third Class, (for History, Philosophy, and Ancient Literature,) of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, has offered a prize of 300 florins, for the best reply to the question—(in the German, Dutch, English, or Latin languages,)—“*How has the philosophical spirit of the Greeks displayed itself in their language and mythology, and how far does the study of these tend to a true and sound philosophy?*”

ITALY.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of the Georgofili, at Florence, Dr. Guisbi read an interesting memoir on the propriety of applying the principle of freedom adopted in the profession of the liberal arts, to some others, and particularly to the profession of the law. A memoir was also read on the necessity of giving females an education suited to their condition, and conformable to the diffusion of knowledge.

Visconti has published, at Rome, an “*Aperçu sur l'Origine et les Antiquités de Rome pour servir d'explication au Panorama de la tour de Capitele,*” with a map.

While Vaccination is reprobated at Rome as an innovation, under the indulgence-dispensing sway of Leo XII. its progress in the formerly benighted Ragusa affords matter of congratulation, and is a remarkable event, as indicative of the spirit of the respective governments.

Professor Ciampi, the learned Translator of Pausanias, has shown, in a small tract, that the Canary Islands were known to the Florentine and Genoese navigators so early as the year 1341.

The Miniatures from the Vatican Codex of Virgil, by Santi Bartoli, are denied all truth and accuracy by Rumohr, in his *Italienische Forschungen*, lately published at Berlin.

Professor Brocchi, so well known by his numerous works in Geology and Conchology, and who was employed for five years in travelling through Africa, at the charge of the Pacha of Egypt, as director of a company of European miners, has died, just as he was on the point of returning to Europe with the result of his various researches.

Volta, one of the most distinguished names in modern science, and director of the philosophical faculty of the University of Pavia, died recently at Como, in the eighty-second year of his age.

A New Edition of Forcellini's Latin Lexicon, in 4 vols. 4to. with very considerable additions, is announced for publication at Padua.

Professor Seyffarth, of Leipzig, who is now at Naples, deciphered, during his three months' stay at Rome, a great number of Egyptian Antiquities, found in the Vatican, the Capitol, the Propaganda, and the Villa Albani. Besides the thirteen Roman Obelisks, he examined the statues and papyri in Rome. The latter are chiefly historical, and relate to the History of Egypt, from Meno down to the Romans. Professor Seyffarth found the Old and New Testaments in the Sestic dialect, the Pentateuch in the Memphitic dialect, the Acts of the Council of Nice in Coptic, together with a Mexican MS. in Hieroglyphics, with the Mexican Zodiac, thus leaving no longer any doubt as to the connexion of Mexico with Egypt, in ancient times, and confirming the harmony of their mythological systems.

POLAND.

It is estimated that Russia has gained, by the successive dismemberments of Poland, a population of 17,680,000 native Poles, and 5,330,000 Germans and Jews. To meet the wants of this vast population, we are surprised to perceive that there are only fifteen Journals, eight of which are published at Warsaw, and the other seven in the different cities of the kingdom.

Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia, contain only a population of 1,600,000 inhabitants, of whom only 200,000 are Germans, and yet for these Germans there are fourteen Journals in their native language, while nearly eighteen millions of Poles, inhabiting so many different provinces, have no more than fifteen Journals. For the Livonians and Esthonians, there are four Journals.

A French Translation of the Talmud is preparing at Warsaw, by a Society of learned Israelites, accompanied with a comparison of the Jerusalem and Babylonian Talmuds, and a running Commentary.

M. Berggren, formerly Clergyman to the Swedish Embassy at Constantinople, printed in 1824-5, at Warsaw, a Collection of all the Notices contained in the Turkish Historians relative to the History of Poland.

A German Journal has just appeared at Warsaw, entitled "Polish Miscellanies."

PRUSSIA.

On the 18th and 19th of April, the Fiftieth Anniversary of his professorship was celebrated by Dr. Niemeyer, Chancellor of the University of Halle, with the universal attendance of the professors and city authorities. A full account of the festivities, &c. is contained in the *Hallische Litteratur Zeitung*. On this occasion His Majesty, the King of Prussia, has complied with a long-expressed wish of Dr. Niemeyer and the University, by devoting 40,000 dollars to the erection of a new Building to be attached to the University.

Professor Niebuhr, of Bonn, has very handsomely made a present to the Director Lindemann, of Zittau, of all his apparatus for the elucidation of the grammarian Sospater Charisius, which he had himself, for the most part, copied at Naples, from the only existing Codex. This improved Charisius will form one of the first volumes of the collection of Latin Grammarians, shortly to be published by Hartmann, of Leipzig, under the editorship of M. Lindemann.

M. Niebuhr is at present engaged in editing a New Edition of the Byzantine Historians.

The Royal Academy of Berlin has celebrated the memory of Frederick II. by an extraordinary sitting, which took place in January last. Professor Lichtenstein read a Report, by M. Alexander de Humboldt, on the Travels of Ehrenberg and Hemprich in Egypt, Dongola, Syria, Arabia, and the western part of Abyssinia, which these travellers traversed in pursuit of objects of Natural History, during the years 1820 to 1825.

Dr. Hoffmann, of Breslau, intends publishing a Literary History of Silesia, and for that purpose has called on all the Silesian Literati for contributions to aid him in his work.

A work is announced to appear at Leipzig, entitled "Annals of the Periodical Literature of Germany, including also the principal Foreign Journals."

A new Journal, devoted to Jurisprudence, Philology, and the History and Philosophy of Ancient Greece, was lately announced to appear at Bonn, under the title of *Rheinisches Museum*. The celebrated Niebuhr, author of the Roman History, and Messrs. Boeckh, and Hasse, are named among the contributors.

The Berlin Gazette, edited by M. Spener, and which has 11,000 subscribers, has been sold, with the steam engine, to Dr. Spiker, the well-known traveller in England, for 11,000 rix-dollars.

Dr. Fichte, of Saarbruck, in Rhenish Prussia, is about to publish a Life of his father, the celebrated Philosopher, availing himself of his correspondence both published and in MS.

Professor Ritter, of Berlin, intends publishing a History of Philosophy, in 6 or 8 vols., of which the first volume will appear in 1828.

The original Text of the Annals of Tabari, is one of the most ancient, copious, and elaborate historical works in Arabic Literature. The work of Abulfeda, which is generally used in the study of oriental history, is merely an extract, in the early periods, of Tabari. A distinction, however, must be made between the Arabic Text of Tabari, and the Persian and Turkish Translations, which have been made at a more recent period, and bear a different character. MSS. of the Arabic Text are extremely rare; the Royal Library of Berlin possesses one in four large volumes, commencing at the period of the Caliphate of Aboubekr. This MS. belonged formerly to the Library of the Atabak Toghrulbeg, at Mosul, in the sixth century of the Hegira; it is very ancient, and presents a very good text. Professor Kosegarten, of the Oriental Chair at Greifswald, proposes to publish an edition from this MS. and the first volume will appear in the course of the present year.

Much excitement has lately prevailed in Germany respecting a new Literary Journal, recently commenced at Berlin, by a Society of the most eminent Literati. The French "*Journal des Savans*" has been taken for a model, and only works of first-rate importance are noticed. To each review the writer's name is attached. A Number is published every three days; or a Part, of ten sheets, monthly. The Society is divided into three classes; the first embraces Philosophy, Theology, Law, and Political Economy; the second is for the Physical Sciences, Mathematics, and Medicine; and the third devoted to History and the Fine Arts.

RUSSIA.

Among the new works announced in Russia as about to appear, are "Letters by a Naval Officer," (Bronewski,) who was a long time with the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, under Vice-Admiral Siniavine; also a collection of the Poems of Alexander Puschkin, and the Poetic Hours of a countryman, Feodor Slaipnchekine. This poet, a serf of the Countess Orloff, had sent his poems to the Imperial Family and the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, from whom he received many letters of encomium, and a gold medal with the inscription "For services rendered to the Russian language." That the poet, however, who is also an accomplished painter, at the same time received his freedom—that peculiar gift which Heaven bestows on every human being—is not stated.

The blind poet, Koslew, has received 2000 rubles from the Emperor Nicholas, and a ring from the Empress, for his translation of Lord Byron's *Bride of Abydos*.

Dr. Bergmann has published a Fifth Part of his Magazine for Russian History and Statistics, which contains an account of the plundering of a Russian caravan proceeding to Bucharest, in 1806.

The following German periodicals for 1827, are prohibited from entering the Russian dominions:—The *Morgenblatt*; *Zeitung für die Elegante Welt*; *Berliner Freimüthige und Gesellschafter*; *Abendzeitung*; *Miscellen*; *Lesefrüchte*, and *Eos*; respectively published at Stuttgart, Dresden, Jena, Hamburg, and Munich.

The Twelfth Volume of the late Karamsin's History of Russia, will speedily appear, continued to the reigns of Minin and Poscharsky; to which will be added an Alphabetical Index to the whole work.

Many valuable contributions to modern oriental literature are noticed in a letter of Professor Frähn, of St. Petersburg, to Dr. Rosenmüller, of Leipzig, in a late Number of the *Leipzig Literatur Zeitung*; such as Abulghasi Behadür Cham *Historia Mongolorum et Tatarorum, nunc primum Tataricè edita autoritate et munif. Com. Nic. de Romanzoff*;—*Numophylacium Univ. Cæs. Lit. Casanensis Orientale, delineavit F. Erdmann, Casani, 1826, &c.*

The University Library of St. Petersburg consists of 60,000 volumes; and that of Moscow, since the burning, contains already 34,000 volumes. The

rich anatomical cabinet, which the deceased Emperor Alexander purchased of the privy counsellor, Professor Loder, for 10,000 rubles, belongs now to the University of Moscow. Through the exertions of Prince Galitzin, an Economical Society and a School for the Education of future Agriculturists have been recently established at Moscow. The branches of instruction are the following:—The Russian language, arithmetic, geography, statistics, rural architecture, surveying, book-keeping, agricultural chemistry, botany, the physiology of plants, the management of woods and forests, technology, farming, and the veterinary art. The course lasts five years. The Society publishes a Journal in the Russian language, which has already accomplished much good.

The Museum in Moscow, which has been newly rebuilt, now consists of four saloons. It is much indebted to the Imperial Society of Naturalists, instituted in 1805, which maintains a traveller in Brazil for the objects of the Society. The Chemical Laboratory is, perhaps, the richest of all the collections. Among others are seen 360 models of various chrystals, formed in wax, presented by the Apothecary Schulz. The Physical Cabinet reckons upwards of 300 instruments and different apparatus, although, after the destruction of the city, hardly 100 remained. The Cabinet of Coins has also been re-formed: In 1817 it contained about 5000 of various descriptions, and since that time it has been much increased.

The Slavonic tribes may be divided into two classes, those of the west and those of the north. The first includes the Russians and Russniaks, the Bulgarians, the Servians, the Dalmatians, Bosnians, Esclavonians, Croats, and western Hungarians. The branches forming the second, are the Bohemians, the Moravians, the Slovaks, and the Vaudois of Lusace and Poland. Each language and dialect has its peculiar accent. The sound of the Servian in poetry and music may be compared to that of the violin; that of the ancient Slavonian to the organ; the Polish to the guitar, &c. &c. The present Russian language possesses advantages not enjoyed by many others, expressing all ideas in a clear, precise, and natural manner, without tiresome repetitions, and is susceptible, from its richness, of great energy and elevation of expression. The Servian has more affinity with the Russian than with the Bohemian or Polish; the merit of its poetry may be estimated from the translations of popular songs by Goethe, Grimm, Talvi, and others. The Polish language, generally considered as very harsh, does not deserve such a reproach, particularly when heard from the lips of a Polish lady. Its grammatical construction is admirable, and numerous writers, during the last three centuries, have proved what eminence it is capable of attaining.

The Pharmaceutical School of *St. Petersburg*, which has existed since 1822, has recently, thanks to the generous patronage of the Minister of the Interior, been endowed with a botanical garden, which will soon rival the finest and most complete of the kind in Europe. It was planned by F. Fischer, one of the greatest botanists in Russia, who is now director, and is the same who arranged the fine garden at Varinka, in the neighbourhood of Moscow. The garden at *St. Petersburg* already reckons upwards of 11,000 species and 80,000 single plants.

M. Simeon Melutinowitsch, now residing at Leipzig, has published there an Epic Poem, in the Servian dialect, (in 4 vols.) on the Insurrection in Servia under Czerny George and Milosch.

Professor Boldrew, of Moscow, published, in 1824, a *Chrestomathia Arabica*, and has since published one in Persian, in 2 vols.

M. J. J. Schmidt, of St. Petersburg, announces to appear shortly, a *History and Picture of Buddhism*, in 2 vols.

The richest Cabinet of Oriental Coins in Europe, is, perhaps, that of Count Romanzow, at St. Petersburg, of which Professor Fraehn has lately completed a Catalogue. It contains, besides many other remarkable coins, a complete collection of all the coins of the hordes of the Golden Chersonese, of the Abbasides, of the Caliphs of the House of Ommeja, of the Edris of Morocco, of the Tabarides of Khorsasan, of the Samanides of Bucharia, the Princes of the House of Tulun in Egypt, the Baiden, the Chans of Tartary, the successors of Timur, the Sophis of Persia, the Princes of Djagatai, the Moguls, the Sultans of Turkey, the Kings of Georgia, and many others.

The study of the Oriental languages has recently met with much encouragement from the Russian government. With this view the Emperor Alexander founded many institutions, of which MM. Fraehn and Adelung are among the chief ornaments. In these schools interpreters are educated, who prove of vast use in the important diplomatic relations of Russia with the East.

SAXONY.

DUKE BERNARD's (of Saxe Weimar) *Journal and Letters during his travels and residence in America*, will be published shortly, with permission.

Died at his house near Leipzig, on the 16th December, M. Siegfried August Mahlmann, Privy Counsellor of his Majesty the King of Saxony, and Knight of the Order of St. Wladimir. He was distinguished not only as a gifted poet, but also for his active usefulness to the public in various respects. He was a long time editor of the *Journal for the Fashionable World*.

In a too brief notice in the *Leipzig Musik. Zeitung*, No. II. the authority of M. Wilke, teacher of the deaf and dumb at Berlin, is quoted, to show, that the sounds of the vowels and the notes of the harpsichord may be made audible to the deaf and dumb, and so afford a means of more distinct utterance, as well as enable them to play on that instrument.

Christ. Kruse, Professor of History, and author of a much esteemed and truly classical work, "*The Historical Atlas*," died in Leipzig, on the 4th Jan. 1827.

SWEDEN.

BARON VON WOTTERSTADT's two Essays, which have stood the test of experience, on the prudential measures to be used for preventing the spread of Contagious Disorders at Sea, (printed in Swedish in 1820,) and on the Yellow Fever of the West Indies, (printed in 1825,) will be shortly translated, and published in the languages of the principal commercial states of Europe.

SWITZERLAND.

DR. SUTER, Professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Bern, and author of the *Flora Helvetica*, died on the 26th Feb. in the 60th year of his age.

After long debates in a sitting of the Great Council of Lucern, on the 28th and 29th of Dec. last, it was decided by a majority of voices, to permit the reformed worship in that city.

The work entitled *Collectio Inscriptionum Selectorum Latinorum Amplissima*, by Professor Orell, of Zurich, is just sent to press. It contains 5,000 Inscriptions on Stone, and will only cost 30s.

In the 22 Cantons of the Swiss Confederacy, there are 120 cloisters, (59 for Monks and 61 for Nuns,) and 7 hospitals for Capuchins.

Henry Pestalozzi, the author of a New System of Education, died at New-hoff, near Brugg, in Switzerland, on the 17th February. He was born at Zurich, on the 12th January, 1745. One of his most popular works is *Lienhard und Gertrud*, a species of moral romance which has been translated into almost all languages.

WIRTEMBERG.

THE Fine Arts recently possessed two temples, consecrated to their service, at Stuttgart; one at the house of the celebrated Sculptor Danneker, and the other at that of the Brothers Boissérée, whose museum has been lately purchased by the King of Bavaria, and now adorns his capital. The chief works of Danneker are a colossal statue of Schiller, the group of Love and Psyche, a very fine Ariadne, now at Frankfort, a Hebe, and a Christ, whose head, in particular, does infinite credit to the artist; the height of the statue is eight feet, the right hand is extended towards Heaven, while the left reposes on the breast. This fine production is now at St. Petersburg.

The Museum of MM. Boissérée contains above 200 Paintings, by German artists, anterior to Albert Durer, among whom Van Eyck, Schoreel, and Hemmeling, are particularly distinguished. In these pictures there are no traces of the imitation of antiquity. They all represent religious subjects, and were intended for altar-pieces. The colouring has an astonishing magnificence and brilliancy. They have the same effect on the spectator, as the aspect of a gothic church, when filled with devout and silent worshippers.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Messrs. Boissérée, for having collected and saved these fine works from destruction, at the time when the Revolution threatened the ancient city of Cologne. Lithographic impressions of these pictures are now in course of publication, and form one of the most splendid works of modern art. The Fifteenth Number has just been published.

The Tübingsche Literatur-Blatt, for 1827, commences with an Essay entitled "Walter Scott and his Times."

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

*From January to June, 1827, and which are regularly imported by the
Publishers of this Review.*

THEOLOGY.

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ART. I.—*Histoire de Bretagne.* Par M. Daru, de l'Academie Française, 3 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1826.

THE singular connexion which exists between the inhabitants, manners, and language of the Breton peninsula, and those of the western and southern shores of our own island, gives to its obscure and gloomy history a degree of interest which it would otherwise be very far from possessing. The Welsh, the Cornish, and the Breton tribes, constituted almost the last relics of that primæval nation, the antiquity of which may be traced far beyond the earliest records of profane history, and whose hundred republics extended from the Pillars of Hercules to the Rhine and the Adriatic. The gradual downfall of this great European family was effected by the constant progression of the eastern nations of Europe towards the west, the earliest notices of which are lost in the mists of antiquity. At the time of the Roman conquest, the prevalent belief was, that the Celts had once acquired such a preponderance over the Teutonic race, that their colonies had penetrated into the heart of Germany; but that their early superiority had been lost, when their martial character decayed from the contagious proximity of civilized life. As the Germans passed their natural barrier, and established themselves on the left bank of the Rhine, the more warlike Gaulish nations, which occupied their frontier, gradually adopted their manners and character: and the Belgæ of the Low Countries, and of South Britain, bore a greater resemblance to their German neighbours than to their Celtic kindred. The earlier races of Celts were forced to retire westward, and established their chain of maritime republics on the shores of the ocean. And at a later period the more powerful Cymri, or Belgæ of Britain, driven in their turn from the conquests of their ancestors, amalgamated in Wales, in Cornwall, and in Brittany, with the descendants of those whom their fathers had subdued.

Even in the physical character of the western extremities of England and France, there is a remarkable similitude. The

moors of Cornwall re-appear on a more extended scale in the wide heathy plains of central Brittany; they are skirted in the same manner by an indented coast, furrowed with deep and narrow estuaries, around whose mouths the rocks of slate and granite have assumed the most fantastic forms from the encroachments of the waves. The climate of both is moist, mild, and variable, subject to the constant alternation of mist and sunshine, which prevails along the coasts of the Atlantic. This species of atmosphere has been somewhat fancifully believed to be congenial with that imaginative and gloomy superstition which has produced the greater part of our northern mythology, however it may have been adulterated by importations from the legends of the East. The fairies of popular belief, whose appearance has been traced in many countries to some foreign origin, were the indigenous inhabitants of Brittany; as they still continue, under the name of Pixies, to tenant the caverns and desolate buildings of Devon and Cornwall. The names of Hoel and Uther, the thousand adventures of the fabulous Arthur and his chivalry, form part of the popular story on both sides of the Channel. His brilliant exploits in Logris, in France, and in Norway, were related alike in both countries, although his warriors were Cambrian or Armorican, according to the nation to which his historian belonged.

"Both nations waited with equal confidence for the re-appearance of Arthur; for this sovereign was not dead; he was slumbering at the foot of Etna, he had been seen in Palestine, he was wandering in the forests of Brittany: and all these adventures were so widely spread, that during many ages they formed the subject of romances written in the modern languages, by *Trouveurs* and *Troubadours*."—vol. i. p. 22.

Not only Amadis of Gaul, but Lancelot, Tristram, and even the celebrated Merlin, or Myrddhin, are citizens of Armorica in the Breton romances. The last of these personages is also claimed by Scotland: and the antiquaries of modern times, in their zeal to account for the conflicting traditions of our ancestors, have been constrained to multiply the enchanter into almost as many distinct individuals as were enumerated by the mythologists of Greece under the name of the Conqueror Hercules. The same traditions, probably founded in fact, are discovered in Brittany and Cornwall, respecting the remarkable encroachments of the sea on their coast: accompanied with the same exaggerated ideas of the ancient grandeur and importance of those towns and territories whose site is at present covered by the sea. In the neighbourhood of Quimper, the noble city of Ys, the elder sister of Paris, lies buried in the waves of the bay of Douarnenez; its walls, with their imperishable cement, are still discernible under the calm water, and the narrow passages among the rocks are called severally, among

the Breton boatmen, by the names of the streets of the submarine metropolis. This catastrophe is gravely placed by historians under the reign of King Grallo, who was saved from the destruction which befel his subjects by the prayers of St. Guinalet. In our own country, the fabulous submersion of the ancient kingdom of Lyonesse, at the western extremity of Cornwall, forms the subject of many equally strange traditions.

To those who are anxious to acquire accurate and extensive information on the history of this nation, this work of M. Daru will be found an important addition to our modern historical library. The author is well known in England from his more important labours on the history of Venice: and the volumes at present under our consideration are distinguished by the same perseverance and patient research which form the principal value of the former publication. Yet to those who view history rather in the light of a philosophical and comprehensive picture of past times, than a meagre outline of facts diligently collected and disposed in chronological order, we fear that both these works must have occasioned disappointment. There appears to have arisen in France, of late years, a school of historians who apply to the delineation of events a principle somewhat similar to that which a certain class of philosophers among ourselves consider as absolutely fundamental in all disquisitions on the moral and political state of man. They hold, not only that we are bound to set down nothing as fact which has not been undeniably proved to be so, but that facts, and facts alone, are worthy of being admitted into the pages of history. They seem to assume, that as the historian received these facts, without note or comment, from contemporary chronicles, so it is his sole duty to collect and arrange them; and that any attempt on his part to use them as a foundation for theory, for observations on the character of the times to which they belong, for deduction or for comparison, is not only idle, but absolutely pernicious: inasmuch as it may tend to divert the mind of the inquirer from those truths which ought to be his only concern, and fix it on empty speculations, which may possibly acquire such a hold on his imagination, as finally to usurp the place of the truth itself in his brain. They believe, in short, that the simplicity of ancient annals can no more suit with the philosophical colouring of the nineteenth century, than the old family pictures belonging to that squire whose taste is recorded in one of Smollett's romances, did with the periwigs and jack-boots in which it was their owner's pleasure to disguise them. Hence arises the meagre brevity of style adopted by M. Daru in both his great works; which disfigures also the *History of the Dukes of Burgundy*, by M. de Barante, an author who, in vigour of in-

tellect, and intimate acquaintance with the period which he delineates, has hardly been surpassed by any modern historian. And it is amusing to witness the violent self-denial, by which both writers, when touching on the most interesting topics, recal their excursive spirit within the narrow boundaries which they consider as marked out by the unimaginative genius of history.

It is curious to observe the strong contrast which exists in this respect between these writers and their brethren of half a century ago; particularly the eminent historians who raised the fame of British literature so high in this branch of composition. The latter appear to have regarded the facts amassed by their predecessors as the raw material, out of which their skill and ingenuity were to construct a fabric, suited to the enlightened taste of the philosophers of their day. And it is to be feared that they gradually became so enamoured of their own workmanship as to imagine, at least to a certain extent, that the unadulterated state of the commodity was of little importance, provided it could be made to assume the gloss and elegance, which were the only objects of their exertions. Certain it is that the works of these authors, which formed in their day the historical creed of their readers, have long lost all value except that of literary excellence. Perhaps it is vain to expect that an unwearied ardour for investigation, a pure zeal for truth, and a quick perception of the value of evidence, may be found united in the same mind with a powerful imagination, and unerring taste in composition. One man only, in modern times, has approached to this ideal of a true historian. Had not his reason been too often distorted by lamentable prejudice, and his genius seduced into a false and inflated mode of expression, we might have recognized in this fancied character the portrait of Gibbon.

In the brief sketch of the history of M. Daru which we are able to present to our readers, we shall chiefly confine ourselves to noticing those points which are most remarkable from their connexion with British story. We shall content ourselves with referring them to that which forms, perhaps, the most valuable portion of his work, although too detailed for our pages, the *Disquisitions on the Public Right of Bretagne*, in its feudal connexion with France, and in the composition of its *States-General*.

The early inhabitants of Brittany are known only from the brief and picturesque account of them in the third book of *Cæsar's Commentaries*. The country was then possessed by five tribes, whose boundaries nearly corresponded, according to the maps published by French geographers, with those of the departments into which the province is now divided. Of these the *Veneti*, who inhabited the modern district of *Vannes*, were the

most warlike and powerful, and formed the head of a species of confederacy, which took up arms against Cæsar in the third year of his operations in Gaul. These tribes possessed a considerable fleet, in some respects better equipped and more adapted to encounter the tides and storms of the ocean, than the vessels fabricated by Roman artizans. Their fortresses were erected on promontories and at the heads of creeks, where, at high tides, they were completely insulated from the main land. But the interior was probably little better than a continued forest or uncultivated heath. Half-piratic and half-commercial, these nations maintained a considerable intercourse with the island of Britain and the neighbouring coasts of Gaul. After one unsuccessful revolt they submitted peaceably to the Roman arms, and formed afterwards part of the province of *Lugdunensis Tertia*. But the peculiar character of Roman polity appears to have penetrated little into these remote regions. From the numerous colonies of barbarians which were established in the peninsula, the inhabitants assumed the Celtic title of *Letti* or *Leudes*; from which originated the name of *Letania*, one of the appellations by which this country was designated in the dark ages. During the long period of 400 years, we have no records which throw any light on the history of this distant part of the empire. It is probable that some partial emigrations took place in the interval from the island of Britain to the opposite continent; but the first of those great colonies, which gradually gave to *Armorica* the name of *Little Britain*, arrived A.D. 383.

In that year a Roman officer named *Maximus*, by birth a Spaniard, taking advantage of the distracted state of the west, desolated by the wars of *Gratian*, *Valentinian* and *Theodosius*, raised the standard of revolt in Britain, and crossed the sea with two legions of regular troops and large levies of islanders, among whom the most distinguished was *Conan Meriadec*, a prince of Albany, a name at that time generally given to the south of Scotland. They landed at the mouth of the Rance. Between *Rennes* and the *Loire* the army of *Gratian* awaited their approach. The invaders were completely victorious, and the scattered remnant of the vanquished collected under the walls of *Paris*, where a second battle was fought with the same result. *Conan*, who had assisted *Maximus* in these victories, was rewarded with the government of *Armorica*. *Maximus* pursued his career through Gaul, seized on *Gratian* in Lyons, and put him to death; but was finally surprized in *Aquileia* by *Theodosius*, and suffered the fate which, exactly a year before, he had inflicted on *Gratian*.

His companion, the earliest of Scotch adventurers, was more successful. He easily purchased his continuance in the government

of Armorica from the weakness or policy of Theodosius. His forces were recruited by the return of the defeated bands of Maximus. His dominion extended from the Mount of Jupiter (Mont Saint Michel) to Nantes on the south, and the extremity of the peninsula on the west. He soon effected the establishment of a power which succeeding emperors in vain attempted to overthrow. He received fresh colonies from the island. Among others, he was reinforced by a clan of his own countrymen, headed by one Calpurnius, from which St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, descended. Such is the account of this revolution, adopted by M. Daru, apparently on good historical grounds. Other authorities, however, which have been more generally followed, assign the mouth of the Rhine as the place of the disembarkation of Maximus; and the whole history of Conan, which is mixed up with many fabulous and monkish legends, has been rejected by some Breton antiquaries, who ascribe the settlement of the British on the opposite continent to several successive colonies.

Within a few years the warriors from the right bank of the Rhine carried desolation into the heart of Gaul. The subjects of Conan renounced their allegiance to the western empire, which was no longer able to protect them; and, having repulsed the invaders, established, in the year 410, the independent commonwealth of Armorica. From an expression of Count Zosimus, it has been inferred, that the government of this celebrated country was republican; but the memorials which remain of Conan and his descendants show, that it was ruled by a line of princes, whose power was probably limited by the independent character of the military colonies over which they reigned. The name of Armorica, a Celtic term signifying the sea coast, was at first applied to all the shores of Gaul, from the Scheldt to the Gironde. But the encroachment of Teutonic tribes from the north and east, and the spread of the Roman language on the side of Aquitain, (the *Romana Rustica*, the parent of so many modern languages, but from which the *Langue d'Oc* appears to trace the most immediate descent,) gradually restricted the name and nation of the Celts to the territory between the Seine and Loire. At the period of which we write, Armorica comprised Brittany and western Normandy, perhaps Anjou and Maine.

In the dark and distracted period which followed the downfall of the western empire, Armorica attained to a high degree of power, and perhaps of civilization. Removed by her insulated situation from the attacks of the successive swarms of barbarians which swept past her eastern frontier, she afforded during four centuries a refuge to the natives of the isle and continent as they

ried from the desolating advance of the Picts or the Franks. Her vessels were seen in the ports of the Rhine, and on the shores of the Mediterranean; her warriors contested the empire of their seas with the Saxons and Danes. The Christian religion, after encountering in Armorica a strong resistance from the ancient Druidical superstition, found there in its turn a secure retreat, from which it sent forth its colonies to convert the heathen conquerors of more favoured regions. The devotion of the inhabitants is attested by the multitude of their popular saints, in the number of which this province is said to surpass any other district of the Catholic world, although their Celtic names and barbarous miracles are little known out of their own country. The bishoprics of Dol, Vannes and Quimper are said to have been founded in 399.

But, beyond the meagre list of princes and the legends of a few saints which we still possess, the history of ancient Armorica has perished from the chronicles of the world. The annals of those times are almost confined to tracing the march of successive swarms of conquerors over the ruins of ancient civilization, and neglect those scanty fragments of its fabric which still preserved the impress of the power and policy of Rome in distant corners of its monarchy. Such has been the fate of many other republics and states, the relics of the western empire in the dark ages. Like Amalfi, the free Grecian city, whose fleets ruled for 400 years the waves of the Mediterranean; like the warlike Beneventum, whose sons opposed the first effectual resistance to the Saracen hosts of Sicily and Calabria; the fate of the Armorican commonwealth is only known from the scanty and doubtful notices of a few foreign chronicles; and its history is blended in the mass of that of the centuries which we are accustomed to look upon as exclusively dark and barbarous, only because their brighter portions, like the heroes who preceded Agamemnon, have left no memorials of themselves, in the total want of national literature.

In the middle of the fifth century a new swarm of Britons arrived on the coast. Expelled from their native sea-shore by the incursions of the Alans in the south, driven back by the incessant ravages of the Picts in the north, the miserable fugitives, after vainly imploring assistance from Rome in the well-known Epistle entitled the "Groans of the Britons," embarked by thousands from the south-west of the island, and landed in the north of Armorica among their kindred, the soldiers of Maximus. The British population began entirely to supersede that of their hosts along the shore of the Channel. To this period some refer the adoption of the names of Dumnonium and Cornwall in the terri-

tories occupied by these new colonists : these names appear to have designated tracts of country which lie respectively opposite to the counties of Devon and Cornwall in England. The name of the Comté de Cornouailles is supposed by French antiquaries to have arisen from a corruption of the Latin words *Cornu Gallie*, and it appears certain that the name was adopted in Bretagne before the arrival of the Saxons in England, which would preclude the possibility of that Saxon etymology (*kern-weallas*, the Welsh or Britons of the Horn) which is commonly assigned to it. But this subject, which M. Daru has neglected to mention, and into which we cannot at present enter, deserves a more complete discussion than has hitherto been given to it.

From the prevalence of the British population, their name gradually succeeded to that of the Armoricans. It has been supposed that the ancient inhabitants of the country, jealous of the preponderance of the colonists, called in the Franks under Clovis, and submitted to retain their national government as vassals of the conquerors of Gaul. But this is only one among the theories of later ages, invented by the lawyers of France, with a view to prove the early sovereignty of their crown over the provinces of its powerful vassals. This doctrine, in the case of Bretagne, is founded principally on a very brief and doubtful passage of Gregory of Tours. The Breton antiquaries have contended, with more apparent reason, for the independence of their country. Even in the former case, it is certain that the Bretons speedily recovered their freedom, which they continued to enjoy until, owing to their division among several princes of the blood of Conan, they fell a prey, after a desperate resistance, to the conquering arms of Charlemagne.

After thirty years of continual revolts, they were again subjected by Louis le Debonnaire. A Breton Tyrant, or Mac-Tiern, (such were the appellations given at this period to the hereditary lords in the castles of Brittany,) by name Nomenot, having acquired the favour of the Emperor, was raised to the military government of his native province. This celebrated chieftain, whose services to his country outweigh his ingratitude to his benefactor, soon raised himself to independence. During a long reign, profiting by the feebleness and distractions of the Carlovingian dynasty, he carried the arms of his new subjects into the heart of France in several successful invasions. A determined rivalry arose between the two nations ; and as the Frankish kings and people were, from very early times, the peculiar favourites of the Church, their Breton enemies have met with no mercy at the hands of the contemporary monkish annalists. They are described as prone to anger, fickle of purpose, careless of

divine and human obligations. The chronicler of St. Germanus rises into an unusual vein of indignation against them.

"Gens inter geminos notissima clauditur amnes,
Armoricana prius veteri cognomine dicta.
Torva, ferox, incauta, procax, ventosa, rebellis :
Inconstans, disparque sibi novitatis amore :
Prodiga verborum, sed non et prodiga facti."

Under all the exaggeration of these charges, we may discern the traces of the unchangeable character of the nation, the character ascribed by Cæsar to the Gauls and Britons of his time. The same reproaches were vented, in almost similar language, by the English against their Welsh opponents.

But a more terrible enemy was at hand, the common scourge of Franks, Gauls and Bretons. Lambert, Lord of Nantes, the Count Juhan of Brittany, having been expelled from his city by the efforts of the population, called in the assistance of the Normans, newly established on the banks of the Seine. On Midsummer-day, 845, sixty-seven of their wicker-gallies, covered with hides, entered the Loire. Nantes was sacked and burnt, and its bishop slaughtered at the foot of the altar. After desolating the opposite bank with fire and sword, the northern warriors left the river, whose beautiful banks were destined for two centuries to be the theatre of their periodical ravages.

After a victory over Louis the Bald, Nomenoé assumed the title of king, and extended his monarchy as far as the Mayenne. He was not less successful in shaking off the fetters of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He degraded three of his bishops, erected several new sees, and rendered the church of Brittany nearly subservient to the regal power. His reign is the golden age of ancient Brittany. After his death at Vendôme in 851, it was visited in full by all the calamities of the dark ages. The pirates of the north desolated its coasts, and swept its once numerous fleets from the ocean. The princes of the blood of Nomenoé, instead of uniting against the common enemy, wasted their force in civil war and mutual assassination. The powerful nobles, rendering themselves almost independent in their castles, laid the foundation of the feudal dynasties of later times. In 912, Charles the Simple, King of France, ceded to his powerful ally, Rollo of Normandy, the rights of his crown over the province of Brittany. These rights, which in the hands of the French had been but the idle boast of fallen sovereignty, became in those of the Normans a powerful instrument towards the subjugation of their neighbours. After a long resistance on the part of the nation, the treachery of several princes, who were willing to surrender their independence as the price of protection, completed the subjection of the Bre-

tons. In 1029 Alain V. did homage for his duchy to Robert the Devil, father of William the Conqueror.

To this period we must refer the establishment of the feudal system in Brittany; a system so ill suited to the free spirits of the descendants of the Britons and Celts, that it appears to have been long before it was adopted to its full extent in the peninsula. Personal slavery had been abolished there by the end of the ninth century: probably its subsistence up to that period was only a relic of Roman jurisprudence. Attachment to the soil, the degrading badge of conquered nations, appears never to have been the lot of the Breton peasantry. But the condition of the cultivator of the land, as the feudal system increased in rigour, was hardly less burdensome than actual villenage. Subject to all the incidents of vassalship, he could neither acquire nor alienate, absent himself from his lands, marry, or even become a monk, without the permission of his lord. It is in insulated and remote provinces, such as that of which the history is before us, that we can best judge of the debasing influence of those institutions, which, as M. Daru truly observes, have made of the people in most nations of Europe "*une matière monarchique*," the stuff of which absolute monarchy is fabricated. In the more favoured parts of this continent, the degradation of the lower orders may be said to have been modified by three circumstances. Under the immediate power of the crown, the peasantry, freed from the various degrees of subaltern despotism, acquired comparative riches, if not independence. In the neighbourhood of Communes, or Free Towns, the serf had generally a refuge against the last extremity of oppression. The lord who conceived himself injured by the protection which a neighbouring city afforded to his vassals, took up arms to repress the insolence of the "*gent roturiere*." But the surrounding barons were either his personal foes, or at best careless of the general interest; his endeavours were repulsed or bought off; and the cities of the south and west of Europe gradually increased in power and civilization rather through the impotence of their enemies, than from their own warlike achievements, or by virtue of their legal privileges. Their final downfall was generally owing to their misplaced loyalty, and the treachery of the crown, which gradually contrived to fill the places of their consuls and echevins with the judges and prefects of royalty. The third cause to which we would allude, as having operated far and wide in favour of liberty in the middle ages, is the influence of the Catholic church. Its modern enemies, not content with insisting on the true ground of Protestantism, the intolerable assertion of spiritual despotism by that church, have endeavoured to represent it as the constant enemy of civil freedom.

We cannot but think that the history of ancient times speaks almost uniformly in favour of the contrary position. Selected indiscriminately from the very lowest ranks of society, it could not be expected that the priesthood, however tenacious of their own imprescribable rights, should have felt much sympathy with the assertors of temporal dominion, whether barons or emperors. The son of a herdsman, whom Fortune had raised to the cardinal's hat or papal tiara, if his elevation had left within him the least spark of human feeling, could not but view with some degree of pity the sufferings of that class from which he had himself been raised, and to which, in the eye of the proud descendant of a hundred nobles, he still belonged. And his views of policy generally coincided with his natural feelings. It is impossible to read the history of the Guelfs and Ghibellines of Italy, without perceiving that it was at least as much through the intrigues of the church as through the firmness of the people, that the republican spirit triumphed at once over the tyranny of domestic signori and the pretensions of the imperial court. And, even in darker ages, we ought never to forget, that the liberation of serfs was placed by the church among those good deeds which were exacted as the tokens of a deathbed repentance. But, in the distant region of which we write, none of these causes were ever effectual in their operation. The Duke of Bretagne, himself doubly a vassal of Normandy and France, was too dependant on his own nobles to be the protector of his people. Owing to the absence of trade, which never recovered the desolating effects of the Norman piracies, the free towns of Brittany were few in number, and inconsiderable in wealth and population. And the ecclesiastical body, planted by the policy of Nomenoë in numerous and poor dioceses, was far more dependant on the sovereign power than the clergy in most provinces of France.

In 1164, Conan IV. oppressed by his rebellious subjects, called in the assistance of Henry II. of England, and betrothed his infant daughter, Constance, to Geoffrey, third son of that powerful prince. The Breton lords resisted the arms of England with the valour of their Armorican ancestors. When their opposition had been finally subdued, Brittany had to undergo its share of the sanguinary wars of Henry's family. After the death of Geoffrey, the person of his widow, Constance, was seized on by Richard Cœur-de-Lion. This prince, remembered among ourselves chiefly for his chivalrous and warlike generosity, appears in the Breton annals a treacherous and rapacious tyrant—qualities which were, perhaps, necessary ingredients in the formation of a hero of the twelfth century. And the dark side of the English prince's character loses none of its shade in the delineation of our French his-

torian. The mean tyranny of John, the sufferings of the queenly Constance, and the short history of the unhappy Arthur, form a part of our dramatic annals too well known to require narration. Alice, daughter of Constance by her third husband, the Comte de Thouars, succeeded to the fief, and conferred it by marriage on Pierre de Dreux, a prince of chivalrous disposition, but feeble mind, who, after leaving a doubtful character as a sovereign, abdicated the throne, and perished in St. Louis's Egyptian crusade, one of the most approved champions of the Christian cause. The reign of his successor, Jean le Roux, is principally remarkable for the impoverishment of the feudal nobles, owing probably to the wars of the preceding generation. Their distresses gradually rendered the duke proprietor of a large proportion of the soil of Brittany. He purchased Brest of the viscounts of Leon for "une haquenée blanche et cent livres de rente." John II., Arthur II., and John the Good, left no remarkable memorials of their reign. But by the death of the latter prince, the inheritance of Brittany became a matter of dispute between John Count de Montfort, and Charles of Blois, nephew of the French king. The latter prince supported the pretensions of his kinsman, and pronounced judgment in his favour as feudal suzerain. John de Montfort had recourse to Edward III. of England. Charles de Blois marched with 5000 men at arms into Brittany, and commenced a civil war of twenty years, by throwing the heads of thirty Breton knights over the walls of Nantes.

The history of the wars of John de Montfort and Charles de Blois forms one of the most interesting episodes in Froissart's splendid drama of the rivalry of France and England. The defence of Hennebon by Jane de Montfort, the famous combat of the Thirty, the victory of Rochederrien, and consequent captivity of Charles, are all recounted with much spirit in the pages of M. Daru, although the narration is cramped by the harsh conciseness of style which he seems particularly to affect. The singular character of Charles de Blois forms in itself an epitome of many of the prevailing humours of the age in which he lived. Gentle and courteous to his fiercest adversaries, and brave in personal conflict, he was totally wanting in moral firmness, and committed actions of the most cold-blooded ferocity with an indifference which strongly contrasted with that yielding mildness which formed the basis of his disposition. At the taking of Quimper he gave orders, in the midst of the most devout thanksgivings, for a general massacre of the inhabitants. Fourteen hundred citizens had been slaughtered, when one of the attendants reported to the prince, "that he had seen by the way-side an infant sucking at the breast of its dead mother." The feelings of

nature returned to the heart of the prince at the simple recital, and he instantly commanded that the bloodshed should cease. But the most remarkable point in his character was that single-hearted and enthusiastic devotion, which procured for him after his death the title of Saint. The *procès* of his canonization is still extant, containing the testimonies borne by numerous witnesses to his peculiar sanctity. They form a strange record of the warlike superstitions and monkish austerities of the times. The greater part relate to the mortifications which he practised, and the gifts which he bestowed on the church; how he lay on boards and dressed in sackcloth; and how he cheated his men-at-arms of their pay, in order to save money for his spiritual liberalities. Mixed with these are the accounts of endowments, containing much liberal and enlightened provision, to an extent little practised in his time, for the education of the poor in the towns of his duchy. A great number relate to the miracles which he performed, or which were operated in his name. These are mostly of a military cast. At the siege of Quimper he directed the assault to be made on that side of the town which was bathed by the sea at high tide. His officers represented to him, that at the hour appointed the waters would be rising, and that if the town were not taken by a certain time, the assaulting army would be lost in the waves. "If it be the will of God," was his only answer, "the tide will do us no harm." In fact the sea remained at ebb for some hours beyond its wonted time, and the whole population of Quimper was put to the edge of the sword. A Breton knight in the garrison of Saumur had been defied to single combat by a certain Gascon, for not choosing to assent to that position which the countrymen of the latter have ever held as an article of faith—"that the chivalry of Gascony were superior in honour, loyalty, and courage to those of the whole world, and of Bretagne in particular." As the Breton descended into the lists he invoked the name of Charles, and under its protection laid his adversary dead at his feet. The prince had placed a painting in the Minorites' church at Dinan, representing himself on his knees before the blessed Saint Francis, resting on an escutcheon blazoned with the arms of Brittany. After his death his successful rival, John de Montfort, occupied the town, and commanded the warden to deface the obnoxious painting. The warden caused the pannel to be covered with whitewash, a most barbarous example, in which he has been ruthlessly imitated by succeeding churchwardens, who have not had the same excuse for their conduct. But at the dead of night a stream of blood burst forth from the spot which had been occupied by the right ear of the prince, through which he had received his mortal wound. Conscience-struck at the appearance,

which, according to the belief of the time, denoted the approach of the murderer to the corpse of his victim, John de Montfort, after vehemently accusing the brothers of the convent of Minorites of having "caused this scandal," (of which of course they proved themselves completely innocent,) fled from the town with precipitation.

This successful candidate for the ducal coronet was far from rendering it illustrious by any display of brilliant qualities. Both he and his immediate successors adopted a feeble and treacherous policy, which, although, perhaps, in some measure forced upon them by the critical position of their dominions between the two contending nations, has left no great reputation attached to those who employed it. But we have already fulfilled our promise in carrying down the history of Brittany to that point at which its immediate connexion with that of our island ceases; and for the rest of its annals we must refer our readers to the work itself. They will there find a detailed account of the wars of succession between the pretenders to the hand of Ann of Brittany, and a grave historical refutation of the old romance respecting the early loves of Louis Duke of Orleans and that accomplished princess. By her marriage with Charles VIII. and afterwards with his successor, Bretagne became incorporated with France; and its subsequent annals contain but few events distinct from those which relate to the kingdom in general.

The reformed persuasion was introduced into Brittany by the Sieur Dandelot, brother of Coligni, an enthusiast in the cause of Calvinism. It came there, as elsewhere in France, attended by all the horrors of civil war. Lower Brittany became a principal seat of the power of the League; the armies of that confederacy were recruited within its limits; and the burghers of Nantes and Rennes looked with much the same feelings of fear and aversion on the wild bands of semi-barbarians which defiled through their streets, as the townsmen of Edinburgh may have entertained towards the Highland clans which brought up the rear of the array of Murray or Hamilton. On the 20th March, 1598, the Duke of Mercœur, chief of the ligueurs of Brittany, signed at Nantes his submission to Henry IV., which was followed a few weeks after by the celebrated edict which bears the name of that city.

After the wars of the Reformation, the national history of Brittany recounts only a few descents of English on the coast, and a short sedition in 1675, occasioned by the duties laid on tobacco, and the establishment of a new excise. It was punished with the gross barbarity which distinguished and disgraced the political inflictions of Louis XIV. Some of the atrocious details are related by Madame de Sevigné in her letters. The revolutionary tribu-

nal itself could scarcely have surpassed the lieutenants of the Grand Monarque in the appetite for indiscriminate massacre.

With the reign of Louis XV. the history of M. Daru closes. He leaves the people of Brittany at a period when the spirit of the ancient Celts lay entranced, like their fabulous Arthur in the caves and forests of his country, and has not attempted to describe its sudden resurrection into life and energy under the awakening trumpet of Revolution. Nowhere was that heart-stirring sound more unanimously welcomed, than by the nobles, clergy, and people of ancient Armorica. As the prospect darkened, when doubts and suspicions divided those who had laboured together in the cause of reform, those who had been the first to direct revolution were among the first in endeavouring to check it; and in the civil war which followed, the children of Brittany were seen in the foremost ranks, both of royalists and republicans. The early violence of the *Federés* of Brest, and the unequalled horrors of Nantes, were amply revenged by the long and desolating warfare of the Chouans. No province in France partook more fully in the miseries of that period; and, unfortunately, few have hitherto enjoyed so little of its beneficial results. Brittany, at least the lower province, is more than a century behind the rest of France in education and the useful arts. The decay of trade, which in the better days of the French colonial empire was rapidly enriching the ports of Nantes and Brest, has necessarily kept the province stationary; and it is to be feared, that nothing short of its revival can confer on Brittany the benefits of physical and mental improvement, which are found so invariably to follow in the train of commercial prosperity.

ART. II.—*Sämmtliche poetische Werke von Ernst Schultze.*
4 vols. sm. 8vo. Leipzig. F. A. Brockhaus. 1822.

THE name which we are about to introduce to the notice of our readers is as yet unknown to the English public. Yet at the present day, the fortunes and character of Schultze form a chapter in the romance of real life; and his works, striking and beautiful in many parts from their own merits, derive a peculiar and extrinsic interest, as illustrations of the predominant feeling that filled the mind and guided the pen of their author. Deprived, like Dante and Petrarca, of the object of his youthful attachment, by death, he conceived, like these great poets, the design of devoting his life and his powers to her memory; and if the success of human endeavours were at all proportioned to the strength of the feeling which gave them birth, or the consistency with which they were pursued, the labours of Schultze would rank with those of his

Italian prototypes, and the name of Cecilia would enjoy as wide an immortality as those of Beatrice and Laura; for over the mind of the Florentine the sentiment of regret seems only to have past like an occasional dream, relieving, but not interrupting, the stormy course of his political career. The memory of Beatrice did not prevent his contracting an alliance of interest with the haughty and vehement Gemma de Donati,* and mingling in all the intrigues and civil wars of the Neri and Bianchi. In the mind of Petrarca the feeling is obviously cherished less on its own account than as a stimulus to poetical inspiration, and as a subject that might fill up the intervals between classical studies and political missions. But in that of the enthusiastic and single-hearted German, it assumes an exclusive supremacy, absorbing every other feeling, forcing the intellect and the fancy into its own peculiar channel, and communicating to the duties and even the enjoyments of life the colouring of its own hopelessness and despondency.

Ernest Conrade Frederick Schultze, the subject of the present notice, was born at Celle on the 22d March, 1789. The natural quickness and vivacity of his mind seemed to render the acquisition of knowledge easy, but during his boyish years his inclination to study by no means corresponded with his ability: it required no inconsiderable trouble to confine him to the tasks which his teachers prescribed for him; he generally delayed them to the last moment, and then despatched them imperfectly and in haste. But for boyish tricks and bodily exercises he was always prepared, and among his comrades he was a particular favourite. When a bolder or more daring scheme was to be executed, he was generally at their head, and always the last to fly when flight became necessary. At home his goodness of heart rendered him not less beloved; though his friends and relations used occasionally to shake their heads rather ominously, when, as was generally the case, he blundered or forgot the commissions that were entrusted to him, lost his books, tore his clothes to pieces, and seemed to set every thing like order and arrangement at defiance. Even then, perhaps, they regarded him with some of those misgivings which Byron represents as excited by the wayward boyhood of Tasso. His father, however, was in some measure consoled for these extravagancies by the assurances of his master, that it was not talent, but diligence, in which his son was deficient; and that he had already evinced considerable powers of application in some studies to which he had taken a fancy. He had become such a proficient, for instance, in heraldry, that before he was fourteen he was frequently consulted by painters with regard to the decoration of

* His marriage took place in 1791, within a year after the death of Beatrice.

coffins. But, with his characteristic restlessness, he abandoned his heraldry, and gave away his collection of arms, as well as a similar collection of coins which he had found, after making a certain progress in these studies.

The first opportunity for the developement of Schultze's poetical talent arose from his intimacy with the son of an eminent member of the Supreme Court of Appeal, who soon afterwards left the Hanoverian service. In company with this young man he used to write short essays on various subjects, and to compose a sort of gazette, in which little family incidents were sportively detailed in the formal style of court and state intelligence. His grief at his separation from this friend, to whom he was enthusiastically attached, was expressed in a poem, the first of his compositions. From this time he began to read with more diligence; but, unfortunately, the course of study in which he chiefly indulged was peculiarly ill-suited to a mind like his, in which the fancy had always predominated over the sterner faculties of judgment and reasoning. Fairy tales and romances of chivalry were his favourites, of which a large collection was to be found in an old library at a country seat not far from Celle, to which he had obtained access. The place altogether, and particularly one chamber in the ruinous building, was so suited to the taste of the youthful poet, that he prevailed on his father to allow him to fix his residence for some time in the family of the farmer by whom it was occupied. The farmer occasionally expressed to his father his fears that the young man was over-studying himself, and becoming pensive and melancholy; but at the same time gratefully acknowledged the assistance he had received from him as interpreter during the march of the French, (who in 1803 were in possession of Hanover,) and praised his general activity and good nature.

Thus surrounded with associations connected with the age of chivalry, and indulging in a course of study peculiarly calculated to excite a dreamy temperament, it would have been strange if his natural bent towards the indefinite and the visionary had not been fostered and confirmed. One wonders, indeed, to find his father yielding to so ridiculous a request, as to allow his son to take up his abode in an old ruin, for the express purpose of perusing a library, which in its selection appears to have resembled none so much as that of the Knight of La Mancha. But certainly it is not to be wondered at that such a course of study produced its natural effect, in exalting and idealizing the views of the poet to a degree wholly inconsistent with the discharge of the real duties and sober business of life, and thus sowing the seeds of that me-

lancholy and depression, which at an after-period clouded his mind and paralyzed his exertions.

Its first effects, however, were of a more favourable kind. Happy in the indulgence of his fancy, he was cheerful, and even diligent. He now began to apply with some assiduity to those preparatory studies which were requisite to fit him for the university, though the natural bent of his mind was still visible in the aversion which he always showed to calculation and the exact sciences. When it became necessary for him to decide upon a profession he made choice of theology, less, it would seem, from any attachment to that study in itself, than from the more decided dislike which he felt for the other professions of medicine and law.

It was in the autumn of 1806 that the youthful poet commenced his studies at the University of Göttingen, where he soon attracted the attention of Bouterwek, to whose kindness and friendship he afterwards owed so much, and to whose prefatory memoir of his friend we are indebted for the present notices of his life. "His external appearance at this time," says Bouterwek, "had nothing remarkable about it. His figure, of middling height, was well formed; his features, on the whole, regular and fine; but his eye, though indicating a talented mind, was restless and unsteady: his manners, simple, straightforward, and unpretending, excited no expectations." The attention of Bouterwek was first directed to the young student by the superiority of his college exercises, in which feeling and fancy were united with a degree of correctness scarcely to be expected from a youth of eighteen years of age. The praise bestowed by the Professor on these efforts seems to have gained the heart of Schultze. He shortly afterwards ventured to communicate to Bouterwek various poetical compositions, and to request his judgment on them. They consisted chiefly of sonnets, epistles, and elegies, in many points defective, in others excellent, and exhibiting on the whole undoubted proofs of high poetical talent. Bouterwek was pleased, not only with the respect and gratitude with which his criticisms were received, but with the manly openness with which the poet defended and adhered to his own opinion in matters which came less within the province of reasoning than of feeling; and in this interchange of instruction and respectful attachment their intercourse became daily more and more friendly. The poetical criticisms of the Professor, however, seem to have been more attended to than his logic. Corporeally, indeed, Schultze was present at his lectures, but his mind was often wandering far enough from Aristotle and his commentators; and at last, satisfied that theology was not his proper field, his father, with that easiness of temper which he had previously displayed in the affair of the library,

allowed him now to devote himself entirely to the study of the Classics and Belles Lettres—a pursuit more analogous to his own poetical temperament. Even then, it appears, he took little interest in the public lectures on these subjects, and was indebted to his own private diligence for any progress he made.

It was during this period that his *PSYCHE*, his first work of any length, was composed, founded on the well-known episode in the Golden Ass of Apuleius. To a subject which had already been exhibited in every shape by the poets of every country; which had been transplanted from the original field of classical mythology into the modern fairy land in the romance of Parthenopea; graced with the melody of Italian versification in the *Adone* of Marino; christianized in the religious Autos of Calderon; and united with the charms of music and spectacle in the opera which bears the name of Moliere, (but which was in fact the joint production of the comic dramatist, of Corneille, Quinault, and Lulli,) it was not to be expected that the young and inexperienced muse of Schultze could impart much novelty. The poem is principally remarkable for the easy flow of the versification, the command of style which it exhibits, and the success with which the graceful narrative manner of Wieland is imitated by the poet in the management of the tale. Wieland was, in fact, at this time his ideal model, whose assistance he habitually invokes, as Dante does that of Virgil.* He did not hesitate to avow to his friend Bouterwek that the light and sportive views of that great man appeared to him the best suited to the character of poetry and art. Blameless, indeed, as his own conduct is said to have been, he might be allowed to express, even to a professor of moral philosophy, his admiration of the graceful levity of the Idris and the new Amadis, degenerating, as it frequently does, into a licentious luxuriance.

Yet Wieland was not the model which Schultze might have been expected to choose, any more than the correct and classic Virgil was likely to have been the favourite of the gigantic and irregular mind of Dante. Wieland, like himself, had travelled over the Land of Fairy, and revelled in a world of wonder and enchantment; but his works have a spell beyond the mere exhibition of gorgeous pictures. There is a purpose and meaning in his apparently unconnected incidents; they inculcate a moral, often indeed a dangerous and debasing one, but always extrinsic to the mere gratification of the fancy. The satirist, the practised and

* As in *Psyche*, book iii.

“ Du Meister in der Kunst zu malen,
Du dessen Blicken sich die Grazie enthüllt,
O Wieland,” &c.

clear-sighted man of the world, is seen amidst all this apparent intoxication of spirit, these boundless excursions beyond the visible diurnal sphere. But of this spirit of ridicule Schultze had none. He could not laugh at the creations of his own fancy; he was bound by the same spell with which he attempted to fetter his readers. Like the Israelites of old, he worshipped the golden image which he had himself set up. The land of wonder was loved by him for its own sake, not as the mere instrument by which philosophical theories and sceptical maxims of life might be most agreeably and universally disseminated. No two minds, indeed, were separated by wider distinctions through the whole of their career than those of Wieland and Schultze. Wieland began life with a deep belief in the dignity of human nature,—with the conviction that solemnity and earnestness formed the soul of poetry; he ended it a sceptic and a satirist, ridiculing the illusions he had cherished, and smiling at his own simplicity in believing them. Schultze commenced his course with light and sportive views of life, and with a theoretical dislike to deep feeling as a principle of poetry; but these views grew darker as he proceeded upon the journey of life, till he learned to consider the solemn, the mournful, and the mysterious as the only legitimate sources of inspiration. When the idols which Wieland had worshipped were broken, he seemed to derive enjoyment from exposing their brittleness and hollowness. When those of Schultze were shattered, he gathered up the fragments that remained, and watered them with his tears.

For some time after the completion of his "*Psyche*," Schultze's philological and classical studies were cultivated with success. He gradually enlarged his acquaintance with persons whose tastes resembled his own, and with whom he pursued his researches with assiduity. The study of Homer in particular, whose works he appears to have read with peculiar pleasure, tended much to increase the strength and simplicity of his style, and to generate that dislike to mannerism and affectation of expression which he always entertained. But while his power of application and attention to study increased, the cheerfulness, and almost levity, of his temper were observed gradually to decline. He became distant and reserved, spoke little and read much, shunning his former amusements, and obviously occupied with some internal source of engrossing interest. To the inquiries of his friends, whom his serious and melancholy air occasionally alarmed, he used to answer that he had never been happier. Circumstances, however, shortly afterwards afforded the key to the enigma. The youthful poet had found his pattern of ideal beauty in Cecilia, the daughter of Professor T———. In the bloom of youth, gifted with uncommon per-

sonal advantages, modest, susceptible, and amiable in her disposition, she united to these natural gifts accomplishments of no ordinary kind. She drew and painted well, and played with taste and execution. Altogether she seems to have been every way calculated to realize those dreams which had frequently wavered across the imagination of the poet. In her company, and that of her sister Adelaide, he now spent the happiest portion of his life. As yet his attachment was not returned, but he was viewed with friendship and esteem, and to the imagination of Schultze this was enough. A feeling corresponding in warmth to his own would probably have appeared to him almost inconsistent with the idea of perfection which he had embodied in his mistress. The epistles and occasional poems and elegies which were written at this period, and afterwards published in 1813, are all distinguished by great power and beauty of language, and many of them by great pathos and delicacy. The elegies beginning "O wie vereinet sich Scherz,"* and "Heimliche Laube des Glücks,"† are extremely beautiful. Grace rather than power is the characteristic of the miscellaneous poems. We select the following chiefly from its shortness and simplicity. It is the address of the May Lilies to Adelaide, the sister of his mistress.‡

" Faded are our sister flowers,
Faded all and gone;
In the meadows, in the bowers,
We are left alone;
Dark above our valley low'rs
That funeral sky,
And the thick and chilling showers
Now come blighting by.

· Drooping stood we in the strife,
Pale and tempest-shaken,
Weeping that our love and life
Should at once be taken:
Wishing, while within its cover
Each wan flower withdrew,
That like those whose life was over,
We had withered too.

But the air a soothing ditty
Whispered silently;
How that love and gentlest pity
Still abode with thee;

* Vol. iv. p. 41.

† Vol. iv. p. 47.

‡ "Unsre frühern Schwestern schwanden
Schon im Hain."—vol. iv. p. 242.

How thy very presence, ever
 Shed a sunny glow,—
 And where thou wert smiling, never
 Tears were seen to flow.
 So to thee, thou gentle spirit,
 Are the wanderers come;
 Let the weak thy care inherit,
 Take the trembling home;
 Though the bloom that did surround us
 Withered with the blast,
 Still the scent that hangs around us
 Lives when that hath past."

But the happy period of Schultze's life was fast hastening to a close. A neglected cold which had been caught by Cecilia, terminated in decline. During her illness, which lasted nearly a year, Schultze's enthusiasm seemed to reach its height. If he had formerly admired her, while in the possession of health and beauty, the patience and gentleness with which she bore her long sickness seemed now to invest her in his eyes with a character almost celestial. She died at the age of eighteen, and with her disappeared the cheerfulness which had hitherto distinguished her lover. He was now left in the situation which Schiller, under the influence of a feeling allied to that of Schultze, has described with such pathetic beauty in his "Ideal."

" Those cheerful suns were set for ever
 That light to youth's gay path impart,
 And dried that deep ideal river
 That fed the fountain of the heart;
 That sweet belief was gone and faded
 In beings born of dreams alone,
 And dreary truth had overshadowed
 What once so fair, so god-like shone."

In the deep grief and depression which followed his loss, the feelings of Schultze sought a natural vent in poetry. But the wild and enthusiastic character of the man was visible in the design which he now conceived, and the circumstances under which it suggested itself. Standing beside the corpse of Cecilia, he determined to immortalize the object of his passion by the poem which bears her name, and to which all the powers which he possessed, all the labour of his future life, was to be devoted. As soon as his grief permitted him to discuss such topics, he communicated his design to his friend Bouterwek, and in January, 1813, the first canto of the poem was begun. Bouterwek told him plainly that he disapproved of the plan he had adopted, and advised the selection of a groundwork more intelligible to common readers, and a less prodigal use of supernatural machinery. We shall immedi-

ately see that the Professor was in the right, and that if the design which had given birth to the poem was extraordinary, the legend itself which he had chosen was, if possible, still more remote from ordinary apprehension and ordinary sympathy.

But Schultze had formed his plan, and he adhered to it with his characteristic obstinacy. Every incident, every marvel, every sentiment, seemed to hang together so closely in his mind, that he could not consent to bate a jot of his story, or to sacrifice a super-numerary stanza. The work which he looked upon as the offspring of an imperious duty, proceeded rapidly, notwithstanding his deep depression of spirits, and the gradual decline of his health from a complaint in his breast, to which he had always had a constitutional tendency. "Life," says Bouterwek, "now seemed to him to be almost a matter of indifference. He confined his grief to himself; he read and studied apparently as before; but the only subject which seemed to interest him was the composition of the 'Cecilia,' or of occasional poems, most of which bear reference to the loss he had sustained." Without the extreme delicacy which distinguishes the sonnets of Petrarca under similar circumstances, they have a simplicity and earnestness about them, which more than compensates for the want of this *curiosa felicitas*. Their plainness moves us more than eloquence. They seem most to resemble those strains in which Camoens, returning from India, bankrupt in hope, and love, and fortune, bewails the death of Catherina d'Atayde, the lady who had been the cause of his early banishment from Lisbon. The main work, the "Cecilia," had reached the close of the seventh canto, when events of a more stirring character for a time diverted the poet from his employment, and called him from the indulgence of a visionary grief to assist in the liberation of Germany. Yet it was not an unmixed feeling of patriotism that led him, towards the close of the year 1813, to enter as a volunteer in the service of his country. Even in this resolution his peculiar and morbid enthusiasm was mingled with his sense of duty to his country. He joined the army because he deemed himself unworthy of the honour of completing the poem which was to bestow immortality on his mistress, if he refused to assist his country in the hour of danger, and to sacrifice his own occupations on the shrine of higher duties and public interests. It is thus he speaks in one of his shorter poems, which bears the date of 1st November, 1813.

" Steeds are neighing, swords are gleaming,
Germany's revenge is nigh;
And the banners brightly streaming
Wave us on to victory.

Rouse thee then, fond heart, and see
 For a time thy task forsaken;
 Bear what life hath laid on thee,
 And forget what it hath taken!"

One is tempted to smile at this fantastic origin of Schultze's military ardour: yet the feeling has its better and nobler side. It was no light sacrifice in a man, whom his habits had rendered indolent and averse to exertion, to leave the favourite poem, which had been to him what the remodelling of the "*Jerusalem*" had been to Tasso in his prisoned cell at Ferrara, for the hardships, the din, the bustle, and the coarseness of a military life.

He entered as a volunteer under Beaulieu in the Jäger battalion of Grubenhagen, the arrangement of which was completed in the spring of 1814. Beaulieu, who found that the young volunteer could serve his country with the pen as well as the sword, employed him as his secretary, and distinguished him by particular attention. By his kindness, Schultze's quarters were fixed in the residence of his friend Bouterwek, and by this means he remained for about two months in his family, till the corps set out on its march from Göttingen to join the allied army of the North, which was at that time occupied with the attempt to expel the terrible Davoust from Hamburg and its neighbourhood. Schultze's companion to the field was a pocket edition of Homer. Engaged in active duties, his health improved, his melancholy became less oppressive. He was a great favourite with his comrades, whose dangers he was always ready to share, though his short-sightedness rendered his risk greater than theirs. Like the Tyrtæus of Germany, the brave and too-early departed Körner, he animated them to battle by his strains, while he assisted them by his sword. One of the songs in particular,* written in a wild and peculiar measure, and of which the hint is obviously taken from the finale of Wallenstein's Lager, breathes a fine military spirit of patriotism and reckless gallantry. It concludes with these striking stanzas.

"The chief of the huntsmen is Death, whose aim
 Soon levels the brave and the craven;
 He crimsons the field with the blood of his game,
 But the booty he leaves to the raven.
 Like the stormy tempest that flies so fast,
 O'er moor and mountain he gallops fast;
 Man shakes
 And quakes
 At his bugle blast.

* Jägerlied, Moorburg, 8th April, 1814.

But what boots it, my friends, from the hunter to flee,
Who shoots with the shafts of the grave?
Far better to meet him thus manfully,
The brave by the side of the brave!
And when against us he shall turn his brand,
With his face to the foe let each hero stand,
And await
His fate
From a hero's hand."

Schultze was not destined, however, to meet his fate in the field. Davoust evacuated Hamburg in May, 1814, and Schultze enjoyed the satisfaction of marching with the battalion into the city which he had assisted to liberate. The peace which followed was perhaps the most unfortunate event that could have happened for the poet, since it left him without that active occupation which had tended to improve both his health and spirits, and restored him again to melancholy and the composition of the Cecilia. The tumult of war without had been the means of restoring peace within, and the poet might have truly said with Erminia,

" Solo parme
Che trovar pace io possa in mezzo all'arme."

Much as Bouterwek was attached to his friend, he witnessed his return to Göttingen with regret, because he foresaw the revival of his former habits of seclusion and gloom. Some apprehensions of declining friendship and coldness on the part of his acquaintance, which seem to have had no foundation save in his own imagination, tended about this time to increase his natural despondency. Still the poem proceeded rapidly, being only interrupted by a course of lectures which he delivered on classical literature, (Bouterwek says without much success,) and the composition of occasional verses, many of which were written at the request of friends. Bouterwek mentions an instance of his ingenuity, in rendering even these occupations subservient to the master feeling of his mind, which looks not a little ludicrous. Being at a loss on one occasion how to complete a copy of verses which he had promised, the idea occurred to him of rendering them an acrostic on the name of his mistress, and this happy thought at once enabled him to perform his task with ease. By this pious fraud he contrived to gratify his friend, who had no idea of the mystery that lay concealed under these verses, and at the same time to indulge the feeling which he seemed to consider as the proper employment of his life. The Cecilia was at last finished, in twenty cantos, in December 1815, having engaged the attention of the poet for three years, of which about six months had been occupied by the campaign before Hamburg.

It is painful for us to pass lightly over a work which was the result of such labour and anxiety on the part of the author, and in which he had embarked his hopes of future fame; but the limits of an article of this nature render any detailed examination of so long a work impossible; and, indeed, we should despair of rendering the poem a favourite with our readers by any analysis, however laboured. For, in truth, considered as a whole, the work addresses itself only to those whose views have been in some measure assimilated to those of the author, by excited feelings and early habits of vague and aimless speculation. We can therefore merely indicate, in a few sentences, the idea which is developed in the work.

Like the *Oberon* of Wieland, it presupposes a series of events which precede the opening of the poem, and of which the story of the piece itself forms only the developement and conclusion. This arrangement necessarily requires an exposition in the form of an episode, which is here introduced in the sixth canto of the poem. The nature of this extrinsic portion of the work is this. The wife of a powerful northern Jarl had imbibed the doctrines of Christianity, though her husband and relations still remained in the darkness of paganism. The noble lady maintains her faith in secrecy and silence; for her husband had threatened death to every adherent of the new doctrines. To support her sinking courage, an angel commissioned by heaven had presented her with a blooming rose, with the assurance that as long as she preserved the celestial flower, neither strength nor cunning should prevail against her. But during the absence of the husband, the great enemy of the Christian faith, the enchantress Swanwitha, musters her powerful spells to terrify the mind of the unfortunate lady, and by means of a ghastly exhibition of her magic powers, succeeds in persuading her that the life of her infant children is in danger, and in exacting from her the celestial rose as the price of their safety. The same angelic spirit which had formerly bestowed the gift now appears to announce the punishment annexed to its forfeiture:—her separation from her husband, the death of her children by each other's hands, and her own exclusion from pardon and happiness, until the mystic rose, which has already been placed by unhallowed hands in the temple of Odin, shall again be planted on holy ground, an act which was to be accompanied with the death of the generous and devoted individual by whom it was accomplished.

Thus, like the quarrel of *Oberon* and *Titania*, which forms the back ground of Wieland's poem, this wild and unearthly legend is the spring that sets in motion the incidents of the *Cecilia*; which details the quest of the rose, and the final accomplishment

of the prophecy, in the death of the brothers, and of Cecilia, by whom the flower is removed from the temple of Odin, and in the final repose of the lady after this sweeping atonement. As too strong a leaning to earthly affections had been the original source of her transgression, so in the character of her by whom she is to be restored to happiness, self-devotion, resignation to the will of heaven, and a love which seeks its gratification only beyond this life, are made proportionally prominent. She is painted with all the charms with which religion, courage, constancy, and modesty, can invest human nature; moving onwards to her destiny with the full knowledge of her danger, yet with the patience and long-suffering of Spenser's Una. The tale is linked by a slender tie to history, by representing these mystical events as interwoven with the conquest of the Danes by the Emperor Otto the Great.

Well might Bouterwek advise his friend to abandon a legend so wild, so adverse to common feelings, and so completely unsupported even by popular traditions, which sometimes supply the want of a historical groundwork, as the subject of an epic poem. The very idea of a serious epos, not only purely fictitious, but based exclusively upon the marvellous, seems absurd, while the character of the particular legend which Schultze has selected is still more preposterous and revolting. There is so obvious a disproportion between the extent of the original offence, (committed as it was under circumstances which any reasonable person would have held sufficient to justify a greater sacrifice,) and the magnitude of the punishment, that even the limited and conventional portion of vraisemblance which we exact from the epic poet, is entirely destroyed. As difficult does it seem to sympathize with the invention of Cecilia's character, who feels so little for herself, and vanquishes her trials with such apparent ease, that the reader is neither deeply affected by her dangers nor her sufferings. The long prayers and invocations which Schultze has connected with the character, and which to his excited feelings appeared natural and appropriate, produce a tedious and revolting effect upon the unimpassioned reader. One is tempted to smile, too, at the absurdity of encumbering the main story, such as it is, by the introduction of an episode relating to Adelaide, the supposed sister of the heroine, seemingly inserted with no other view than that of giving the real Adelaide a chance for immortality, by incorporating her name with the poem which was devoted to the memory of her sister. Least of all can we approve the needless horror of a fratricidal catastrophe, the sweeping magnitude of which reminds one of the Andromana of Shirley, or the denouement of the schoolmaster's tragedies in *Gil Blas*, where scarcely even the prompter was suffered to escape.

And yet seldom has more genius or fancy been wasted on an unfortunate subject than on this singular poem, rich as it is in striking and marvellous incidents, and moving accidents by flood and field. Led away by the sweet and harmonious stream of the versification, and the varied and gorgeous pictures which it displays, we forget, in a great measure, the radical faults of the general plan. The battles which occasionally occur, particularly the combat with the Danes in the eighth canto, and that of the brothers in the eighteenth, are given with a Homeric spirit and diversity of detail; and though not altogether agreeable to historical tradition, the magic of the north is brought out with a bold and impressive outline. The ghastly resuscitation of the slaughtered Danes upon the field of battle by the spells of Thorilda, in the second canto, will not suffer by a comparison with the similar incantation of Erichtho in the *Pharsalia*; and the picture of the subterraneous world, in which the heroine is confined, with her sister and the minstrel Reinald, is rich in fanciful detail and graceful imagery. The versification of the whole poem, but particularly of the later cantos, is harmonious and beautiful in the highest degree. It is to be regretted, however, that Schultze's early admiration for Wieland led him, even while he abandoned his poetical principles, to retain the irregular stanza which that poet had introduced, instead of the legitimate ottava rima, over which his last poem, the *Bezauberte Rose*, shows that he possessed such a mastery.

Having entered into no detail with regard to the incidents of the poem, we shall venture on no extracts, which could only be imperfectly understood or appreciated, without a knowledge of the context. But the concluding verses of the poem, in which he dedicates the labours of three years to the memory of Cecilia, and alludes to some of those misconceptions under which he laboured as to the feelings of her friends, are so full of genuine feeling and poetical beauty, that we are sure our readers will be gratified by their perusal.*

"And now 'tis o'er;—the long-planned work is done,
 The last sad meed that love and longing gave :
 Beside thy bier the strain was first begun,
 And now I lay the gift upon thy grave.
 The bliss—the bale, through which my heart hath run
 Are mirrored in the story's mystic wave ;
 Take then the song, that in my bitter grief
 Hath been my latest joy, my sole relief.
 As mariners that on the flowery side
 Of some fair coast have for a time descended ;

* "Es ist vollbracht : das Werk das ich ersonnen," &c.

And many a town and many a tower descried,
And many a blooming grove and plain extended ;
Till borne again to sea by wind and tide,
They see the picture fade, the vision ended ;—
So in the darkening distance do I see
My hopes grow dim, my joy and solace flee.

Such as thou didst in love and life appear,
In joy, in grief, in pleasure, and in pain,
Such have I strove in words to paint thee here,
And link thy beauties with my lowly strain.
Still as I sang, thy form was floating near,
And hand in hand with thee, the goal I gain ;
Alas, that with the wreath that binds my brow,
My visionary bliss must vanish now !

Three years in that fond dream have fled by,
For, tho' the tempest of the time was rife,
And rising at the breath of destiny,
Through peace and war hath borne my bark of life,
I heeded not how clouds grew dark on high,
How beat against the bark the waters' strife ;
Still in the hour of need, unchangeably
The compass of my spirit turned to thee.

While time rolled on with ever changing tide,
Thou wert the star, the sun that shone for me ;
For thee I girt the sword upon my side ;
Each dream of peace was consecrate to thee ;
And if my heart was long and deeply tried,
For thee alone I bore my misery ;
Watching lest autumn with his chilling breath
Should blight the rose above thy couch of death.

Ah me ! since thou hast gained thy heav'nly throne,
And I, no more by earthly ties controlled,
Have shunned life's giddy joys, with thee alone
Sad fellowship in solitude to hold ;—
Full many a faithless friend is changed and gone,
Full many a heart that once was warm grown cold.
All this have I for thee in silence borne,
And joy'd to bear, as on a brighter morn.

As vases, once with costly scents supplied,
Long after shed around their sweet perfume ;
As clouds the evening sun with gold hath dyed
Gleam brightly yet while all around is gloom ;
As the strong river bears its fresh'ning tide
Far out into the ocean's azure room ;
Forlorn and bruised, the heart that once hath beat
For thee, can feel no anger and no hate."

* * * * *

Much as Schultze was attached to Göttingen, the state of his health seemed now to convince him that a change of scene was necessary. Some friends who were resident at Rome gave him a pressing invitation to join them; and though the state of his circumstances interposed some obstacles to the journey, these were removed by the kindness of his father, who was willing to subject himself to inconvenience, in order to afford his son the chance of a restoration to health. During the summer of 1816, he was occupied with preparations for this journey, which he contemplated next year, and with the plan of a poem, which was at first intended to be of the same extent with the *Cecilia*, but conceived in the more cheerful manner of Ariosto. In the autumn of 1816, he made a short tour on foot through the districts of the Rhine and Main; but this journey, in which he seems to have been careless of his health, aggravated instead of diminishing his disease. Shortly afterwards his pains in the breast returned with increased violence; his strength grew less and less. Yet even in this state of exhaustion, the energy of his mind, unabated by bodily sickness, enabled him to labour as before, at his romantic poem of the *Enchanted Rose*, which he intended as a specimen of his powers in style and versification. As soon as it was completed, he despatched it anonymously to Leipsig, as a competitor for the prize offered for the best poetical tale.

The very summary manner in which we have dismissed the *Cecilia*, will enable us to exhibit a few passages from this graceful poem, which, though fantastic and supernatural, is not deformed by the religious mysticism and dreary termination of the former. On the story of a Fairy Tale all criticism would of course be thrown away. The very name of the *Enchanted Rose* (which in Schultze's mind had become somehow associated with the memory of his mistress, like the laurel in Petrarca's sonnets,) prepares us here for extravagance and wonder. We are not decoyed into the maze under pretence of introducing us to a sober epic. Ingenuity, therefore, not consistency of incident, is what we are entitled to demand from the poet; lightness and grace, instead of sustained magnificence. These we think the reader will find in Schultze's poem. A cheerfulness that never rises into actual gaiety, or sinks into gloom; a soothing, Sybaritic melody of sound, are spread over the tale; a misty atmosphere seems to hang over all, and to invest the incidents alternately with vague and shadowy indistinctness, or magic gleams of light and sunshine. It is not, indeed, a work of great range or compass of feeling, and it is easy to see that the author has not put forth his strength, or concentrated his powers upon the poem. He had

probably at first contemplated a German imitation of the *riant* style of Ariosto; but he soon found that a more lively and buoyant spirit than his own was necessary to enable him to copy with success that vein of sly and chastised humour which pervades the marvels of the Orlando. Schultze's mirth could not exceed a melancholy smile. The idea, therefore, seems to have been in a great measure abandoned. The originally extensive poem shrunk into three cantos; and the author, though his pictures, like those of Ariosto, are addressed much more to the imagination than the heart, frequently slides into reflexions and trains of sentiment which are far enough removed from the cheerfulness of his Italian model. What he has undertaken to do, however, he has executed with facility and grace; and he leaves us more satisfied with this light and fanciful composition, in which he himself declared he could find nothing good except the versification, than with the more sombre and cumbrous pomp of his favorite Cecilia.

Like the incidents of the Cecilia, those of the Enchanted Rose are represented as the fulfilment of a prophecy which has preceded the date of the story; an atonement by the child for the offence of the parent. The fairy Ianthe, it seems, like her Arabian predecessor, the Peri Banou, had so far forgot the dignity of her enchanted station, as to encourage the addresses of Leontes, a mortal prince, whom in one of her nautical excursions she had found asleep within her territories. A year had passed away in this manner, and a son, beautiful as the day, had betrayed to her sister says the indiscretion of Ianthe, when the offended queen of fairy land suddenly appears, and announces, in very enigmatical language, the penance to be inflicted on the delinquent. Her son is to be taken from her, and her offence is only to be pardoned when he shall succeed in giving life to the being who is to be the object of his love. The fairy queen disappears with the boy; Leontes, on whom sentence of banishment had been at the same time pronounced, returned to his own territories; and Ianthe, quite dismayed by this discouraging enigma, sets out on a restless pilgrimage over the world, in hopes of meeting some child who might console her for the loss of her own. Clotilda, the daughter of Astolpho, a monarch the precise situation of whose kingdom we have been unable to discover, is the only one who awakens in her mind some remembrances of her son; and her attachment to this child has induced her to commit the infant princess to the care of her own Leontes, in order to protect her from the dangers of a war, which at that time threatened the dominions of Astolpho.

Such is the state of matters at the opening of the tale. Clotilda, who at the court of Leontes had grown-up in all the charms

of youthful beauty, while wandering in the shady groves that surround the palace, is attracted by the delightful notes which issue from the neighbouring wood; and her curiosity is at last excited to the greatest height, by the discovery that she herself is the subject of this regularly recurring melody. Watching her opportunity the youthful princess steals through the wood, and appears suddenly before the astonished minstrel. This was the young Alpino, who after wandering over foreign lands had been fettered here by the charms of Clotilda, whom he had accidentally seen during her rambles through the forest. The princess, with a gentle and encouraging smile, flings a rose from her breast across the brook which separated them, and disappears. The gift is sufficient to give hope to Alpino, who continues to dream away his time in his woodland hut, "most musical, most melancholy," in expectation of her return. But when days and weeks have elapsed without a second visit, the anxious minstrel learns that Astolpho, now delivered from the war which had occasioned the removal of his daughter, had recalled her to his court, and that the fleet which bore her homeward was already far across the ocean. With harp in hand, and with the rose in his bosom, he now sets out with the resolution of finding his mistress, travelling hill and dale in search of that distant country to which she had been borne, and sleeping after the manner of true lovers, *al fresco*, as chance might direct,

" Oft when in royal halls at revels fair

He strikes his golden harp the guests among,
He breathes in verse his longing and his care—

The pang that preyed upon his heart so long;
And sighs are heard, and tears are trickling there

In silence, at the sadness of the song;

But praise and gifts alike aside he throws,

And bends him low, and grasps his staff and goes.

But at the still and starry eve, when he

Some shady grove, some far-off vale hath found,

And to the shepherds' dance upon the lea,

And harmless mirth those magic chords resound,
Gladly he seems the simpler crown to see,

That for his meed the shepherd maid hath wound;
And whispers—Never may these gentle hearts
Feel deeper woes than those the ear imparts!

From sea to sea his wayward course he bent,

From land to land her loveliness hath rung,

It seemed as if the bow of love had lent

The chords with which the magic harp is strung;

So surely to the heart the sounds are sent,

That from the quivering strings abroad are flung;

And that same pang that drives the minstrel on,
He leaves in other hearts when he hath gone.

A year hath passed since first he left behind
His peaceful hut, led by his pilgrim vow
O'er barren rocks his gloomy way to find,
In climes unknown and paths untried till now;
When in the coolness of the morning wind,
He reached at last a mountain's rocky brow;
And bright beneath him, bathed in silver streams,
A land of town, and tower, and meadow gleams."

The plain beneath is covered with tents and banners, and thronged with crowds who seem to await the commencement of some splendid spectacle. Alpino observing a young shepherd approaching from a neighbouring wood, inquires of him the cause of this extraordinary assemblage. We shall take the liberty of condensing a little the legend of the shepherd, which is rather tedious, but is to this effect:—That the daughter of the monarch of the country had lately returned, after a long absence, more beautiful even than before her departure; and that the rival emperors of India, Taprobana, and Saba had contended, but without success, for her hand. Each had then privately formed the design of carrying her off by force, and the attempt being made at a tournament held in honour of the lady, a triple combat ensued, which was suddenly broke off by the appearance of the Fairy Queen. The complicated claims of the three emperors formed a "*dignus vindice nodus*," which, it must be admitted, justified her intervention. She decided that the lady who formed the subject of competition should in the meantime be changed into a rose, and should at last be bestowed on the person who was fortunate enough to restore her to life and her natural shape—a sentence extremely disagreeable to all parties concerned. But against the will of so absolute a monarch there is no appeal; the poor princess assumed her floral disguise; the rival kings, disappointed of their prey, separated, agreeing to meet and decide their claims on a future day; and this was the day appointed for the trial, by which the fate of the princess, like that of Portia at Belmont, was to be decided.

" We write not for that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said"—

—that the enchanted princess is Clotilda, and that Alpino had at last reached his journey's end. Passing by the gay and tumultuous assembly in the plain, he seeks the grove, within which the rose has been planted and secured.

"The giddy dance and gay festivity
 To charm the minstrel's heart have lost their power.
 Far on in holy silence wanders he,
 Where blooms in changeless green the mystic bower.
 How blest appears each bird upon the tree,
 How blest each bee that flits from flow'r to flow'r ;
 They in that happy grove may drink their fill
 Of soft delight, and wander where they will.

"As at the sound of distant melody
 Full oft the shadowy past unlocks her store,
 Each early dream, each airy phantasy,
 Each word of love we uttered long before ;
 So while the balmy scent comes floating by,
 That from the magic grove is wafted o'er,
 He feels his hope revive, and bright afar,
 Shines out once more his long-extinguished star.

"What dreams awake within, what wishes rise,
 How glows his cheek, how high his bosom beats !
 A slender fence alone between him lies,
 A step divides him from those still retreats.
 Why breaks he not at once these feeble ties ?
 He stands—approaches—trembles—and retreats :
 Could he whom once before the brook had daunted,
 Now break the spell his love had round her planted ?

"Sweet Shame, beneath whose strong security
 Defenceless beauty evermore retires,
 Who mak'st the blush of maiden modesty
 More powerful than the lover's wild desires ;
 Thine was the hand that held him back ; with thee
 Even passion sleeps and knows not of its fires ;
 The breeze which thy chaste breathing doth impart,
 Blows cool upon the warm and beating heart."

Meantime the blast of a distant trumpet sounds from the palace in the stillness of evening, and proclaims to the assembled multitude the approach of the trial. The crowd throng towards the grove, which was to be the scene of the contest, and within which, in front of the rose, the throne of Astolpho had been erected. The clang of warlike music, the waving of their distinctive banners, and the cries of the surrounding multitude, then announce the arrival of the suitors, who are now seen approaching in all the pomp of eastern splendour.

"It seemed as if the dress of each betrayed
 The hope that lurked in secret in his breast ;
 While one a diadem of gold displayed,
 Another's brow the orient pearls invest ;
 The third with that sweet flow'r adorns his head
 With which the phoenix builds her spicy nest ;

Secure of conquest each, the path they take
Where strikes the bridge of gold across the lake."

Alpino mixes among the long train of servants, who, "bright like the morn in borrowed rays," and loaded with the costly presents of the imperial rivals, follow their masters towards the scene of the trial. His harp which he bears in his hand, enables him to pass without suspicion. As the royal train approaches, the gate unfolds of itself to the sound of soft music, and gives admission to the procession within the precincts of the hallowed grove, in which all the charms of nature are concentrated, and in the centre of which is placed the mysterious flower.

"There where on high the clasping boughs are blent,
And light and shadow chequers all below;
Where odorous herbs exhale their sweetest scent,
And richer flowers of rarer beauty blow;
Where through the grass the fresh'ning waves are sent,
With sweeter murmur and with swifter flow,
There on a golden grating by the river,
The sun's last rays are seen to gleam and quiver.

"And where so bright that golden trellice gleams,
Reclines the blooming rose in magic sleep;
Wet with eternal dews its verdure seems;
Soft airs for ever round its blossoms sweep;
And as across the infant's face in dreams
From time to time the smile is seen to creep;
So in the trembling leaves at times, and over
The slumbering rose, the life half seems to hover."

Astolpho takes his seat, and round the throne the nobles and ladies of the court are ranged according to their rank. The choral song with which the ceremony commences dies away: the trumpet sounds; and Alpino with beating heart sees the Indian prince approach to try his fortune. But his gifts are offered in vain; even the liquid gold, which only once a year is drawn from its magic source, is poured ineffectually upon the slumbering flower. And now the discomfited emperor retires to make way for his brother of Taprobana, whose treasures of oriental pearl are offered with as little success. The third approaches with his Sabæan odours, from the spicy shore of Araby the blest; but he, too, is destined to retire, like his comrades, in confusion and defeat. The flower continues motionless and lifeless. A mournful silence pervades the assembly, till the minstrel, stepping forward before Astolpho's throne, entreats the monarch's permission to try the effects of his harp upon the spell which fettered the princess. The permission is granted, and the minstrel, in a strain of luxuriant sweetness, describes the birth and blossoming

of the rose, from its first opening to the day of its fullest maturity. Scarcely is the lay concluded, when a sound is heard swelling from a distance like the echo of the harp, and a sweet and rosy atmosphere spreading from the flower, crimsons and perfumes the field.

"As when across the moon-light vapours fly,
Enshrouding for a time the queen of night,
Her glory lingers in the azure sky,
Tinging the very clouds with silver light;
So gleams around that flood of crimson dye,
Shed from the mystic rose upon the sight;
Though like a dream, that flies at dawn of day,
The flower itself grows dim and dies away.

"And see! upswelling from its mossy bed,
More blooming yet, the bursting bud unfold,
Till from the full-blown rose, a lovely head
Looks out encircled by a crown of gold;
And when the leaves their verdant cover spread,
Now droops the silken robe its snowy fold;
The dews that did the mossy bud bedeck
Now hang as pearls around the ivory neck.

"Ere ceased the strain of magic melody,
Or that sweet odour of the rose decayed,
With blooming form, with maiden modesty,
With glance bewildered, stands the graceful maid:
The tender bosom sinks and swells on high,
Through which the breath of new existence played;
Loosed are the limbs that long in sleep have lain,
The foot is raised, then shrinks to earth again.

"And as, allured by the sweet days of spring,
The little birds, with newly found delight,
From bough to bough still flit with tender wing,
From tree to tree pursue their trembling flight;
So stands she, half afraid, half wondering,
Now here, now there, her wandering glances light,
Where glitter in the moon's enchanting beam,
Wood, meadow, plain, grove, blossom, cloud, and stream.

"But when at last her restless gazes light
Where kneels the minstrel by the monarch's throne,
What new enchantment thus enchains her quite,
And roots her glance on him—on him alone?
O! how with shame, with love, with fond delight,
Her bosom heaved, her beauteous aspect shone;
Still as she strove to turn her eyes away,
The lovely eyes shot back a softer ray."

While the lovers are thus standing in suspense, a star is seen slowly descending upon the grove, which opens and displays the

chariot of the fairy queen, who sits with Ianthe on her right hand, and Leontes on her left. She leaves her car, and greeting the lovers with regal courtesy, leads Alpino to the arms of those, whom every one in the least conversant with fairy history must have already recognised as his father and mother. Ianthe and Alpino, Leontes and Clotilda, are clasped in mutual embraces.

“O dear embrace! O unexpected greeting!

Where hand to hand long-parted friends extend;
Where round her son the mother's arms are meeting,
And tears of bliss the sire and daughter blend;
And faltering tongues are all around repeating
Son, daughter, father, mother, wife, or friend:
The youthful pair alone, who, heart to heart,
Most long to meet, stand blushing and apart.

“But now the sires approach, with welcome sweet,

And gently, by her tender-trembling hand,
Lead forth the bashful bride her lord to meet,
And with their blessing consecrate the band.

All nature seems in smiles the pair to greet,
With song and dance resounds the fairy strand;
Till hushed at last the bridal revel dies,
The lights grow dim, the lamps of heaven arise.”

The Queen of Faery, with her airy train, her car and her griffins, disappears; one by one the crowd disperses; and with this picture of luxurious repose, softening at last into melancholy feeling, the poem closes.

“And now the latest-lingering guest departed,
With wishes sweet, with slyly meaning smile;
The golden bands that held the bridge are parted,
And sinks into the lake the fairy pile;
Alone were they, the true, the tender-hearted,
Alone with Love at last in that sweet isle.
No prying eye is there, no envious ear
The kiss to watch, the whispered word to hear.

“The rippling waters, as they sank and rose,
A slumbrous sound like distant music made,
Bright gleamed the yellow moon above the boughs,
And touched the lawn with trembling light and shade;
Sweet in the stillness of the twilight flows
The nightingale's untutored serenade.
And in the darkening wood, o'er brooks and trees
Sweeps with its balmy breath the summer breeze.

“Scarce through the bower the struggling moonbeam shines,
Within whose bosom Love hath built his throne:
The far off carol of the bird declines,
And sinks the distant ocean's drowsy tone;

As round the rose the clasping laurel twines,
 The lovers sat embracing and alone ;
 Dumb was the night ; her secrets to the day
 The woods, the winds, the flowers alone betray.

“ Such was my song in youth, when even for me
 The bud of early pleasure seemed to blow,
 But faithless is the urn of destiny,
 And dark the lots are found that fairest show ;
 Beneath the grassy hillock slumbers she
 That lent my life that momentary glow,
 And of the dreams of other days, remain
 Nought but my love, my sorrows, and my strain.”

Schultze survived the completion of this poem only long enough to know that he had gained the prize for which he had been a competitor. Yet, like most consumptive invalids, he seemed to have no idea of the near approach of his death, and talked to the last of setting out for Italy in the spring. When the spring to which he looked forward arrived, he recovered sufficiently to enable him to bear the removal from Göttingen to his father's house at Celle ; but the journey probably brought the disease to a crisis, for his strength soon afterwards rapidly declined, and he died on the 22nd of June, 1817.

Thus, at the early age of twenty-nine, died the young and amiable Schultze, a name of some note in the martyrology of love, and no mean one in the records of poetry. Endowed by nature with many good qualities, both of head and heart ; with a disposition sincere, steadfast, and affectionate, liable to be easily offended, yet incapable of revenge ; with a fertile and brilliant imagination, with a profound admiration for the beautiful and the good, he seemed gifted with much that might give lustre to the bright side of life, or afford consolation under its disappointments. But in the original constitution of his mind, feeling had acquired an undue preponderance ; and the desultory and romantic character of his studies had tended still farther to exalt his imagination at the expense of his reasoning powers. Of fancy he had always enough, of feeling too much : what he wanted was a calm, controlling principle of judgment, to restrain the luxuriance of his imagination, to correct his natural leaning towards the vague and the mysterious, and to recal his feelings from the world of imagination to the sphere of reality. This principle time would probably have supplied, but for the unfortunate issue of his attachment, which, by exciting his feelings and concentrating them on an ideal object, aggravated and confirmed the natural defects of his character. The seclusion from society, the neglect of the duties of life, and the dreamy melancholy in which he

afterwards indulged, rendered his views daily more visionary, till his energies were dissipated on a world of enchantment, or ran to waste in the channel of mysticism and morbid sensibility.

There is a melancholy, no doubt, by which the intellect is expanded, while the heart is made better: a tempered sadness, a sober earnestness, like that of Schiller; which by occasionally recalling us to the contemplation of an ideal world, softens and refreshes those feelings which habitual intercourse with society is apt to harden. This is that melancholy which is the true source of poetical inspiration; because while it refines our feelings, and enlarges the sphere of our conceptions, it leaves us as active as ever in the exercise of our social duties; and thus preserves that mental equilibrium, that balance of the intellect, the feelings, and the fancy, which is the characteristic of the highest order of genius. Very different are its effects, when it is carried to excess as in the mind of Schultze. Excessive melancholy, like excessive levity, is a selfish feeling. It renders us solitary, suspicious, querulous; and deadens our sympathy for others, while it increases our sensibility for ourselves. Thus the social energies which should connect us with our fellow men grow indolent and dormant: the active duties of life are forgotten in the passive: gradually we lose our relish for the common and natural feelings, the simple mirth and tears that make up the mass of human life, and learn to substitute glaring and distorted portraits, which are the reflexion of our own morbid peculiarities, for those simpler forms of universal truth and beauty which all hearts at once acknowledge and admire. Such is the case with the poetical views of Schultze. Every thing with him is ideal, exaggerated, uncommon; the beings whom he has introduced, the light in which he has exhibited them, are at once fantastic and monotonous; because they are not derived from the simple yet varied storehouse of nature, but "won from the void and formless infinite" of his own imagination. His morbid feelings have narrowed his powers of mind, and confined his faculties to a peculiar channel. Even to that narrow and gloomy course it is true that his imagination has imparted beauty. He has strewed its sides with flowers; he has chequered its dark waters with the lights of a gorgeous fancy. But the stream still runs on, sluggish, unhealthy, and funereal; wasting itself in a wilderness, when a little more firmness and energy would have guided it through scenes more cheering to the heart, and haunts more accessible to humanity.

True it is, that to the young and the enthusiastic there is something imposing even in the defects of Schultze's character; something that awakens sympathy and admiration. About this

steadiness or obstinacy of feeling, perverted and overweening as it seems, it is apt to strike us as a mournful reflexion, that the best affections of the heart should be so subject to vicissitude, and that neither the warmest love nor the deepest grief should be permanent with man. It is flattering, therefore, to our pride to witness these occasional exceptions to the rule. For this devotion that loves "not wisely but too well," this sorrow that refuses to be comforted, this feeling that remains so fixed while all around is changed; all these seem to image and body forth the contest of the spirit against the influence of circumstances, to vindicate the triumph of the moral over the material portion of our nature. But it is well, after all, that these exceptions should be but occasional. Beset as life is with disappointment, it would indeed be unfortunate if all of us were endowed with that nervous sensibility which loves to perpetuate grief, which extracts a pleasure from pain itself, and would rather sit weeping over the ruin of its hopes, than exert the necessary courage and perseverance to rebuild the edifice. Wiser and better it is that our natures are generally so constituted as to render consolation inevitable; that time and the hour insensibly wear down the sharpest sorrow, and that even the petty wants and daily duties of life which at first appeared so distasteful, by compelling us to exertion, and excluding the indulgence of a visionary grief, become the means of gradually restoring the heart to its tranquillity, and the mind to the healthful possession of its energies. "To be ignorant of evils to come," says Sir Thomas Browne, "and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in our nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions."

ART. III.—*Fragmens Philosophiques*, par Victor Cousin, Professeur Suppléant de l'histoire de la Philosophie moderne à la Faculté des Lettres de l'Académie de Paris, Maître de Conférence à l'ancienne Ecole Normale. Paris, 1826. 8vo.

PROFESSOR COUSIN informs us, in the work which stands at the head of this article, that he is employed in effecting a reformation in the metaphysical opinions current in France. He says that the age is already prepared for a change, and that that change will terminate in a system, probably not very dissimilar to his own. The facility with which foreign, particularly French, theories are received by us, makes it incumbent on some one to present them naked and undisguised to the public, lest the ornaments of style and manner should give currency to opinions,

which in themselves can add little to our knowledge or happiness. In the execution of his work we think M. Cousin quite felicitous; he always writes perspicuously and elegantly. But we have a heavy charge to make against him on the score of candour. Any reader would imagine that the opinions advanced in the *Fragments Philosophiques* were the result of M. Cousin's own invention. The constant recurrence of the phrase, "*selon moi*," appended to each particular theory, gives to it the relish of novelty, and to the author the merit of originality. But the German scholar knows, that in nine cases out of ten in which the "*selon moi*" occurs, the opinion so appropriated is "*selon tout le monde*" in Germany; and in the tenth case, it is usually a trivial modification.

In order to give the reader a notion of M. Cousin's work, it will be necessary to take an historical view of the progress of metaphysics in Germany since the time of Kant. For the *Fragments Philosophiques* may be looked upon as an attempt to introduce the modern German metaphysics into France. We fear, that in the execution of this task, we shall not always be so intelligible as we could wish. The German language possesses expressions which are scarcely translatable into any other. But in addition to the natural difficulties, the German metaphysics afford a most eminent example of that dialect which Swift calls the "*Babylonic*." We have avoided all the scholastic jargon, and, wherever we could, preferred stating the sense, in plain English, to giving it packed up in those short expressions which stand for a whole proposition. The reader, however, we fear, will still find many barbarisms, but we trust to his indulgence and proceed with our task.

It may be easily shown that Locke's account of the origin of our knowledge leads to atheism. He himself possessed too much good sense and piety to be consistent with his own philosophy. Berkeley, however, and Hume, drew from his premises, though for very different objects, the conclusions to which they strictly led.

All our knowledge, says Locke, is derived from *sensation* or from *reflection*. By the former we are made conscious of things *external*, by the latter we are made conscious of things *internal*, or of the operation of our own minds; the amount of which doctrine is, that we know nothing but that of which we are immediately conscious.

Berkeley, taking the truth of Locke's doctrine for granted, showed that there could be no such thing as matter, or an external world. For, by our senses we were made conscious of sensations only, and not of matter itself; and sensations were

affections of *mind*. From Aristotle to Locke, it had been asserted that our sensations were copies of the real objects which produced them. Berkeley proved that a sensation, that is, an affection of mind, could never be a copy of any thing that did not resemble mind, namely matter.

Hume, however, was not content to stop at this point of the investigation, but used Berkeley's own weapons to overturn his doctrines. We are not more conscious, he argued, of mind in itself, than we are of matter in itself. All that we are immediately conscious of, are *ideas* and impressions; consequently nothing but ideas and impressions exist. Following up this chain of reasoning with his unrivalled sagacity, Hume attacked the principle of causation; and by debasing our notion of cause into a mere habit of thought, he struck at the very root of all order and all religion. Whence is our notion of cause derived? said he, Is it from sensation? Surely not; for our senses only show that the two events, which we call cause and effect, follow each other, and never that they are necessarily connected. Is it then from reflection? But we only reflect on our sensations; and as these do not contain the notion of cause, so no reflection can discover it in them. Finding, therefore, that those sources of our knowledge, which Hume believed with Locke to be the only ones, afforded no clue to that firm belief which mankind have in the notion of cause, he declared it to be a mere idea, a habit of the mind acquired by seeing two events always succeeding each other in the same order. Power, efficacy, necessary connexion, &c. he looked upon as sounds without real meaning.

It is impossible for the mind to remain long in doubt, and where it cannot cling to truth it embraces error. Even in those cases in which scepticism has been indulged, the penalty has not been trifling, which attends a wilful separation from the feelings and thoughts common to our species. The picture which the calm and philosophic Hume has given us of the state of his own mind, is truly appalling. He describes himself as afraid to think; for he knows not to what conclusions he may arrive, and what barriers he may create between himself and the rest of mankind. Perhaps it was at some such moment of mental solitude, that the *Essay on Suicide* was written.*

An effect not dissimilar to that which his own notions had on Hume, seems to have been produced by his scepticism on the philosophic mind in general.

By a careful examination of Hume's reasonings their foundation was traced to the false account which Locke had presented of the

* In his *Treatise on Human Nature*.

origin of our knowledge. Dr. Reid began this work, and Dugald Stewart has continued it. The opinions of these philosophers are familiar to every metaphysician; we shall only stop, therefore, to say that they fully confute Locke's account of the sources of knowledge, and establish as a fact that there are certain necessary truths, or first principles, which are laws of the mind, and not derived from sensation.

While Hume's doubts gave rise to the labours of these philosophers in Great Britain, they had fixed the attention of an extraordinary man, living obscurely in an obscure part of Germany, who, after long and silent meditation on the mysterious functions of the mind, at last brought forth a work which gave a new impulse to philosophy.

Kant himself has told us how much he was struck with Hume's remarks on causation. He was struck first with the arguments adduced by Hume to show that the notion was not acquired from experience; and secondly, he was no less so with the impossibility of the mind getting quit of the notion. Instead of giving up the fact in despair, or resolving it into a mere habit of thought, Kant perceived that the law of causation was a law of the mind, not derived from experience, but arising with it; not innate, but connate; written as it were in invisible ink, and requiring only the *scorch* of experience,—the contact of an external world,—to make it legible. He then inquired whether there were other laws of the mind, and the result was, his "Critique of Pure Reason."

From Plato down to himself, every philosopher had traced the origin of our knowledge to something *without* us; Kant began to examine the mind in itself, and to try to determine what its laws were in themselves; to see what the *machinery*, as it were, was capable of before it was put in motion; to ascertain what it could perform, and thus to determine the rationale of its action.

On looking into the principle of causation, he found that the marks which characterized it, were, that it was universal, and that it was necessary; for it is impossible for us not to admit "that every thing which begins to exist must have a cause." There are other truths, however, which did not possess this character of universality and necessity, but were, what is termed, generalizations. Thus, that all substances are heavy is a general truth, but it is not one which is universally or necessarily believed; for light, electricity, &c. are not heavy. Human knowledge, therefore, according to Kant, is made up of these two classes of truths; the one class characterised as universal and necessary, the other as *contingent* or general. The contingent

truths were derived from experience, that is, through the medium of the senses. The necessary truths, he asserted, could not be derived from experience; for a multitude of experiments only gave you a general conclusion, and you could say that as far as the induction went, such and such was the case; but you could never assert, that what is true of a hundred, or a hundred thousand instances, is true of every other instance that can possibly take place. The truth grows, as it were, with the number of the experiments, and a conclusion derived from one hundred of them is not so firm as one derived from ten times that number.

Now with respect to the necessary truths, the mind does not wait for a multitude of experiments to draw the conclusion, but the truth is perceived in the very first, and perceived as necessary and universal; and a hundred repetitions neither add to nor diminish its force.

All our knowledge begins *with* experience, but all our knowledge does not flow *out* of it. These necessary truths, therefore, must be presented to us, enveloped, as it were, in some individual fact; for without some impression on the senses, that is, without some individual fact, we should never be conscious. If, for example, I *will* any thing, that which I will is an individual and determinate fact, a matter of experience; but in this fact I observe two parts, one of which is variable, the other invariable. The variable part of the fact is that which I will. I may will any thing; I may produce a movement on myself, or on the matter around me: but whatever movement be produced, I look on myself as the cause, and on the movement as the effect. This is the invariable part of the fact. I may change the terms as much as I please, but the relation of cause to effect, the notion of causality, remains unchanged. And a hundred different facts of willing do not add a tittle to the belief derived from the first fact.

It is in vain to seek for the origin of these necessary truths in sensation. We may torment that faculty as much as we please, but it will never give us any other knowledge but that derived from experience. And as no experience can be infinite, so from experience we can but arrive at general conclusions, and never at absolute certainty. Our notion of space, in which pure mathematics are founded, is not a matter of experience; for, no man, by any of his senses, can measure, or see, or feel any thing but a particular space, which would be limited, but never an infinite space. Space, time, substance, cause, are necessary notions, existing in the mind *à priori*, and evolved, but not constituted by experience. It is the existence of the notion of space in the mind, prior to, and independent, in a certain sense, of experience,

that gives to mathematical demonstration the character of absolute necessity.

There are other notions, those of the good and the beautiful, which cannot be derived from sensation. Thus, therefore, the origin of morals and of art is snatched from the variable philosophy of sensation, and fixed on a basis as firm as the mind itself.

It was the great object of Kant to ascertain the number of these necessary truths, and thus to give a complete picture of the mind itself, as well as a more noble account of the origin of our knowledge. These necessary truths have been traced to the REASON, and hence this word is not used as we use it. The Germans do not define reason to be a source of knowledge by means of conclusions, or *reasoning*, but a source of immediate knowledge, a source of these necessary truths, a faculty which perceives truths without the intervention of any thing else. To limit reason to a mere reasoning faculty is fraught with great danger; for, as it is by no syllogism, no logical process, no reasoning, that we come to a notion of cause, so that notion might be resolved into a mere feeling, which might vary in various individuals; and so with all the rest of the necessary truths. But if these necessary truths constitute the reason in itself, then nothing can shake their validity and reality. And surely these truths are eminently reasonable, since we can neither get quit of them, nor suppose a contrary to them, without involving an absurdity.

It was the contemplation of these necessary truths, and the impossibility of deriving our notions of the beautiful, the true, and the good, from the objects of this sensible world, that led the imaginative Plato to form the splendid fiction of the human soul. That it once was pure and happy, and dwelt in a celestial abode; that it was then imprisoned in our clay, and thus lost all traces of its heavenly origin, save these immutable ideas. Hence he inculcates upon us to elevate ourselves from the objects of sense and passion, and once more, by the contemplation of these, to hold communion with higher spheres.

After establishing the distinction between contingent and necessary truths, Kant proceeds to analyse the faculties by which we acquire knowledge, namely, sense, understanding, and reason. It is not our object to give a detailed view of his system, but merely to put the reader in possession of so much of it as will show how it has given rise to the modern metaphysical doctrines in Germany.

Kant's system leads to pure Idealism; this, we are aware, is not admitted by many of his followers, but it is nevertheless true. He denied that the mind was ever capable of knowing what things were in themselves. All that we imagine to be external

and extended, is not really so; we make it so; for space is not a real existence, but a mode of the mind; a law, by which the mind perceives things extended, just as the eye perceives all things coloured red, if viewed through red glass. Neither is time a reality out of the mind, but a mode or law of the mind, by which it takes cognizance of things in succession. The laws which we perceive to exist in nature, are not really laws which exist out of us, but are laws of the mind, categories, which we impose on nature; and we are obliged to see nature in this order, and under these laws, in order to see her at all. Neither have we, according to Kant, any notion of the supernatural or the divine essence. "In order to know, the perception must have an object to correspond with it. But we have no perception of a Deity as an object; we, therefore, have no knowledge of him." The idea which every one possesses of an ETERNAL he declared to be a mere conception, in the same sense that a centaur is a mere conception, having no existence out of the mind. This conception he called a logical regulator of the mind. It was a law of the reason to strive after the greatest unity: man was constantly governed by a want of it. He unites all the phenomena of mind, and refers them to one substance called the soul. He unites all the phenomena of the sensible world, and calls them matter. After having constituted these two unities, he then elevates his mind to the highest unity, or the ETERNAL FIRST CAUSE.

What then has Kant left us that we do know as real and out of the mind? All the phenomena of nature are modifications of mind, and all the laws which govern these phenomena but laws of the mind. And all supernatural ideas but mere conceptions of the mind. Thus nature and nature's law, the soul, the Deity, &c. are, as far as we are concerned, but modes of thought. It is true that he takes for granted that there are realities external to us, which are the causes of these modifications of the mind: but what is the meaning of causes *out of us*, existences *besides our own*, when outness or space has no reality except in the mind? To us, therefore, the philosophy of Kant seems the most disheartening, cold and miserable, possible. It opposes reason to our firmest convictions, and thus shakes the very foundations of knowledge.

His celebrated exposition of time and space fits in well with Hume's definition of scepticism. It admits of no answer, and leaves no conviction. We have read it once and again with all the attention of which we are capable, and this seems to us the result of his reasoning. He proves that the notions of time and space cannot be derived from experience; that they are not general ideas; that they exist in the mind *a priori*. Granted; but surely there is a hiatus in the reasoning, when it is asserted that

because these notions are intuitive notions of the mind, therefore space and time are not real existences out of the mind.

In the moral part of his system, Kant was most happily guilty of a great inconsistency. He proved the existence of a moral law, which unconditionally forced us to judge between the good and the evil, and from this law he deduced the certainty of liberty, immortality, and God. He therefore assigned to this law of the reason a reality which he denied to the others; as if reason were less reasonable at one time than another. The latter furnished us with no notions of other existences; the former was a revelation which implied a revealer. We may say, therefore, with M. Cousin, that the "Critique of the Practical Reason" must always be looked upon as one of the most splendid monuments which philosophic genius has ever erected to disinterested virtue.

Fichte, viewing Kant's system as one of pure idealism, tried to complete it, and endeavoured to show how every thing was constructed by the Ego* out of itself. According to him the Ego was the only existence; it was an infinite self-moving energy; and by its own inherent powers, it formed nature and her laws. It would be irksome to enter into the details of a system so opposed to the common sense of mankind. In Germany Fichte is esteemed one of the deepest thinkers among her philosophers; his premises once being granted, it is said, the conclusions are irresistible. But few have allowed him his postulates, and he has more than once modified his views to those of Schelling, whose system we shall now detail, after premising a few observations.

The doctrine of matter being composed of hard, impenetrable atoms, is, we believe, universally given up by the Germans. Natural philosophy has become spiritualised; laws and forces are alone objects of discovery; and matter is declared to be an energy or "activity," as they term it. Matter is that which fills space by its resistance; but resistance is only possible through a *power* that resists. What we term inertia, or the passiveness of matter, is but the equilibrium of opposing forces; and when this equilibrium is destroyed, as for example in chemical changes, motion and activity become visible, and continue until the equilibrium be restored. Common language assigns energy to mind. In Schelling's system, therefore, this world is declared to be a system of forces or energies, where all is combat, and all is change. All these forces are but modifications of one eternal substance, which in the modern German school is called the *absolute*, or that which is absolutely necessary, and beyond which the mind seeks for no other exist-

* We are forced to use this old scholastic term here; for mind itself is, in Fichte's system, created out of it. It means simply "the *person* divested of the other qualities of mind."

ence. It is unnecessary to remind the reader that the notion of something eternal is inherent in the human mind. Each of the four forms of belief which comprise all others, start with it. The Atheist calls it eternal nature; the Hylozoist, *anima mundi*; the Pantheist styles it the absolute; and the Theist, God. Without stopping to dwell on the nature of this absolute force, we shall merely say, that it is considered as an *unconscious reason*, which is, at the same time, the same as the principle of life.* This view is similar to, if not the same with, that on which the ancient mythos was founded; and intellectual beings, the gods of heathenism, were made to spring out of powers which possessed no intellect, namely, chaos and night.

* The reader may be curious to know, how such a notion as an *unconscious reason* can possibly be entertained, and on what grounds. Bouterwek, in his "Religion of Reason," has the following paragraph on the subject, which we transcribe as a curiosity:—"That such a Reason is not the Self-knowing Reason of Man, and that it is opposed to every meaning assigned to the word Reason in common life, needs no proof. But the self-conscious human Reason develops itself with the development of the Body, and, by degrees, becomes conscious of itself. Must it not therefore, in order to develop itself, in order to be able to attain to consciousness, exist already as a spiritual capacity, prior to attaining consciousness? The notion of an Unconscious Reason, therefore, does not contradict itself, inasmuch as we can look upon it as a mere spiritual Capacity or Energy. This Energy may further be considered as Eternal and dwelling in Nature, and from Nature entering into Man. According to the Pantheist, an Eternal Unconscious Reason is the Absolute. It is the Absolute Spiritual Energy: out of it Nature arises as a totality or sum of Actions and Powers, and these Actions and Powers, in their turn, give rise to those phenomena, which are objects of sense. The Absolute Energy, the Eternal Unconscious Reason, is, at the same time, the Universal Principle of Life. Material objects, therefore, according to this doctrine, are only phenomena of the Universal Life of Nature. This life becomes individualised by organisation; and as the series of organisations is gradually perfected, this Principle of Life at last attains to consciousness; and thus an individual, which at first was but a mode of the Universal Life, learns to know, and to separate itself from objects around it. Notwithstanding, it is still, in essence, the same in kind with the rest of Nature. The Conscious Human Reason, according to this view, is but a manifestation of the Eternal Unconscious Reason."—*Religion der Vernunft*, p. 46.

It is scarcely worth while commenting on so wild a doctrine. It is evident we can have no experience of such an unconscious reason in ourselves. For if an intellectual process, or capacity, or energy, ever did exist without consciousness, as we are by the supposition *not as yet conscious*, so we cannot know of its existence.

The puzzling phenomena of instinct are looked upon by some as an unconscious reason. A bee constructs its cell, and practically solves a very difficult mathematical proposition, and that without being conscious that the form of the cell is the best possible. But are we to conclude from this that the bee and its instincts are the results of an unconscious reason? We might just as well assert, that a watch or a steam engine is the result of an unconscious reason, because, in sooth, the effects produced are unaccompanied by consciousness in the machine! A man who can look on the wonderful instincts of Nature, and see the minutest and humblest of living atoms producing the greatest revolutions in the face of the globe, who can observe the nice balance established between the different grades of animated beings, and see how all is beautiful, and all is order,—a man, we say, that can see this, and see it as the result of an unconscious reason, will believe any thing. If this be Philosophy, this the boasted superiority of enlightened minds, we fervently hope that its light may never shine on us; or the very fear of it might induce us to write, like Franklin, in our journal, "From this day I have renounced the study of metaphysics."

We have already said that conception is not knowledge; and should the reader be involved in the Cimmerian obscurity of metaphysical doubts, he will do well to bear our remark in mind, for it will assist him in a world of difficulties. A centaur is a conception, but no reality: we can and do conceive "nothing;" that is, the word has a meaning, but to say that "nothing" is a reality out of the mind, is a palpable absurdity, for then nothing would be something. Now we can form a notion of reason, and another of unconsciousness, and coupling them together, we conceive an unconscious reason. But these are empty sounds, or "mere conceits," as they are termed in common parlance. We have no more notion of a real unconscious reason, than we have of a real unextended piece of matter; and the latter idea may exist in the imagination just as well, and with as much pretension to sound philosophy, as the former.

Schelling, not contented with determining what we do know, and what the mind is capable of knowing, attempted to solve the question, How we know that matter acts on mind? And he answered it by supposing that mind and matter were the same, in the eternal or absolute force, or, to use his own expression, were neutralized (*indifferenziert*). He believed that this identity of matter and mind was a fact perceived by the reason spontaneously; and according to him, they who cannot feel this revelation, want the first requisite of philosophising.

Another set of absolutists endeavour to prove the identity of mind and matter by reasoning. Spinoza, Giordano Bruno, in former times, and Professor Hegel, of Berlin, in the present day, may be regarded as the representatives of this school, although they differ from one another in their modes of proof.

It is a *fact* that we can so think of the Eternal, the Absolute, the *Ens Realissimum*, that all separate existences are merged in it, just as all particular portions of space are contained in, and form parts of, an infinite space. Now the question is, Is this a mere conception, or are all existences only forms of one eternal existence, as all measurable spaces are but parts of one immensurable space? The absolutists draw their conclusions from our metaphysical notions of possibility and necessity, existence and creation.—(*seyn* and *werden*.*) If it can be shown that all attempts to deduce the finite from the infinite, the temporal from the eternal, resolve themselves into mere logical quibbles, the doctrines of the absolutists must necessarily fall to the ground.

* *Werden* is not quite correctly translated by *creation*, inasmuch as that implies a creator, but it simply means "to become."

We shall translate Bruno's argument, from Bouterwek's "Religion of Reason," one of the best works, and one of the least mystified, of the German metaphysical school.

"The principle of all existence is one and the same as the foundation of all possibility: The principle of all existence must be Thought, as that which is absolutely necessary: consequently, possibility and necessity are the same, in the principle of all existence. But besides the principle of all existence, Nothing is absolutely necessary in a metaphysical sense; Nothing, therefore, is possible. And as this principle of all existence, or the Absolute force, is necessarily Thought as one, so all things are at bottom but the same. And the different phenomena of nature are but different modes or aspects of this one force."

In viewing this chain of reasoning, it is undoubtedly true that we must think all existences to be grounded in the principle of all existence, and likewise all that is possible, and all that is necessary. But what are the meanings of these words, *possibility* and *necessity*?

These terms are used relatively, and that relation is to the principle of causation. We say such an effect *necessarily* follows from such a cause; and here the idea of necessity gives us no notion whatever of the nature of the two realities constituting the cause and the effect. Of the *essence* of the two things we positively know nothing.

We say, also, that nothing is possible without a cause; and here, too, the term "possible" expresses nothing but the *relation* between things, of the nature of which things we know nothing. We consider the Absolute, or the principle of all existence, as *necessary*, because by a law of our nature we must have a first cause. Without a cause nothing is possible. Hence, too, the Absolute must be looked upon as the foundation of all things possible. But separate these terms from the relation they express between things, and they have no meaning. What is a possibility in itself? What is a necessity in itself? If possibility meant something real, as for example let us suppose it meant Matter, a real existence, and necessity meant Mind, another real existence, then it is true that when we think of an Absolute or principle of all existence, we think also of the grounds of all possibility and necessity *in it*. And in this case we should be forced to allow that mind and matter, God and nature, were one. But since the terms possible and necessary possess no meaning, except when they connect, in a certain relation, things, which we necessarily think as separate, in order to render their connexion possible, it is evident that we are just as wise as before, as to the *nature* of

the first cause, or how mind and matter proceed from it, and what they are in themselves.

Again, when we call the Absolute the principle of all existence, we have the notion merely of a first cause. When, however, we call it the essence of things, and then prove from it that all things are but modes of this first cause, it is evident that we are begging the question. We first make the Absolute the *essence* of all things, and then *prove* that all things are but this essence.

Besides, the attempt to deduce the finite from the infinite also involves a *petitio principii*. For suppose all things are one, the very moment we are about to show by reasoning how individual realities are separated, we have already thought them separate. The fact is, the notion of individual existences separate from the eternal, is not derived from any consideration of the notion of the eternal or absolute, but from a conviction of our own individuality; and no man in his senses believes he is not a being separate and distinct. The mind never confounds itself with matter, or either with the first cause. The enigma of Creation, in spite of the reasoning of the absolutists, is not a whit cleared; and it may be safely asserted, that the human mind is wholly incapable of showing how *individual* realities proceed from a first cause.

After the absolutist has, either by reasoning, or by a direct act of the reason, been convinced of the existence of a force or power of which all things are but modifications; after calling this force the Absolute, and debasing it by declaring it to be at once the Principle of Life, and a Reason Unconscious of its own existence, until, by a succession of organizations, it attains to consciousness in Man,—he then proceeds to show how all those truths which we have called necessary, are revelations of the absolute. It is at this point we shall take up M. Cousin. He has carefully kept out of sight any *very* direct explanation of the nature of the absolute; and the names of Schelling or Hegel occur so very rarely in the pages of his work, that the reader is unacquainted with the fact, that all that appears to be original in the *Fragments Philosophiques* is to be traced to the Germans in general, and to these two in particular.

If we examine our own minds, we are conscious of three different classes of facts. Facts of reason, facts of volition, and facts of sense. These three classes comprise, according to the Germans and M. Cousin, the whole of the mind. The analysis of reason, therefore, the will, and sensation, will afford a complete analysis of mind.

1. The Reason—*judges* the true, the good, and the beautiful.

2. The Will*—contains attention, comparison, and a portion of memory, viz. reminiscence.
3. The Sensation—comprehends all the objects of our senses, and all our passions and appetites.

1. The Imagination, or the Productive faculty, is the same as the Reason, at least so they say; and pure mathematics are adduced to prove that the Reason is a creative faculty. Few persons, we think, will subscribe to this dogma, since few can persuade themselves that fancying is knowing. The facts of sense are necessary, that is, they are not contingent or dependent on us: we do not make them, but are forced to know them. Rational facts are also necessary; and we neither make a proposition more nor less reasonable; we simply perceive it, just as passively as we do any object of sense, and can no more help being convinced, than we can help seeing with our eyes open.

Voluntary facts are the only ones which we impute to ourselves; we feel we are the authors, and the sole authors, of them. The will is not something different from the *Ego* or person, but is the person itself. For if this were not the case, if the person was one thing, and will another, then there would be, says M. Cousin, impersonal volitions.

We find ourselves, therefore, placed in a world foreign to us, and between two orders of phenomena, which do not belong to us; those of sense, and those of reason. We perceive, moreover, only by a light, which is not ours; for our personality is our will, and nothing more. It is the Reason which perceives; for to perceive is to know, and the Reason alone knows.

Consciousness is composed of three integrant and inseparable elements. Its most immediate foundation is the Reason. Had we no organs of sense, we should never be conscious. Sense is therefore the exterior condition of consciousness. The Will or the person is its centre, and Reason the light.

Reason is impersonal in its nature. It is not we who make it; and so little is it individual, that its characteristic is precisely the reverse, namely, universality and necessity. In a mathematical demonstration, for example, we are not the authors of our conviction. No act of ours makes it more or less true. Neither is the conviction of the truth confinable to us; for we feel that at all times, in all places, and to all men, the proposition must be true; that is, it is *absolutely* true; true of an *absolute* truth. The Reason is manifested in other sciences besides the mathematical.

* "*L'activité volontaire.*" The term will be explained when the will is analysed.

All science* is only science inasmuch as it contains necessary truths: we acknowledge these implicitly, and it is out of our power not to acknowledge them.

As every truth is necessarily this or that truth, and contains, moreover, something that constitutes it a *truth*, so every science is necessarily some particular science, but contains, moreover, an element in it which impresses it with the character of science. What is this element common to all the sciences, and independent of their individual application? It is the Reason. Observation discovers certain principles in every science which appear superior to mere observation, independent, true at all times and places, because they are true in themselves.

An enumeration of these necessary truths has been attempted by Aristotle, Kant, and Reid. The two latter have not given us a complete set. But M. Cousin is of opinion that the categories of Aristotle contain them all, and also thinks that these may be further simplified and reduced to two: the law of causality, and the law of substance. The law of causality is thus enunciated. "Every thing which begins to exist must have a cause. The law of substance is—Every quality supposes a subject, a real existence, of which it is the quality. The law of causality leads us to a first cause, and the law of substance to a real being. Thus reason reveals to us, as absolutely true, the existence of things, of which the senses cannot take any cognizance."

The laws of Reason are therefore absolute; they do not belong to me more than to you; they do not belong to humanity, but govern it, inasmuch as we are forced to acknowledge them, forced to be convinced, forced mentally to obey. They oblige the Will, but do not constrain it. Neither do they belong to external nature. The universe represents them; the universe belongs to them, since it is ordered by them. They constitute, therefore, a world of themselves, towering above man and nature, and governing both. This is the intelligible world of Plato; the independent sphere of ideas. The law of causality refers them to an intelligent substance; but man of himself could never elevate

* The Science of sciences, Primary science, are terms used by the Germans to denote necessary truths, which necessary truths are but the manifestations of the absolute reason. We quote a passage from Bacon, which probably gave rise to the thought.

"But as the division of the sciences are not like different lines that meet at one angle, but rather like the branches of trees that join in one trunk; it is first necessary to constitute an universal science as a parent to the rest, and making a part of the common road before the ways separate. This knowledge we call "*Philosophia prima*," Primitive or Primary Philosophy. It has no other for its opposite, and differs from other sciences in the limits whereby it is confined."

"But what we mean is without ambition to design some general science for the reception of axioms not peculiar to any one science, but common to them all."—Dr. AUG. SC. (*Philosophy*.)

himself to the contemplation of this substance. It descends to him. "So Reason," says M. Cousin, "is literally a revelation universal and necessary; the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; the necessary mediator between God and man; the Λόγος of Pythagoras and Plato; the Word made flesh; at once both God and man."—(p. xliii. preface.) Such is the analysis of Reason.

2. Of all active phenomena the most striking is undoubtedly the Will. It is a fact, that amid all the movements which exterior agents excite in us in spite of ourselves, we possess the power of beginning an opposite movement. We first conceive it; we next deliberate if we shall carry it into execution; and then we resolve and carry it into effect. The fact is certain, and what is no less so, is, that the movement to be effected puts on a new character; for we impute it to ourselves as its cause. "To will, to cause, to exist for ourselves, are synonymous terms;" for we never refer or impute any thing to ourselves which we do not cause, and we cause nothing but what we will.

"The phenomenon of willing contains, therefore, the following points. 1. We predetermine an act to be done. 2. We deliberate as to the means. 3. We choose or resolve. If we look well into these three steps of willing, it will be seen that the Reason constitutes the first and even the second entirely; for the Reason alone predetermines and deliberates." The third step is not, however, that of the Reason, but of the Will or person.

The Reason, therefore, mixes in every voluntary act or resolve; but, to use M. Cousin's words, "it mixes in a reflected form; for to predetermine and deliberate is reflection." But, continues he, "can a reflected operation be a primitive one? to will is to know you can resolve and act, that you can deliberate and choose; and whence do we know this, but from knowing that we have acted otherwise, *without* deliberation, or *predetermination*; that is to say, without reflection, or spontaneously." The act prior to reflection, therefore, is the result of what M. Cousin calls, the spontaneity. It is a fact attested by common language, and common experience, that, by a sort of inspiration, an immediate perception, without reflection, and without any impulse from without, we see what is to be done, and do it. Hence the expressions,—the "thought flashed across me"—"it struck me."

The characteristic of all voluntary acts is, that they may be repeated, and can be evoked before our faculty of consciousness, and examined at leisure. But the spontaneous act, once past, is past for ever; and when by an act of the Will it is recalled, it is no longer spontaneous, but voluntary; that is, it is accompanied with reflection. Reflection, in principle and in fact, says M.

Cousin, must be posterior to spontaneity. Reflection is a retrograde act, and implies a state prior to retrogression; but as nothing can be in the reflected act which was not previously in the spontaneous, so what has been said of the one is true of the other, and they are both causes, and both refer to the *Ego* or person.

We have hitherto been speaking of two sets of *actions*, the spontaneous and the voluntary. But actions imply an actor; these actions must be the result of some force; now what is this force or power which reveals itself by its acts?

That which is common to both these acts is, that they are free; that is, they refer to a cause which has its point of departure from within itself. This is the proper notion of liberty. If it be said that voluntary acts are alone free, then every free act must be accompanied by deliberation, and preceded by predetermination. And we must assert, says M. Cousin, that the enthusiasm of the poet or the painter at the moment of creation is the result of reflection, that the actions of the mass of mankind are all preceded by reflection. But so far is the Will from being in itself free, that common language has appended to it the epithet of Free-will; thus referring its freedom to something less limitedly free than itself. The Will, therefore, is only a form, a mode, or phenomenon of a force; which force is the "liberty," (*la liberté*) in itself. The spontaneity is another form of the same force. The liberty in itself never falls under our observation. We observe acts which are free: these reflect the liberty in act, but do not constitute the liberty in power. Contrasted with its phenomena, the liberty, says M. Cousin, is that which is indetermined; that which contains in itself the power of action, but has not yet passed into any determinate act, either spontaneous or voluntary: like every thing simple, it is difficult to be defined.

This force, which is sometimes called the activity, (*activitat*, German,) sometimes the liberty, sometimes the personal force, sometimes the human force, is the intellectual activity in itself, it is Man; not this or that individual, but Man. The individual or person, our personality, in short, is an effect of this force. In the will our personality is most fully declared, for every act of the will is accompanied by deliberation and choice. *I* deliberate. *I* choose. In the spontaneous act our personality is more obscurely declared, for there is no deliberation or choice, merely action. In the liberty or activity, the foundation of spontaneity and will, there is no reference to an individual, no personality. "Here," says M. Cousin, "we are at the analysis of the *Ego*, a real substance, active, anterior and superior to all

phenomenal activity, immortal and inexhaustible amid all its temporary modes."—*Preface*, p. xxxiii.

3. We have but a few words to say on Sensation, the third and last faculty of man. We are conscious of sensations; the law of causality forces us to refer them to a cause external to us, for we ourselves are not the causes of our sensations. We may vary the phenomena of sensation as much as we please, says M. Cousin, yet our experience only develops the notion of cause. Thus, we learn the existence of something which *causes* in us the sensations of heat, cold, hard, soft, &c. but what that something is in itself, we never learn from sensation. Hence, the external world is but an assemblage of causes, corresponding to our sensations real and possible. Now, in the analysis of Will, the personal force or the activity was a *cause*; and as the other force or matter is also a source of causes, "so nature is sister to man—animated, active, and alive, like him."—p. xxxv.

To sum up, then,—three phenomena are necessary to constitute consciousness, and they must be co-existent. Without the activity or *I*, there could be no consciousness, for the person, to be conscious, would not be there; without the external world there could be no cause of sensation; and as the person is conscious only by perceiving, that is by the intervention of the reason, so Reason must be there too. This is the triplicity which constitutes the unity of conscience.

The Reason being only the action of the two great laws of causality and substance refers sensation to an external cause, a force called matter: and the interior action to an internal cause or the *I*. But these two causes, viz. the external and internal, nature and man, must have their cause, for the law of causality forces us to seek an existence beyond which no other is to be thought. Now, nature and man being *two*, neither of them can be the first cause or the absolute. As the first cause is the only substance, it follows that nature, man, and God, are one.—p. xl.

Such is a sketch of the philosophical system which M. Cousin hopes to introduce into France. The reader must look into the *Fragments Philosophiques* for a further detail: we wished merely to give an outline. He will there find much to astonish, and not a little to improve his mind. As to that portion of this philosophy which treats of the moral, the good, and the beautiful, we are not aware that there is any thing to object to it. It is founded on Kant's most excellent work, "The Critique of the Practical Reason." It may seem strange how any moral can be appended to a philosophy which is decidedly pantheistical. But the history of the human mind proves how little our moral notions are

dependent on our philosophical reasonings. Locke was a pious Christian in spite of his philosophy; and, in spite of his doctrine, Spinoza was one of the best and most guileless of men. Fichte and Schelling are numbered among the most eloquent advocates of virtue, although the God of the one is a result of the personal force, the *Ego*—and that of the other, an eternal unconscious Reason. Nature has most happily been more bountiful of instinct than reason. And though philosophy may elevate the instinct of devotion to the contemplation of a Being which reason can worship, yet mankind will bow down with fervor to the work of their own hands, to stocks and stones, rather than remain without a God. Among the followers of Schelling* there are, and there must be, some who have a holy yearning towards the infinite, who live in the consciousness that all around them is alive, and die with the hope of being resolved into that power, which is all in all, the beauty and might of nature, and the majesty of man. To such, it is in vain to say, that a power which is unconscious of its own existence until it knows itself in *man*, is not, and cannot be, an object of adoration to the conscious reason. We feel that our consciousness is a higher faculty than that unconscious power; which, after all, is a phantasy of the mind. There may, therefore, be much truth in the moral part of the philosophy of Schelling, or of M. Cousin, and little in the theoretical. No philosophy is entirely false; it is only from its containing some fragment of truth that it ever imposes upon man. The reader will find in M. Cousin's Syllabus of his Lectures some most important hints to further the establishment of a just theory of morals in this country, a developement, indeed, of Dugald Stewart's excellent work, "Outlines of Moral Philosophy." Surely, *virtue* is something more than the *expediency* of Paley, or a *feeling of disinterestedness* of the Scotch school. Expediency is variable, and that feeling, for aught we know, is but an impulse of the hearts of those whom the world call the good-hearted. When we contemplate a good action, we unconditionally pronounce it good; all do this, though all do not follow the dictates of that law which judges of good and bad. We feel too that he who has done good, merits reward. No reasoning, no complicated analysis, is necessary to convince us of the heroism of Regulus or Leonidas. If our assent be the effect of reasoning, only show us the process, and we give up the argument. Men differ in

* Schelling has not completed his Philosophy, although thirty years have elapsed since the publication of his first work. His notions of the Deity have not as yet been fully stated. He has, however, typified his "absolute," under the symbol of a *magnet*! one pole of which is mind, the other matter, and the middle a neutralisation of the two, which neutralisation is the absolute.

what they call good and bad, because it is not in man to dive into the motives of an action; were all motives known, there would be no difference of judgment about them. Reason about the matter as much as you please, there is the fact that we possess a faculty of judging good and evil; a law which we did not make, which we cannot alter, which, therefore, is not our creation, but should be our regulator. With this law, which says to the will "thou shalt," which fixes the obligation on us to follow its dictates, although it does not constrain:—with this law on the one hand, and our passions and appetites on the other, man is placed a free agent between two worlds, both *attached* to his nature, but not identical *with* himself, to choose. This is the very condition of virtue, and constitutes the sublime spectacle of a good man struggling to do his duty.

Schelling's philosophy appears to have produced a great sensation in Germany. The facility with which it seems to solve all the doubts and difficulties of metaphysics, the great relish it imparts to the investigation of nature, and, above all, the immense acquirements of its author, have made it the fashionable system of the day. But a nearer examination of its principles shows, how totally incapable it is to answer in *particulars* what it would appear to solve in generals. The reader cannot fail to have seen how inadequate it is to account for the existence of any thing individual. It often overpowers the imagination, but rarely instructs the understanding; and instead of throwing light on those convictions by which mankind have ever acted, and will ever act, it either obscures them, or denies their validity. The effect which it has had on the German language is not among the least remarkable of its phenomena. There is scarcely a book now published in which we do not find words which the severe simplicity of Lessing would have abhorred. In matters of science, half the new-published works are unintelligible, unless the reader has some notion of Schelling. Polarity, organisms, identity, infinite in finite, absolute, &c. are strewn thickly over every page. We will not say whether the boldness of the German theologians is to be traced to the influence of a philosophy which renders all systems of religion of little consequence, or nugatory; or whether both the philosophy and the religion are effects of other circumstances which have determined the age. But it is a fact, that religious licence is countenanced by the philosophical.

Schelling, however, has met with an opponent in Jacobi, whose philosophy is daily acquiring ground in Germany, and daily inculcating the maxim, that the boasted absolute reason, which *MUST* solve every enigma contained in it, *because* it is the absolute reason, is, after all, but a poor faculty of a poor worm,

man. Jacobi has been called a dreamer, because he has shown that the foundations of reason itself are FIRST principles, which we implicitly believe, and for which there is no evidence from reasoning. These he has called feelings, and hence an outcry has been raised against him for making philosophic certainty rest on a mere feeling. The ambiguity of the term may deserve censure, but whatever name we attach to our conviction of certain primary truths, it is a fact that we do take these for granted, "*certissima scientia, clamanti conscientia*." And these facts should teach us the limitation of our faculties, and the existence of One, whose ways cannot be as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts.

ART. IV.—*Atlas Ethnographique du Globe, ou Classification des Peuples Anciens et Moderns, d'après leurs Langues; précédé d'un Discours sur l'utilité et l'importance de l'Étude des Langues, appliquée à plusieurs branches des connaissances humaines; d'un Aperçu sur les moyens graphiques employés par les différens peuples de la Terre; d'un Coup d'Œil sur l'Histoire de la Langue Slave, et sur la Marche progressive de la Civilisation et de la Littérature en Russie; avec environ sept-cens vocabulaires des principaux idiomes connus; et suivi du Tableau Physique, Moral, et Politique des cinq parties du Monde. Dédié à S. M. l'Empereur Alexandre, par Adrien Balbi, ancien Professeur de géographie, de physique, et de mathématiques, Membre correspondant de l'Athénée de Trévise, etc. One Volume in folio, containing forty-one tables. Introduction à l'Atlas, etc. Tome Premier. An octavo volume, pages 415. Paris. 1826.*

THE term *Ethnography*, taken in a strict sense, can only be understood to mean the science which has for its object to classify different nations. But as one of the chief distinctions between these consists in their speaking different languages, a classification of the latter may be assumed to be a classification of the former. To the science which may be formed by comparing languages, the term *linguistic* has been applied by some German authors, which seems more applicable to it than the name selected by M. Balbi. It is not, however, generally adopted in France, and being otherwise objectionable, the author, looking at the classification of languages chiefly with a view to classify nations, has employed in preference the term *Ethnography*. The reader must look, therefore, at the *Ethnographical Atlas* we are about to make him acquainted with, as an atlas of all the na-

tions and people of the earth, both of past and present time; as they are distinguished from each other, by speaking different languages. It is intended to throw light "both on ancient and modern geography,—to enable the curious inquirer to trace the migrations of different people; to clear up many of the doubts relative to the early history of man, and the successive development of his intellectual faculties."

This science is so very little cultivated in this country, that we believe not even the names applied to it on the continent are here known beyond the narrow circle of a few learned societies. We have been as assiduous as any other people in collecting facts, but we have neglected to reduce our knowledge to a scientific form, "so as to be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied." The happy conjectures of Adam Smith, briefly illustrated by only a few examples drawn from the classical languages of Greece and Rome, and the brilliant, unexpected, and most important etymological discoveries of Home Tooke, laid the foundations for a rational history of the progress of speech, and showed us the means of establishing the principles of general grammar. Mr. Harris and Lord Monboddo were both learned and diligent collectors. The spirited researches of Sir William Jones explained to all Europe how the connexion might be traced, if connexion existed, between the Sanscrit, the Persian, and the German languages,—between the superstitions of India and of ancient Europe, and between the mythology of the Hindoos and the Greeks, of the Egyptians and the Romans; and he brought to light many curious facts concerning the early history of our species. His successors in these pursuits, our Leydens, Crawfords, and Raffles's, with our Cookes, Clarkes, Parkes, Parrys, and Denhams, and numberless missionaries, travellers and voyagers, whom it is an honour, from their enterprising diligence in exploring all parts of the world, to call our countrymen, have collected abundant materials for illustrating the languages and migrations of the people of remote antiquity, and of tribes remote only as to space. But, in general, the collection of these materials, and the arrangement of them into a system have been accomplished by foreigners. Our classification of languages, even in the latest work we are acquainted with, the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is a mere abridgement, with some few alterations, of the system of Adelung and Vater. No nation has done so much, we believe, as the English, in collecting the raw materials of geography, but it is at this moment obliged to re-import them manufactured into a system, by the diligence and talents of Malte Brun.

In the following passage from M. Balbi's book, the omission of the names of any of our countrymen arises, we are sure, from no national partiality:—

“ A fact which is little known, and which is, undoubtedly, a novelty in the history of princes, is, that the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, employed her leisure in comparing, not only all the languages spoken in her own vast empire, but also all the languages then known of the other parts of the globe. The *Linguarum totius orbis Vocabularia Comparativa*, published at Petersburg, between 1786 and 1791, by Pallas and Jankiewitsch, was the result of the important researches made by these two gentlemen, and of those which that illustrious sovereign caused to be made both in her own dominions and abroad. But while the august Autocrat of Russia was employing herself in comparing languages, the learned Adelung, in Germany, and the indefatigable Hervas, in Italy, conceived, each ignorant of the other's intention, the gigantic and useful project of classifying all known languages by their mutual affinities, and of making known the principal features of their respective grammars. The learned and modest Spanish Jesuit published, in Italian, in the course of a few years (between 1784 and 1787,) his *Catalogo delle Lingue*, his *Vocabolario Poliglotta*, his *Trattato delle Grammatiche*, and his *Aritmetica delle Nazioni conosciute*, works which contain, notwithstanding many errors, arising partly from the period at which they were composed, and partly from want of accurate discrimination as to his materials, many valuable facts relative to the history and science of languages, and particularly in relation to those of the New World. Some years afterwards, (between 1806 and 1817,) at the beginning of the present century, the celebrated Adelung published, in German, the first volume of his *Mithridates*, a work which, after his death, was continued by the learned Vater. Though injured by many serious errors, and imperfect in many places,—defects that were inevitable from the state of ethnography when the *Mithridates* was published,—it is one of the most learned works of the age which witnessed its birth.”—*Preliminary Discourse*, pp. 14, 15.

In this enumeration of the persons who have classified and arranged languages, we find no English names, and we are afraid that this circumstance must be taken as an additional proof of a national idiosyncrasy, that we have long been reproached with, and against which we ought to be on our guard. Our continental neighbours impute to us ignorance of logic, and neglect of systematic arrangement, in our scientific and philosophical writings. To have deserved such a reproach is singular enough in the countrymen of Bacon—the first among the moderns to classify all human knowledge, and of Locke, who laid the foundation for the rational logic even of our continental reprovers. Mr. Dugald Stewart, in the third volume of his *Philosophy*, attributes the slow progress of correct logic in this country to the prevalence of the sceptical theories successively propagated. This prevalence, however,

seems rather to afford evidence of the peculiarity, than to account for its existence. The want of logical acumen, both in the authors and in the public, allowed their fallacies to pass undetected.

M. Balbi, whose labours in collecting and arranging all our knowledge concerning languages into a scientific whole afford another proof of what we have just stated, is a native of Italy, and was formerly a professor of natural history, mathematics, and geography, in one of the Italian universities. He published, at Venice, in 1817, a *Compendio di Geografia*, with which he connected a table of the principal known languages of the globe, divided into five sections, corresponding to the five great divisions of the earth, now generally adopted. This work was favourably received, and a second edition soon called for. On revising it for re-publication, the author discovered that his table of languages was very imperfect, although at the time he had neither means nor leisure to improve it. This circumstance, however, attracted his attention more forcibly than before to a subject that had previously been a favourite study of his, and he set about forming a *Polyglot Table of the Globe*, to the composition of which he devoted several years. Unexpected circumstances having supplied him in the mean time, during a residence at Lisbon, with an opportunity of compiling a statistical work on Portugal, he suspended his ethnographical researches for two years; and in 1822 published, at Paris, an excellent statistical account of that kingdom, indeed the only good one with which we are acquainted, (*Essai Statistique sur le Royaume de Portugal et d'Algarve*, 2 vols. in 8vo.) By these works he has already been made favourably known to the scientific and literary world; and they contributed to procure him during his subsequent residence at Paris, great and valuable assistance in compiling the present publication.

The work consists of two parts, viz. *The Ethnographical Atlas*, in folio, and the *Introduction*, in 8vo, of which the first volume only has yet appeared. The second volume of the Introduction, containing a physical, moral, and political description of the globe, is not yet published, and therefore we can have nothing to say respecting it. From the description, however, of its contents, and the highly respectable names of those who have assisted in its compilation, we conjecture that it will be a useful compendium of geographical information. Persons who have seen it in manuscript describe it as condensing, in a comparatively small number of pages, the principal details of physical and political geography. Undoubtedly, this will be a valuable accompaniment to the Atlas, but we would venture to suggest to the author as a necessary accompaniment to it, and which would serve to com-

plete the utility of the whole work as a book of study, a collection of maps, on which the places occupied by the people speaking the different languages, and the periods of their arrival, departure, or extinction shall be designated.—The second volume would, undoubtedly, assist us in taking a more comprehensive view of the *history* of different tribes, but as the classification of languages is complete without it, we have no hesitation in reviewing by itself the portion of M. Balbi's labours already published.

The first volume of the Introduction consists of a Preliminary Discourse, and of eight chapters. In the former, the author points out and illustrates by numerous examples, the importance and utility of comparing languages; the rules which must be followed to make the study useful; the limitations with which general reasoning as to the permanency of languages may be safely employed; the most usual sources of error in comparing languages, and many other equally useful and practical matters. It contains a great mass of information, collected from various sources, that will be extremely valuable and even necessary to all the students of *ethnography*. In the latter, M. Balbi explains the principles on which his classifications are founded, and the motives which have induced him to arrange particular languages under the same or different heads. The first chapter is expressly employed to explain the general principles of his classification. At the end of it, the author gives in a few pages a very useful attempt at forming a bibliography of languages, which is very far from being complete; but it gives a list of the principal books, and will be a valuable help to the student. The second chapter exhibits a concise but rather superficial view of all the methods of writing and representing sounds, and even of some of the methods employed to help the memory, which have ever been in use among the different people of the earth. The philosophical inquirer, who loves to trace the general laws which regulate the conduct of mankind, may here remark, with a feeling akin to wonder, that the same methods have been adopted at several different periods and in very distant countries of the globe. The *quippos* or knots of the Peruvians have been found in Canada, in China, and in Lapland, and were formerly in use throughout Europe; while the milk and bread score, which is frequently made, both here and in France, by cutting notches in sticks, seems to be the remnant of a primitive mode of helping the memory and keeping records, that was once almost the only known method of calculation.

We say the chapter gives a superficial view, because it is composed of shreds and patches, tacked together by no common principle that might give the patchwork even the appearance

of uniformity. It is, we think, a well-established fact, that the more ancient an alphabet is, the fewer letters or signs it consists of,—a fact which seems admitted by M. Balbi himself, by his classing among the most ancient the original Greek and Etruscan alphabets, which at first consisted of only sixteen letters. To the Greek alphabet, long after it had been borrowed from some other people, M. Balbi says, eight letters were added, making it then consist of twenty-four. “When this Greek alphabet was applied, in the year 865,” says the author in another place, “to the Slavonic language by the monk Cyril, he invented some additional letters to signify the sounds peculiar to that language. Thus the alphabet increased the number of its letters as it was remote from its origin.”

This seems indeed to be the almost universal progress. Our own alphabet now contains twenty-six letters, and several of them represent several sounds. M. Volney asserts, if we recollect right, that our language contains upwards of fifty sounds, not including those expressed by double letters. Most of the other cultivated languages of Europe contain as many. It seems tolerably well established, to quote another example, that the Hebrew alphabet, (and also the Phenician, from which in fact the former was derived,) though it now consists of twenty-two letters, originally contained only sixteen, and some authors say even thirteen. In fact, it is monstrous to suppose, admitting that alphabets are altogether a human invention, that they sprung at once complete and perfect from the heads of the original inventors. Whenever the letters of any alphabet, therefore, are very numerous, we may be sure that in this form it is not an original or ancient one.

Had M. Balbi kept this principle, or indeed any principle steadily in view, he would have spared us several random assertions, and he would not have allowed M. Depping, in contributing to the completeness of his work, to have thrown doubts on the high antiquity of the *Runic* characters. It is admitted that these, in their form, resemble the Celtiberian, the Etruscan, and the Phenician characters, and it is stated that they amount only to sixteen; from which it is an obvious and certain conclusion that they are very ancient. It may be supposed indeed that all these alphabets, at some remote period, had a common origin. The limited number of the *runes* is no reason therefore for believing that they were invented in the North, but a strong argument in favour of their antiquity. On the same principle, we condemn the assertion that the *Zend*, containing forty-two, and the *Devanagari*, containing fifty-two letters, are among the most ancient alphabets known. They may be derived

from very ancient alphabets, but in their present state they must be of comparatively modern invention. The early period at which these two languages possessed such copious alphabets is a proof that civilization had, in the countries where they were spoken, arrived at an early maturity. Admitting, therefore, that the alphabets may be ancient as to our historical records, we take their copiousness to be satisfactory evidence that they were not primitive.

The five following chapters, from the third to the seventh inclusive, are explanatory introductions to the classification of the languages placed by the author under each of the five great geographical divisions of his work, namely Asiatic, European, African, Oceanic, and American. In these he gives his reasons for the subordinate divisions which he has adopted; in these, also, he endeavours to remove anticipated objections to his method, and points out the specific sources of his information. The eighth chapter is a brief history of the Slavonic language, and of the progress of civilization and literature in Russia. This is a sort of appendix to the work, (in compliment, we suppose, to the Emperor Alexander, to whom the author has dedicated it,) and has little or no connexion with its general scope.* The volume concludes with a copious synopsis of its contents.

The *Ethnographical Atlas*, which must have cost the author immense labour—he says it is the fruit of twenty-three years study—consists of *thirty-six* ethnographic tables, and *five* polyglot vocabularies. Six of the former are general, corresponding to the general map of the world, and to the maps of Asia, Europe, Africa, Oceania, and America, as we find them in geographical works. The other thirty correspond to the maps of particular subdivisions of the earth, and each of them places before us a collection of affiliated languages under the name of a group or family. In these tables, therefore, all the known languages of the world, ancient and modern, are classed according to their mutual relations, and described by their peculiarities. To each table is prefixed an introduction, stating the regions in which the different languages have been and are spoken, the relation between the ethnographical and geographical divisions of the earth; and also a brief outline of the history and literature of the most distinguished nations. Although the author has generally confined the chapters of the introductory volume to explaining the reasons for his classification, and in the prefatory remarks to each table

* It contains, however, by far the best *aperçu* that we have yet met with of the history and present state of Russian literature; and as it contains the opinions of a native, who appears thoroughly master of the subject, we have not scrupled to make it the groundwork of an article which will be found in the present number.

of languages has treated chiefly of the moral and historical peculiarities of each nation, he has occasionally repeated in one what he has said in the other. We notice this trifling fault, if it even deserve the name, chiefly with a view of satisfying our readers that vast as the labour of arranging languages at first appears, it is susceptible of being reduced within reasonable limits; in fact, M. Balbi has actually so reduced it, and some of his remarks might even be omitted without loss.

In the five polyglot tables, a vocabulary of twenty-six words is given in 700 languages and dialects. The words chosen are the following: *sun, moon, day, earth, water, fire, father, mother, eye, head, nose, mouth, tongue, tooth, hand, foot, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.* The orthography of each word is carefully noted, and thus the latter tables serve to test the truth of many of the author's remarks, and enable us to judge of the correctness of his classification.

At the end of the Atlas we find what is called a portable vocabulary (*vocabulaire portatif*), drawn up by M. Jomard, M. Malte Brun, and M. Balbi, with a view of inducing all future voyagers, travellers, and collectors of vocabularies to adopt it. This is a happy idea, which if properly acted on, may lead to satisfactory results. The author's own vocabulary appears much too scanty to enable us to form a correct judgment of any language. He remarks, that the names of the numerals have made the circuit of almost the whole globe—showing the correctness of the opinion adopted by Mr. Higgins* and other writers,—that the numerals were some of the earliest invented characters, and that men began to calculate, and used marks for that purpose, before they began to write. For this reason, and also because the numerals are generally indeclinable, they are comparatively of little use in vocabularies intended to show the peculiarities of different languages. Of the remaining words, there are some, such as father and mother, which belong to the class of imitative sounds, and are consequently found to resemble one another in almost all languages. It will also be observed, that the greater number of them are monosyllables, and according to a remark of the author, agreeing with Mr. Murray's theory of the formation of language, the resemblances between different tongues will always be most conspicuous in monosyllables, which on that account are less proper to form the basis of vocabularies. We must choose, indeed, the names of such objects as the sun and the moon, and of such relations as father and mother, which are common to every people; and though such words, being those at first used, are generally monosyllables, that is not a sufficient reason for reject-

* See *The Celtic Druids*, by Godfrey Higgins, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

ing them. Among some of what Humboldt calls the agglutinated languages of America, we find, indeed, that the names of very common and generally known objects are not monosyllables. Thus, for example, *tetenamiquilitzli* is the Mexican name for a kiss, a word which, like the name of the sun and the moon, must have been early in use; unless we suppose kissing was imported into Mexico, as it is said to have been into Britain by Rowena, the Saxon wife of Vortigern.

This brief outline of the contents of M. Balbi's work will show the reader that it treats of a great variety of important subjects, requiring much and varied learning, accurate discrimination, and sound judgment. Although he has brought a very fair share of these qualities to the execution of his task, he has not relied exclusively on himself. He has been assisted by many of the most eminent literary men of the continent. Malte Brun laid down the principles of classification, and supplied many philological observations on the Germanic languages. M. Abel-Remusat largely contributed to that part of the work which treats of the languages of the Mongols. Messrs. Salverte, Sylvestro Pinheiro-Ferreira, Champollion-Figeac, and Saint-Martin, are some of those who have supplied numerous notes, or compiled parts of the book. The whole of the chapter on the Russian language and literature is written by a young Russian, who has modestly withheld his name. Besides noticing at different places the contributions of different persons, M. Balbi gives a list of more than 130 literary gentlemen, to whom he acknowledges himself largely indebted for advice or generous assistance. We presume, from the latter phrase, that it has not been given for pecuniary remuneration. We wish to think it has not; for it is as delightful as it is unusual to find so many distinguished men contributing, by their exertions, to gain for another (not that wealth which consistently with the dignity of their character we may suppose they despise; for little of that will accrue to M. Balbi from the present performance,—but) that reputation which is the great object of their own ambition, if not the only venerated idol of their worship. By this voluntary assistance, the work is, in fact, the result of as vast a combination of talents as could well be collected, in a city, celebrated, as the author says, “for the literary treasures, public and private, of its superb establishments,—a city which is the natural rendezvous of all who travel either for pleasure or business, and which has been long the centre of attraction, gathering around it all the learned of the civilized world.”

It is impossible, in an article of this extent, to enable the reader to form a just estimate of a work exhibiting the result of the com-

combined labours of so many persons; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to an abstract of its principles, first extracting a few illustrations of the object and utility of ethnography.

"If a philologer," says the author, "wishes to ascertain the affinities of any two languages, he examines the vocabularies of both, and if he find that such words as signify the principal parts of the human body, the first degrees of relationship, the heavenly orbs, the principal phenomena of nature, and the names of the first numerals, are identical, or that they closely resemble one another, he concludes that the two nations have sprung from the same source; if they are entirely different, he concludes on the contrary, that they belong to different sources or families. Does he wish to know from what people any nation has derived its civilization, he examines the names of its domestic animals, of its cultivated fruits and vegetables;—the names of metals, and of agricultural and other instruments; and the words which stand for metaphysical and moral ideas, and which relate to divinities, sacrifices, and ceremonies; to ranks, government, war, legislation, commerce, navigation, literature and the sciences; he compares them with the corresponding words of other languages, and if he finds one with which they are identical, or to which they bear a great similarity, he concludes that from that one the nation which is the object of his researches has received its primitive civilization, its religion, its political system, or its literature. In this manner, passing from one fact to another, he may supply, without fear of committing an error, the deficiencies in the annals of nations, and may trace them further back, and sometimes with greater certainty, than is done by the most ancient tradition."—*Preliminary Discourse*, p. 44.

A few examples may be worthy of the reader's attention.

"The origin of a great number of the names of rivers, of towns, of districts, and mountains of Bucharia, is Persian, which made M. Malte Brun suppose, some years ago, that the inhabitants of that vast country were of Persian, and not of Turkish origin, as was generally stated. A traveller, equally learned and enlightened, M. Klaproth, has proved the truth of this conjecture, by ascertaining that the mother tongue of the Bucharians, who are called Sarty by the Turks, among whom they live, is Persian." "The comparison made by M. Klaproth between the languages of the famous *Ouigours* and the language of the *Tchoudes* (Tshudes,) or *Ouralians*, (also Finnish tribes,) in conjunction with his researches as to the place where we ought to find the *Yougours* of the Byzantine authors and Russian chronicles, has unanswerably proved the essential difference between these two nations, which a similarity of name had led many writers to confound, causing a great number of historical and geographical mistakes."—*Prelim. Disc.* p. 49.

"It is now known that these people, the *Ouigours*, who were supposed to have reached a high state of civilization, before there were any historical records, and to whom has been attributed the invention of the sciences and the arts, particularly the science of astronomy and the most important art of writing, are a tribe of Turks, who were established in

towns before the rest of their race, who imported some knowledge from the neighbouring countries, and wrote a few books in an alphabet which they brought from the west."—*Atlas*, tab. vi.

"In the same manner the identity of the Hioungnou, who possessed a vast empire three centuries before our era, and the Thoukhion, who founded a large empire in 552, which was destroyed in 703, with the Turks,—previously conjectured on several historical grounds,—has been confirmed in the most satisfactory manner by a comparison of the words of their respective languages." "By comparing the vocabulary of the Ossetes, also, with the vocabularies of the Persian family, M. Klaproth has ascertained that a tribe of Persians has been established for several centuries in the upper vallies of the Caucasus, in the midst of a number of other tribes entirely different."—*Prelim. Disc.* p. 49.

"The Scandinavian origin of Ruric and his companions, who founded the Russian empire among the Slavonians towards the year 862, already indicated by their names, has been completely ascertained by Lehrberg, from an examination of the languages to which the appellation given by Constantine Porphyrogenitus to the cataracts of the Dnieper belong."—p. 50. "The proper names of the chiefs of the Indian tribes called Foxes and Saukees being all significant words in the Lenappe language, led M. Gallatin to conclude that the former were descended from the latter, which has lately been confirmed by the vocabularies of both."—*ib.*

"The Russians have names not derived from other languages for the elephant, the camel, and the monkey, which proves that they formerly dwelt in Asia, where these animals are indigenous, and where they are known by different names. The name of the month of February in the old Irish Calendar, according to Hervas, is *cedmias d'on earrach*, which signifies the first month of spring. As February in Ireland is a winter month, it is inferred, that the Celts originally dwelt in a country much to the south of their present abode." "The Curds pretend that they are descended from the Mongols, but the beauty of their eyes, their aquiline nose, their fair complexion, their lofty stature, and, above all, their language, which is Persian, disprove their traditions, and take away all credit from their assertions." "The tale of Le Gobien, that the inhabitants of the Marian islands were unacquainted with fire when the islands were first discovered, is held to be unworthy of belief, since it has been remarked by Captain Freycinet, that their language contains several words signifying *fire, burning, kindle, roast, boil, &c. &c.*" "The names of the divinity and the titles of the priests being identical, or closely resembling each other, among the Tartars, in Thibet, China, Japan, Cambodia, &c. &c. has taught M. Abel Remusat that the religion (Buddhism) of all these people is the same, though it has been asserted that they professed different religions." "The same name being employed to signify month and moon in the greater part of the world, shows that this division of time has everywhere been regulated by the phases of this luminary." "By examining the names of 366 constellations among the Mongols, M. Abel Remusat has shown that these people, one of the most anciently civilized of the Tartar race, have borrowed one part of these names from the Chinese, and the other part—the names of the twenty-eight lunar

constellations—from the Hindoos.” “The Russian terms *denga* and *pouli* for small silver and copper money, prove that they borrowed this part of their civilization from the Mongols. Their money consisted formerly of martins’ skins.” “The language of the Amazigh or Berbers (in Africa) demonstrates that they are indebted for part of their civilization to the Arabs; and as their own language has no words to signify *ocean*, *waves*, *town*, &c. &c. it is inferred, that they were originally a mountain tribe, dwelling in the upper vallies of Mount Atlas.

“By comparing the different languages of western Oceania with one another, and with those of India and Polynesia, Mr. Crawford has demonstrated, with all the evidence such subjects admit, that the *Maritime* world has had in itself a native centre of civilization, the authors of which were an unknown people; but who appear, from the very probable reasoning of Mr. Crawford, to have been the stock from which the Japanese have been derived. By examining the Japanese words designating those things which are indispensable to man in the first state of his existence, Mr. Crawford has proved that this unknown people had made considerable progress in navigation and agriculture, for they had extended their language beyond the limits of the Maritime world, from Easter island to Madagascar. They cultivated rice and other vegetables; they had domesticated the ox and the buffalo, the hog, the duck, and the fowl, using the whole of them for food. The two former animals even assisted them in their labours. They worked in gold and iron, and wove cloth. They had a regular calendar, and a division of time peculiar to themselves: and on certain days of the week they held regular markets. Perhaps they had even proceeded so far as to invent an alphabet. Comparing the language of this unknown people with the idioms of southern India, Mr. Crawford showed that they were indebted to the Hindoos for their knowledge of copper and silver, and perhaps of the horse and the elephant—the names of these metals and animals being Sanscrit, and common to the whole Archipelago. To them also they were indebted for a knowledge of cotton, pepper, mangoes, and several other fruits—as well as of the arts of manufacturing indigo and sugar, and fishing pearls; finally the inhabitants of India modified their system of writing and of arithmetic, taught them a new division of time, a different week, and imported amongst them the literature and religion of India. On the same principle he demonstrates that the Arabs had had little influence on the civilization of this unknown people, their vocabularies possessing few Arabic words, and these being all relative to the Mahomedan religion, introduced amongst them at a subsequent period, and to the legislation which followed it.”—p. 64.

We might quote a variety of other examples—particularly some which show, by the names of animals and plants, in what countries and among what people these were indigenous; but our limits compel us to be content with one example.

“Cocoa-nuts are known,” says Mr. Crawford, “from Madagascar to Easter Island, or throughout nearly two-thirds of the circumference of the globe, amongst many nations differing in language and civilization,

under the Japanese names of *kalapa* and *nyor*, and sometimes under both, because these useful vegetables have been propagated throughout this extent of country by a nation which spoke the Japanese language. On the contrary, the Indian fig (*musa paradisiaca*), the bread fruit with kernels (*artocarpus incisa*), the banana, sago, the *arek*, the bambou and other native plants receive different names from all the different tribes among whom they are found."—p. 72.

The Preliminary Discourse contains a great number of equally instructive and amusing illustrations of the utility of ethnography, as well as several practical rules for prosecuting the study.

We cannot agree with our author, and with many other learned men, in supposing that languages can be classified on any rigid principles, like plants and animals; and that they can accomplish for the changing and improving art of speech, what Cuvier and Linnæus have done for the permanent and almost unchangeable creations of nature. As a great number of men of the highest reputation are now engaged in philological researches, it becomes of importance to establish correct principles for the classification of languages.

In relation to this part of the subject, we must observe that there seems a clear line of distinction between *spoken* and *written* languages. A large proportion of those that have been, and are now, *spoken* throughout the globe, has never possessed an alphabet or written characters of any description; almost all we know of them, therefore, is derived from the reports of travellers, who have resided a longer or a shorter time among the people that spoke them; these travellers, making use of the letters of their native languages, have combined them in such a way as, when pronounced, to represent the sound of the foreign word as it struck their ear. But every civilized nation almost pronounces certain letters in a different manner, and according to that pronunciation will combine the letters to form a word. And what is the result? That no two things generally can be more unlike than the words of unknown languages, as reported by two voyagers or travellers of different nations.* We may illustrate the subject by taking the familiar case of a Frenchman, wholly ignorant of our language, but not otherwise illiterate, travelling in England, and setting down the name of every thing he wished to remember, according to his own unassisted notions of orthography. We think we might safely venture to bet a large sum that not one Englishman in a hundred, who was unacquainted with French pronunciation, would ever guess that the words so placed before him were attempts to represent sounds with which he was perfectly familiar.

* M. Balbi is fully sensible of this, and has taken the pains to note in his Tables the nation of the reporter, on whose authority the words in such languages are given.

If this be the case with nations so far advanced in civilization, how much greater is the difficulty with the languages of unknown nations and savage tribes? The more we reflect on the subject, the stronger is our conviction that all attempts to classify such scanty, imperfect, and erroneous materials, or to make them the basis on which to establish an affinity or consanguinity between nations is a mere waste of time, and one of the least useful purposes to which such researches can be applied.

With respect to languages possessing *written* characters, the case is somewhat different. That sounds and names have been by them accurately handed down from generation to generation,—so that their meaning has remained the same, after a lapse of some thousand years, during which the people, who have been the organs of transmission, have been exposed to all the vicissitudes of invasion and conquest—is a fact as certain as it is wonderful. The breath of man, the proverbial representative of all fleeting things, thus becomes the most durable of all human monuments. As words so transmitted are, in many cases, the only marks left of the former existence and progress of numberless tribes, we are enabled by such of them as are attached to the more conspicuous parts of the material world, to trace the history of mankind back to a very remote period. But the etymological certainty, which, in consequence of the permanent association between names and things, and of the fixed succession of ideas in generations of men, belongs to single words, and the information such researches have given us, are widely different from the general character and form of languages. Admitting that such words have been transmitted from age to age, and from country to country, unaltered; and that *some* languages have passed through the same ordeal with comparatively little injury, yet considering them as wholes, even *written* languages appear to be subject to such changes—depending on the will of man, and the accidents of human life, that they can never, any more than *spoken* languages, be precisely classified, like the invariable forms created by nature.

The difficulties of the task, indeed, are so obvious, that they must at all times have been felt, even if we had possessed sufficient materials for making such classifications complete. We have, of many languages of the tribes of Africa and America, only very imperfect vocabularies, and of some we have no accurate knowledge whatever. There is also reason to believe that of many of those of remote antiquity, no monuments nor memorials have descended to us. Part of these chasms we may hope to fill up, and classification may bring more distinctly before us what materials are still required to do so; but it is also to be feared that many must remain for ever open. Some of these difficulties are well de-

scribed by Malte Brun, in the following extract of a letter addressed to M. Balbi, but in which he overlooks the great distinction between languages (which are human inventions) and natural objects.

"You propose," he says, "my learned friend, to classify languages, idioms, and dialects, according to a general and complete system, similar, in some degree, to those classifications which Cuvier, Jussieu, and Haüy have established for the three kingdoms of nature—a vast and useful enterprize; but in which you must probably give up those ideas of rigorous definition, precise classification, and exact enumeration, to which your previous studies of physics and statistics have accustomed you.

"*Idiomography* (if you mean to give this new name to a new science) like geography and ethnography (Malte Brun applies this term to a classification of people only) is an historical doctrine consisting of moral or intellectual facts, of material things, and of features entirely accidental. The first may be the objects of philosophical definition, but can neither be classified nor enumerated: the second may be subjected to a classification more or less complete, but are not susceptible of being rigorously defined; the third (forming the great mass) escape from all our efforts to arrange them in any way, forming a chaos which incessantly produces and incessantly devours its own productions.

"How will you define what is to be understood by a language—a dialect—a jargon? And unless you define them, how can you classify and enumerate them?

"You know how very rare are crystallized bodies, and what an immense space is occupied by the earths. You are acquainted with those porphyrs which run into jaspers, without any distinct limit between the two substances—with those imperfect marbles which receive in one part the most perfect polish, and in another are mingled with soft chalk, or even common clay; and finally, with the celebrated *rapakivi*, which, when hidden in the deep bowels of the earth, resembles the finest granite, but exposed to the sun's rays falls into a loose and unconnected mass. These similes are far from exhausting all the uncertainties which the philosophical comparison of languages will present to you.

"Let us try, however, to define a language: it is, let us say, a collection of vocal signs, co-relatives to each other, growing out of radicals common to them all, subjected to the same system of declination and of conjugation, combined together by the same rules of syntax; and by means of which a society can make known its thoughts and wishes.

"This is the idea of a pure and primitive language—where shall we find a specimen? I know not, unless we seek among the numberless idioms of Ethiopia and of the American tribes, or in the secret and remote vallies of Mount Caucasus and Upper Thibet. There, perhaps, we may find some idiom composed of radicals co-relatives to each other, and of words uniformly derived from those radicals, regularly declined and formed according to the same principles. But will not this idiom be indebted for its purity and *auctonomy* to its poverty and its remote and separate existence? It may unite the five characteristics of a language, but it will possess them all only within very narrow limits. Created by

the head of a family, by a wandering tribe, by a sacerdotal association, these embryos of languages, these idioms—if we will give them this name—are in general poor in words, imperfect in their forms, and destitute of syntax; or if they possess any excellence in any particular part, it is the effect, as it were, of the caprice of him or of them who created them. One of these inventors has attended to the inflexions of the noun, neglecting the verbs; another has only occupied himself with forming moods and tenses. These idioms were, perhaps, the unknown and, in most cases, lost sources of all language, and as such merit the greatest attention from the philological ethnographer—but what portions of them have descended to us? mutilated, and sometimes unintelligible monuments, and a few inscriptions of uncertain date.

“The most extensive, most cultivated, and most polished languages, are all mixed. And how can it be otherwise, since they have passed through so many different destinies? Besides the results produced by the mere mingling of idioms, considered as collections of original words, we must also admit the free operation of the human intellect, which modifies grammatical forms at pleasure, and which can even reduce idioms entirely different under a common law. Thus, neither the words of a language, nor the forms of its grammar, supply any general and absolute principle of classification; and if you adopt the root words as the chief characteristic, (as I think they are,) the question, ‘What number of roots must be different, in order that two languages shall be considered different?’ will soon be mooted. Is it even by the number that the difference can be established? or will it not rather depend on the importance of certain root words? To settle these questions, the science of idiography should be founded on conventional laws, like the Linnean system. But can such an idea be now proposed? The scientific spirit of the age requires natural species and families.”—Chap. I. p. 2. *et seq.*

We see from this passage, that these authors have not yet decided what constitutes a similar or a different language. It is impossible for them to adopt the broad and vulgar distinction, of languages being the same or different as they are spoken and understood, or not, by the same people; for, on this principle, every variation in dialect, every marked peculiarity of pronunciation, nay, every difference in the modes of speaking and writing adopted by the superior classes in almost all countries, to distinguish them from the vulgar, would have to be classed as different languages; and the instant they depart from this broad principle, they find nothing fixed or definite to form a basis of classification. As no example of a language is known corresponding to Malte Brun’s definition, M. Balbi has been guided, in classing languages together or separate, by several mixed considerations.

“To judge,” he says, “of the analogy of languages, it is not sufficient to compare their respective vocabularies, we must also examine their grammars; but either of these methods, taken by itself, may lead

to most erroneous results. The *Pehlvi* grammar is almost identical with the *Persian*, while the great mass of its words are *Semitic*. The same observation may be applied to the *Turkish* language, the grammar of which is nearly similar to that of the *Hungarian*, but the greater part of its words are derived from a totally different source. The *Omagua* in the family *Guaraní*, and the *English* in the *Germanic* family, are under the same circumstances; the greater number of their words are respectively *Guaranic* or *Germanic*, but their grammars differ essentially, by their simplicity and the want of forms, with some exceptions, from the grammars of the other languages of their respective families. The learned M. Bopp observes, that the grammar of the *Bengali*, that idiom of the *Sanscrit* which has had fewer foreign words mixed with it than any other, possesses less analogy with the *Sanscrit* grammar than the latter possesses with the *Greek*, *Latin*, *German*, or *Persian* grammars. By attending only to the grammar, and not to the words, it will be found that the *Russian* has more analogy than the *Italian* with the *Latin*, and that the *Chinese* has more analogy with the *Hebrew* than the latter has with the *Arabic*. In such cases we have always given the preference to the words, which are incontestably the most essential part of a language, and that which ought to be the basis of classification; for, as Mr. Klaproth has remarked, 'the roots and the words are the substance of a language, which receive the grammatical forms: they are like the diamond, which is always in substance the same, whether it be cut into a brilliant, a rose, or a simple diamond.' On this principle, which is followed invariably in the *Atlas*, we have classed the *Pehlvi* with the *Semitic* idioms, the *Omagua* with the *Guaranic*, and the *English* with the *Germanic*.

Rejecting the most usually adopted principle of classifying languages, as they are monosyllabic or polysyllabic, because it has been proved, he says, by M. Abel Remusat, that there are no monosyllabic ones; M. Balbi lays down and illustrates his first general principle, as follows:—

"The great number of nations, whose languages are entirely unknown to us, the few of whose languages we have grammars and vocabularies, and the imperfection of the greater part of the works (as far as we have been able to procure them,) which treat of the languages of savage, or half-civilized nations, oblige the ethnographer to borrow his chief divisions from geography, according to which he may class the innumerable facts resulting from the astonishing variety of languages. Dividing all the known languages of the globe, therefore, into five principal branches, according to the five great geographical divisions of the earth, we have called them *Asiatic*, *European*, *African*, *Oceanic*, and *American*, after the name of that part of the world in which they are spoken. Comparing subsequently, all the known vocabularies of the different languages which have been, or which are yet spoken, by any people, ancient or modern, and carefully gleaning from all the books which have treated of this subject, (whether books of travels or voyages, or books giving detailed descriptions of a country,) such facts as throw light on the difference

or affiliation between languages; we have placed together all the idioms which bear evident marks of relationship, as well as all those which profound philologists and intelligent travellers have affirmed to be sister tongues; giving to this species of ethnographical group the name of a family, and calling it Mongol, Celtic, Chinese, Sanscrit, Iberian, Slavonic, Germanic, &c. according to the name of the chief nation of each of these families."—*Introduction to the General Ethnographical Map.*

"We extend the term *reign* to a group of several families, the languages of which show a manifest affinity with one another, though less than the affinity observed among those languages which belong to the same family. Unfortunately this system, which appears to be the only one that can lead to certain and positive results, cannot, in the present state of ethnography, be applied, except to those languages which form the pretended family of the Indo-Germanic languages. Ulterior researches will no doubt enable our successors to extend the same plan to the languages now so little known of Africa and America."—*Introd.* chap. i.

"A *dialect* is defined by Malte Brun to 'be only a different mode of pronouncing a language,' though it often also contains different words, and sometimes even different grammatical forms. Homogeneous, though different languages, are analogous both in their grammar and in their words, but cannot be employed as a medium of communication between the different people who speak any two of them."—*Introd.* chap. i.

Thus the leading principle of classification is a geographical division of languages. A *reign* consists of several families, and a *family* of several homogeneous languages. Languages are said to belong to the same, or to a different family, as they resemble, or differ from each other, in their words, and in their grammar. Dialects, generally speaking, are only different modes of pronouncing any language. M. Balbi seems to regard only one reign as established, the *Indo-Germanic*—formerly called, but not so properly, the *Indo-European*; the number of families is 68, many languages, particularly those of Africa and America, not being even grouped into families. He enumerates 860 distinct languages, and more than 5000 dialects. The immense number referred to by his predecessor Adelung, though amounting only to 3064, and therefore much surpassed by the present collection, has been frequently made a subject of invidious remark; and even Mr. Dugald Stewart, in the third volume of his *Moral Philosophy*, mentions it with something like a sneer, so that M. Balbi will probably be reproached with vain erudition and tedious minuteness. Of the 860 languages, 153 belong to Asia, 53 to Europe, 114 to Africa, 117 to Oceania, and 423 to America. Great as this number is, the author seems to suppose that it will be increased, as a more intimate knowledge of the different tribes and nations of Africa and America shall enable succeeding ethnographers to distinguish more accurately than at present their different languages from one another.

It is quite possible, we admit, that there may be at present more languages spoken in the different parts of the world than M. Balbi has enumerated, but without claiming for ourselves the character of prophets, we may venture to assert, that the number will not be increased. There was apparently a very early period in the history of our race, when languages were fewer, and more alike, than we find them in the Atlas, and when there was comparatively a uniformity of speech among the then few inhabitants of the globe; but there was also a period between that early time and the present, when the languages and dialects, at least of Europe, were more numerous than they now are. The different idioms of our Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Belgic, British, and Celtic ancestors, with the Erse and Gaelic of the West and North, are all gradually falling into oblivion, being superseded by the English. In like manner the French, the Castilian, the written German, and the Russian, are fast gaining a mastery over the almost numberless tongues which prevailed through the greater part of Europe, and threaten to reduce them all to somewhat less than a score. As the scientific and moral terms, which are now common to them all, increase in number—as communication between these different nations becomes frequent and rapid, the affinity of their respective languages will become more striking, and civilization, like a mighty, but beneficent conqueror, may, perhaps, finally bring them all to speak one tongue. M. Balbi thinks, that when people are mixed by conquest and emigration, the best of the languages spoken by them will prevail over the others. But we believe the relative superiority of a people in knowledge, and in general skill, is more certain to produce the prevalence of its language than any other cause. That nation which is best acquainted with the arts of life, and the means of creating subsistence, will, if violence be not had recourse to, starve its competitors out of existence, while it will preserve its own language. Neither the sword nor the hatchet, neither the rum nor the diseases which they are said to have introduced among the Indians, but the plough, the loom, and the steam-engine—the arts which the descendants of the Europeans carried with them to America, are the efficient causes of the extinction of these numerous tribes. The 423 American languages, with their almost innumerable dialects, leading us to suppose that each family or tribe had invented speech for itself, will most of them disappear—as many have already disappeared—before the progress of European civilization. In the course of a few centuries, it seems probable, that English, Spanish, and Portuguese, with thrice the number of American languages, (even if the English does not extinguish all the others,) will be the only human sounds heard from one

and of that vast continent to the other.* Thus the present progress of civilization tends to diminish the number of spoken languages, leaving the 5000 dialects of the Atlas as historical records, or consigning them to the museum of the antiquary, but banishing them from use as instruments of thought; as European muskets have superseded, even with the savage, the bow and the club, and as modern inventions in other arts (for it must never be forgotten that language is an art,) have superseded the rude instruments of our forefathers.

We have thought it right briefly to advert to this tendency of civilization to amalgamate languages, and diminish their number, because philosophers as well as statesmen are very apt to overlook all such present tendencies, though they carefully record the progress of past times. They seem in general too much disposed to imagine that their systems regulate the destinies of mankind; and they very often recommend or adopt a course which runs athwart the great stream of human affairs. If they would only see in this tendency, something arising naturally in the progress of society from the same general laws and the same faculties which have everywhere dictated speech to our race, and taught them the art of recording it, and which equally dictate its continual improvement—they would cease to pour out lamentations at the extinction of this or of that rude speech, and would probably endeavour to extract from this tendency as much benefit as possible. Language is not yet perfect. Men made it, as they established government, long before they inquired into the principles on which it ought to be made. Those principles must be the same, or nearly the same, for every language; but nothing can be more different than those which have been adopted. We would recommend philosophers, therefore, to keep those languages in view which are most likely to predominate; to ascertain, not so much the principles on which our ignorant forefathers constructed them, as those on which they ought to be constructed; and proceeding on with the great current of civilization, to endeavour to lead mankind, when they change their speech, to make every change an improvement.

It may also be objected, we think, to the principle adopted in this and all other similar works, of classifying languages according to the geographical divisions of the earth, that they, unlike plants and animals, most of which flourish only in particular climates, have no relation whatever to continents and places. The express object is to enable us to classify people, by classifying languages, and thereby trace their migrations from one part of the world to

* In the brief account lately published of the communications of Captain N. Klog, R.N. with the natives of the coast of Patagonia, it is stated that they were all found to speak a corrupt Spanish, and the communication was carried on in this dialect.

another, which is incompatible with any limitations as to space. On this principle the affinities between several Asiatic and European languages—one of the most important points in the whole history of speech, are excluded from all notice, unless where they are so numerous that the author is compelled to depart from it. The Semitic family, for example, including the *Hebrew*, *Syriac*, *Arabic*, *Pehlvi*, &c. belongs incontestably to Asia, but it is made to include also the *Gheez* and the *Amaharic*, which are known only in Abyssinia, because the affinities between these latter and the Arabic cannot be overlooked. In this case the principle has been violated; in others it has been adhered to, so as to separate languages which perhaps ought to be placed together. The manner in which the civilized nations of Europe study the language, literature and histories of each other, together with the constant communication kept up between them, makes these subjects, and their dependencies, familiar to them all. Their moral and scientific terms, including the terms of grammar, are generally the same, and have been borrowed from the same sources. Making allowance for all these circumstances, particularly for what these languages have borrowed from one another within the period of ascertained history, it would yet appear that there is a greater affinity between the German, the Sanscrit, and the Persian, both in words and grammatical forms, than between the German, the French, and the Spanish. It is this affinity between the languages of distant nations, which the ethnographer is more particularly called on to notice, because that must furnish the clue to all those lost parts of history he expects to discover. In calling languages spoken in two continents, Asiatic or European, the author has been guided by the historical importance and relative number of the people that use them. Thus, the Malay, which is also spoken in Asia, is classed with the Oceanic family; and the language of the United States of America, though it promises to be the prevailing tongue over half that vast continent, is classed with European languages. We should suppose that if languages have any permanent characteristics, if any principles regulate and preside over their formation, if they are not wholly chance-begotten things, modelled by capricious fashion, and as changeable as the shape of our garments; if they are called into existence by the permanent wants of our species, and regulated by the laws to which our organs of speech are subjected, they may be classified by their own peculiarities, independently of geography. M. Balbi does allude to such a classification, which appears to correspond even with one particular division of the earth, though different from that adopted by himself. As this is almost the only general conclusion or novel theory we have ob-

served in the book, and as the coincidence pointed out is somewhat remarkable, we shall give it in the author's own words.

"If it were wished to remark the nature of different languages, and to consider some of their principal characteristics, it would be found, perhaps, that they might all be reduced to the three following classes :— 1st, *simple* languages, which consist, so to speak, of a rough collection of small united words or particles ; 2d, *inflected* languages, of which the grammatical forms, more complicated than those of the former, announce an interior developement by the inflection of the words ; 3d, *agglutinated* languages, the grammatical forms of which being more complicated than the former, demonstrate a greater tendency to an external aggregation, or agglutination. It might, perhaps, also be said that these ethnographical classes correspond, up to a certain point, with the three great geographical divisions of the globe ; for according to the facts hitherto collected concerning all the known languages of the globe, it seems demonstrated, that the *old world*, in which all the three classes are found, is the only part which possesses true inflected languages ; that the *new world*, from one end to the other, contains only agglutinated languages ; and that all the languages of the *Maritime world*, yet known, are simple languages. This conclusion, to which our researches on the ethnographical classification of nations have led us, suggests the remarkable reflection, that it is precisely in the ancient world, which we are informed by Moses was the original home of man, and the cradle of all the people of the earth, that we find the three essentially different classes to which Baron Humboldt thinks all the grammatical forms of the astonishing variety of all known languages may be reduced."

We shall not enter into the merits of the special classifications. Several of them appear to be formed on slight and superficial grounds, but they are all, at least when the languages to which they relate are of any importance, accompanied by the reasons which have determined the author to adopt them. The minute research into almost evanescent facts, necessary to justify or condemn the detailed part of the classification, is ill adapted to the pages of a popular journal, and we must resign this shadowy criticism to some of our more learned contemporaries. We differ from the author as to the possibility of our having any thing like a precise classification of languages ; we differ from him as to the propriety of making the geographical divisions of the earth the basis of such classification ; and we do not agree with him in thinking that languages deserve implicit confidence as the basis for a classification of nations. The physical characteristics of our race are at least as permanent as the characteristics of speech, and where the two do not correspond, the former must be considered as of equal importance with the latter, in guiding us to correct conclusions. Now, there are several instances of " lan-

guages so similar, that they ought almost to be regarded as dialects of the same tongue;" particularly the Slavonic and Turkish, being spoken by nations possessing distinct physical and moral characteristics, and existing in almost every stage of civilization. History may inform us of the causes of such anomalies, but their existence is a proof that languages alone cannot explain the origin and migrations of different tribes.

Notwithstanding these leading differences of opinion, we are bound to state, that M. Balbi's work is an extremely useful one. He is not the only person who has followed the steps of Adelung, but, without being a slavish imitator, he has gone further than any other beyond his master. The work would have been more complete had it been accompanied by short specimens of different languages; and M. Balbi had actually intended to have given with it the two first tenses of the verb *to be* in 80 languages and 150 dialects, the personal pronouns of 300 different idioms, and the Lord's Prayer in 100 various tongues. The apprehension, however, of being forestalled in the market, by some German fellow-labourers in the same field, induced him to hasten to the press; but he still proposes to publish them in a separate work. As the "*Mithridates*" contains a large collection of such specimens, the two works complete the subject; but it might, without inconvenience, be compressed into one; and the present volumes afford so many proofs of M. Balbi's skill in the useful art of abridgement, that we should be sorry were he not to embrace the whole. His great merit, in truth, consists in condensing his materials, and his book is really the essence of all that is worth knowing on the subject. Except a few repetitions, to which we have already adverted, and too many compliments to his learned assistants, there is little we wish to see omitted. He is both an accurate and diligent compiler, having no favourite theories of his own to mislead his judgment, and close his mind against information. He seems to have carried no feeling nor passion into his labours, except the one desire of deserving, by extreme correctness, the approbation of scientific and literary men; and his production, as we might expect from such a disposition, is a well-wrought piece of art. To those who desire to know what has already been done in tracing the origin and affinities of languages it will be of signal utility.

- ART. V.—1. *Memoires Anecdotiques sur l'Interieur du Palais, et sur quelques événemens de l'Empire, depuis 1805 jusqu'au 1^{er} Mai, 1814, pour servir à l'Histoire de Napoléon.* Par L. F. J. de Bausset, ancien Préfet du Palais Imperial. Paris. 1827. 2 tom. 8vo.
2. *Memoires historiques et secrets de l'Imperatrice Josephine, Marie Rose Tascher de la Pagerie; plus, l'interieur de la main de l'Homme extraordinaire, &c.* Par Mademoiselle M. A. Le Normand. Second edition. Paris. 1827. 3 tom. 8vo.

THE French press has for some time teemed with publications purporting to afford materials for the history of Napoleon. Some of these have undoubtedly opened new and valuable sources of information, but many of them have evidently been put forth with no other view than that of supplying the ordinary demand for light literature, to a class of readers who seek rather to be amused than instructed. *Memoires pour servir à l'histoire* have long been a staple commodity in the list of French literary manufactures, and may be said, for the most part, to be of service only to the speculators who are interested in their immediate circulation. Aid to the future historian seldom forms a part of the real design of these publications; they are got up for immediate consumption, and as they are generally produced with a rapidity proportioned to the appetite of the consumers, they are, like other fungous productions, composed of light but indigestible materials.

The work at the head of this article cannot be ranked among the best, though it is far from being one of the least respectable of the class to which it belongs. We believe the author to be an honest, but at the same time a very credulous collector of anecdotes; hence a distinction must be taken between such parts of the *Memoirs* as rest upon his own authority, and those which he has derived from more questionable sources. There is a legal maxim which ascribes to the testimony of all artists a superior degree of credibility in matters connected with their peculiar craft or calling; and it may be convenient to apply this test of the value of evidence even to some portions of the *Memoirs*, for the accuracy of which the author is himself responsible.

M. de Bausset was an officer of the household of Napoleon, having for ten years held the situation of prefect or superintendent of the imperial palace; and whenever he communicates any information in his official capacity, or states any facts which fell under his immediate observation, we are disposed to place great reliance upon his testimony. One important branch of the du-

ties which devolved upon M. de Bausset, as prefect of the palace, seems to have been the superintendence of all the culinary arrangements of the imperial household. He waited, with his hat under his arm, near the emperor's table at breakfast, and the dinner was served by pages, *valets de chambres*, &c. under his immediate direction and control. To his department it appertained to provide for the comfort and accommodation of the imperial family in all its excursions and peregrinations; more especially to watch over the service of the table; to take care that the wines were of the first quality, and the coffee of unexceptionable flavour. These services, though they may appear to savour of less dignified occupations, were merely services of honour, the more active and laborious part of duty being invariably performed by subordinate domestics; and there is the more candour, therefore, in the confession which is made by M. de Bausset, that if the emperor's title to the sovereignty of France could be fairly disputed, the prefect of the imperial palace could claim no higher rank than that of Bonaparte's head cook (*chef de cuisine*). M. de Bausset's constant attendance near the person of Napoleon during so long a period has enabled him to correct divers misrepresentations which have gone forth respecting the internal arrangements of the imperial household, and to pronounce with official precision on a variety of points, which might otherwise have been involved in uncertainty. Thus, he informs us that Napoleon not only preferred Chambertin to all other wines—a preference, which had been already noticed in the journal of Las Cases, and in Segur's Narrative of the Expedition to Russia—but that he never drank wine of any other description. He refutes the accounts circulated in certain quarters of the emperor's excessive addiction to coffee, assuring us that all such accounts are false and ridiculous; and he treats with becoming indignation another report, which ascribed to Napoleon an overweening partiality for snuff. M. de Bausset has no hesitation in expressing his conviction that the emperor wasted more snuff than he took, and that it was rather a sort of mental aberration (*manie*) or distraction, than the actual want of it, which impelled him to take any. He also informs us that all the imperial snuff-boxes were oval, and made of tortoise-shell, lined with gold. Nothing can be more satisfactory, and occasionally more picturesque, than the details with which M. de Bausset delights and surprises his readers in the description of every-day occurrences, to which a less accomplished artist might despair of giving dignity or interest. It has been said that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*; but Napoleon is always a hero to his prefect of the palace. Even

the common-place operation of shaving affords M. de Bausset an opportunity of detecting those characteristic shades of superiority which distinguished his imperial master from the rest of mankind. In short, Napoleon eats, drinks, and shaves, in the volumes of M. de Bausset, as no other man ate, drank, or shaved before.

“One day,” says our author, “during the campaign in Spain (at Aranda) he sent for me at seven o’clock in the morning, to put into my hand certain Spanish papers which he wished to be immediately translated. The emperor was shaving himself. He was standing near a window, while Roustan held a large glass before him. When the emperor had shaved one side of his face, he changed his position, and Roustan immediately placed the glass before him in this new situation, so that the light might fall on that part of the emperor’s face which was not shaved; *the emperor used only one hand for the operation.*”

Much information akin to that conveyed in the foregoing passage is to be found in these volumes; and for this species of information, which there can be no assignable motive for colouring or distorting, the future historian or biographer of Bonaparte may consult the pages of the ex-prefect of the imperial palace with confidence. He is a veracious gossip, and an entertaining guide, so long as he confines himself to the sphere of his peculiar department; but if he quits that sphere for an instant, the reader no longer feels himself perfectly at ease in his company. When he ventures on the field of politics, as he does occasionally, though seldom without an amusing confession of his own incompetency to approach so lofty a theme, his extreme simplicity and credulity deprive his opinions of any weight which could possibly be attached to them even by those who participate in his political creed. Even his gossip is only good when he details what he has himself seen and heard; the anecdotes which he relates at second-hand belonging, for the most part, to a class of which probability is not the most striking ingredient. The following story may serve as a specimen of the sort of anecdotes to which we allude:

“The Duchess D——, a young, beautiful, accomplished, and immensely rich widow, had the misfortune, in consequence of certain court intrigues, to lose the favour of the Queen of Spain. The royal displeasure was manifested in various acts of annoyance, to which the duchess submitted patiently for some time; but, at length, the gaiety of her disposition prompted her, notwithstanding the danger attending such an attempt, to resort to a scheme of retaliation. Aware of the queen’s practice of causing almost all her dresses and ornaments to be sent from Paris, she employed a dexterous agent to procure for her, at whatever cost, precisely the same articles of dress, jewellery, &c. which the queen’s agents had ordered to be dispatched to Madrid. By dint of liberal dis-

bursements the duchess's agent contrived to get his packets forwarded several days before the queen's agents could send their purchases to Madrid. By these means the duchess was enabled to dress her waiting women in the newest Parisian fashions, and, by ordering them to exhibit themselves at the Prado, the theatres and other public places, to deprive the queen of the gratification she would otherwise have derived from the display of these novelties. This spirit of rivalry on the part of the duchess, whose wealth, beauty, and accomplishments attracted to her parties all who were most distinguished for rank and talents in Madrid, was shortly after followed by serious consequences. Her palace was twice set on fire by some unknown hand; and, when it was once more restored to its former splendour, she gave a great fête, which she terminated, however, sooner than usual, addressing her guests to the following effect:—"Retire; I will not allow any body else to have the pleasure of setting fire to my palace, as I intend this time to do it for myself." The duchess did accordingly set fire to her palace. Some time after she was seized with a complaint which baffled the skill of the faculty, and she died prematurely in the twenty-ninth or thirtieth year of her age. Her palace had not been rebuilt on the 4th of December, 1808; and when, after the capitulation of Madrid, we entered that city as conquerors, we saw nothing on its site but a pile of ruins; sad monument of an indiscreet and culpable struggle!"

We are far from imputing to M. de Bausset any exercise of inventive faculty, but we doubt whether, in forming his collection of anecdotes, he has ever felt the expediency of discriminating between that which was true or probable, and that which was manifestly false or absurd. For this reason, in making a few extracts from the volumes before us, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to what may be considered the official portion of their contents. As a man of letters, a politician, or a soldier—for the prefect was sometimes obliged, though sorely against his will, to take a part in the dangers of the camp—M. de Bausset possesses small claims to the admiration either of his contemporaries or of posterity; but he is worthy of all praise as an *arbitrarius* in all points of culinary taste, and as a faithful historian of the interior of the imperial palace.

"Every morning (says the ex-prefect) at nine o'clock, the emperor came out from the interior of his apartments, dressed as he continued to be during the rest of the day. The officers in waiting were first admitted, and received their instructions for the day. Then followed the *grandes entrées*, appropriated to personages of the highest rank, who possessed the right, either by the nature of their offices, or by special favour; officers of the imperial household not in waiting had also the privilege of admission. Napoleon addressed each person in succession, and listened graciously to whatever communications were made to him. When he had gone through the circle he bowed, and every one retired. It often happened, that some one wishing to address the

emperor in private waited till the rest had withdrawn, and then obtained the desired audience.

At half-past nine Napoleon's breakfast was served. The prefect of the palace announced it, ushered the emperor into the room where he was to breakfast, and remained there with the principal *maitre d'hôtel*, who performed all the subordinate services. Napoleon breakfasted upon a small mahogany table, covered with a napkin, near which the prefect of the palace stood, with his hat under his arm. Frequently the emperor's breakfast did not last longer than eight minutes; but when he wanted to *shut up his closet* (*fermer son cabinet*) as he sometimes observed with a smile, it lasted a considerable time, and on these occasions nothing could equal the fascinating gaiety and vivacity of his conversation. His expressions were rapid, pointed, and picturesque. He often received scientific and literary men of distinction during breakfast, such as Mess. Monge, Berthollet, Denon, and Corvisart. Among others distinguished by their great talents, to whom this privilege was conceded, were David, Gerard, Isabey, Talma, Fontaine his principal architect, &c. some of whom are still living, and can bear testimony to the charms of Napoleon's conversation. Gifted with a rich imagination, superior intelligence, and extraordinary tact, it was at such moments, when the emperor's conversation was free from all the restraints of etiquette, that he most astonished and enchanted his hearers.

"Napoleon was generally occupied in receiving the ministers or directors general, and transacting public business, until six o'clock, when dinner was regularly served. This consisted only of a single course, followed by a dessert; Napoleon always preferred the simplest dishes. He drank no wine except Chambertin, and seldom took this without water. Pages, assisted by *valets de chambre*, and *maitres d'hôtel*, waited at table. The dinner generally lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes. Napoleon never drank any *liqueur* or *vin de liqueur*. He took regularly two cups of pure coffee, one in the morning after breakfast, and another after dinner; all that has been said of his abuse of this beverage is false and ridiculous. During the dinner, the prefect of the palace had only to superintend generally (*surveiller en grand*) the service of the table, and to answer such questions as were addressed to him.

"As soon as the emperor re-entered the drawing-room, a page presented him a silver gilt plate, on which were a cup and a sugar-basin. The principal attendant poured out the coffee; the empress took the emperor's cup; the page and the principal attendant retired; I waited till the empress poured out the coffee into the saucer, and presented it to Napoleon. It so often happened that the emperor forgot to take his coffee at the proper season, that the empress Josephine, and afterwards the empress Maria Louisa resorted to this expedient, by way of remedying that inconvenience. I then retired, and the emperor soon after returned to his cabinet to resume business; for he seldom, as he used to say, put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. The empress went down by a private staircase to her apartments, where the ladies in waiting, some other privileged ladies, and the officers of the

household, were assembled. Tables were arranged for play, in order to dispense with the etiquette of formal circle. Sometimes Napoleon came down, and chatted familiarly with the ladies, or some of us; but he seldom remained long. The officers of the household again attended at the audience of the *caucher*, to receive orders for the next day. Such was the life habitually led by the emperor at the Tuileries, and this uniformity was only interrupted when a concert, play, or hunting party, formed part of the day's amusements."

It often happened, when the mind of Napoleon was occupied with affairs of state, that many breakfasts and dinners passed without a single word being uttered. Notwithstanding the frequency of this occurrence, however, M. de Bausset feels himself bound to observe, that even when the emperor's brow was serious, and his lips closed, he always appeared to his (M. de Bausset's) eyes, just, polite, and benevolent. M. de Bausset admits, that he has sometimes seen Napoleon's countenance ruffled by passion, but he adds, with a discretion well befitting a prefect of the imperial palace, that on these occasions it almost always appeared to him that the emperor was in the right. His indignation always had its source in noble and elevated sentiments.

The crown of Italy having been offered to Napoleon, and accepted, (for a crown, as our author remarks, is one of those things which is never refused,) M. de Bausset attended the emperor on his journey to Milan, where the new sovereign was to be received by a grand deputation of the Italian republic. Napoleon was met at Alexandria by a small deputation, headed by M. de Durazzo, ex-doge of Genoa, which came *incognito* to submit to the emperor a proposition for the annexation of Genoa to the French empire. This province was graciously accepted. The anniversary of the battle of Marengo happened while the emperor was at Alexandria, and a review of twenty-five thousand troops took place on the plain where the battle was fought. On the morning of that day Napoleon received the officers of his household, dressed in an old rusty uniform, torn in several places; he also held in his hand an old gold-laced hat, with a hole in it. M. de Bausset learnt, on leaving the emperor's apartment, that this coat and hat were the same which he had worn on the day of the battle of Marengo, and that the hole in the hat had been made by an Austrian bullet. The surprise, which the prefect at first felt on seeing the emperor in so shattered a costume, was instantly converted into admiration, and he assures us, that the richest mantle would have appeared to him paltry in comparison with a garment associated with such splendid historical recollections.

M. de Bausset at one time doubted whether Buonaparte ever seriously entertained the design of invading this country, but he has since had strong reasons to change his opinion, and he is now inclined to think, that if it had not been for the fault of the admiral who commanded the French fleet, the invasion would certainly have been attempted. This admiral had instructions to make a feint upon the West Indies, so as to induce the English fleets to follow him in that direction. He was to take his measures in such a way as to throw the English into the greatest perplexity and uncertainty as to his real intentions. He was then to return suddenly, always veiling his movements in the most impenetrable mystery; he was to join the Spanish fleet and other ships which awaited him at Corunna and Rochefort, set sail with a squadron of seventy vessels, annihilate the English flotilla, sweep the channel, and thus facilitate the landing of the French armies. In consequence of the neglect of these instructions, and the activity of Nelson, who threw an obstacle in the way of their execution, by compelling the admiral to seek shelter in the port of Cadiz, an enterprise, says M. de Bausset, failed, of which the consequences might have been incalculable, had its success been equal to the grandeur of the design. He repeats the story of Fulton the American having proposed to Buonaparte to make a trial of steam-boats in the invasion of England. The proposition is said to have been rejected, partly on account of the supposed impracticability of the project, and partly because the preparations at Boulogne were too far advanced to admit of any alteration in the plan of operations. It is certainly possible that such an offer might have been made, Fulton having shortly after demonstrated, in his native country, the practicability of impelling vessels by steam. He made the first voyage in a steam-boat from New York to Albany, in the year 1807.

We pass over M. de Bausset's details of Spanish affairs, many of them, in fact, being little more than transcripts from the columns of the *Moniteur*, and the whole subject of the Spanish campaigns having fallen into abler hands than those of the ex-prefect. The writer's opinions are such as might be expected from the nature and duties of the office which he held under the imperial government; in all matters connected with politics he believes and reasons like a prefect of the imperial palace. Thus he is of opinion, that the aggressions of Spain imposed upon Napoleon the necessity of invading that kingdom; and he believes, that all the wars in which the emperor ever engaged were defensive wars; that his whole military life in short was occupied in maintaining himself against the encroaching ambition of the different powers of Europe.

"All the powers with which Napoleon engaged, whether Prussia, Austria, Russia, Naples, or Spain, invariably commenced the aggression; and what was called ambition by the enemies of Napoleon, was nothing but a legitimate calculation of the measures essential to his own defence. Had he been ambitious, would he have restored to Prussia her territories? would he have thrice restored to Austria her hereditary states, which he possessed by the right of conquest? Had he been ambitious enough to keep what his sword had won, would he have fallen a victim to his murderers on the rock of St. Helena?"

In the same spirit of anxiety to remove all imputation from the character of Napoleon, M. de Bausset denies that any fraud or force was used in inveigling the present King of Spain to the French frontier, and afterwards procuring his renunciation of all pretensions to his hereditary dominions. He maintains, on the contrary, that Ferdinand believed Napoleon to be a tender friend and ally, and that his renunciation of the crown of Spain, as well as his journey to Bayonne, was perfectly voluntary and unconstrained. There is the more merit in entertaining these opinions, as it must have cost M. de Bausset some difficulty to reconcile them with the contents of certain letters of Ferdinand, which he himself translated for the benefit of the Emperor. In one of these letters, written to his brother Antonio, which was intercepted while Ferdinand was at Bayonne, that monarch assails the Imperial family, and the French nation, in somewhat coarse, but perfectly intelligible language. The following is one of the passages in this letter, which was of course omitted in the document inserted in the *Moniteur*.

"The Empress arrived here yesterday evening, at seven o'clock; none, except a few little children cried *Vive l'imperatrice*; and these cries were extremely faint; she passed without stopping; and proceeded to Marrac, where I shall this day pay her a visit."

At the conclusion of the letter he recommends his brother to be on his guard against the *cursed French*. On coming to these words of the royal epistle, Napoleon expressed great indignation, and asked M. de Bausset whether he was quite sure that this was the meaning of the epithet employed. M. de Bausset pointed out the word *malditos* in the original; it is indeed so, said the Emperor; the word is nearly Italian; *maledetto*.

The task of translating Spanish documents was not, as may be supposed, a part of the regular duties of the prefect of the palace; but M. de Bausset having mentioned to Napoleon, on one occasion, that he knew something of the Spanish language, the Emperor put his knowledge to the test, during the journey to Bayonne, by desiring him to translate some intercepted letters. M. de Bausset executed the task imposed upon him with such success that the Emperor afterwards complimented him upon his

skill in the presence of the Duke of Bassano, declaring that he should in future have no occasion for secretaries to translate Spanish documents. The ex-prefect confesses indeed, that on this occasion he availed himself of the assistance of two individuals who had greater experience in the Spanish language than himself; but we cannot the less admire that combination of talent, which enabled him at once to furnish dinners for the guests of his imperial master, and translations of their intercepted correspondence. The assistance which was afforded him in both these branches of service detracts nothing from the merit of their combination. Frederick the Great set his own *poeshie* to music, but it was always with the aid of his principal composer.

On the first visit of Ferdinand to Napoleon at Bayonne, the Emperor went down to receive him as he alighted from his carriage; and this was the only mark of attention observed by our author in the nature of those which Napoleon was in the habit of paying to crowned heads.

"My new functions," says M. de Bausset, "as cabinet translator, did not prevent me from discharging my duties as prefect of the palace. I waited with impatience for the hour of dinner, being curious to make my observations on so extraordinary a meeting. I admired the address with which the Emperor avoided giving Ferdinand the title, either of majesty or highness. He supplied this omission, however, by a studied courtesy of demeanour, which he extended even to the prince's suite. In a word, he conducted himself with such suavity, that all the guests appeared highly satisfied with their reception. There was but little conversation after dinner, and the emperor did not on this occasion accompany Ferdinand further than the door of his apartment. It is said, that an hour after his return the prince received a message from the emperor, in which he was informed that he would have no other rank than that of Prince of the Asturias, until the arrival of King Charles, who was on his way to Bayonne, when the differences between the father and son would be finally adjusted."

We have an account of another royal dinner party on the arrival of Charles, who, it will be recollected, had abdicated a short time before in favour of Ferdinand. On the arrival of the carriages of Ferdinand, and the infant Don Carlos, Napoleon went down to the foot of the stairs.

"When dinner was announced, the Emperor presented his hand to the Queen of Spain. I immediately led the way, and I remarked that Napoleon walked at rather a quicker pace than usual. The Emperor perceived this himself, and said to the Queen, 'Perhaps your Majesty finds that I walk rather fast.' 'Indeed, Sire,' replied the Queen smiling, 'it is a way you generally have' Napoleon relaxed his features, and observed also with a smile, that his gallantry for the ladies always made him

consider it a duty to conform to their tastes. During dinner, some observations were made on the difference of etiquette in the two courts. Charles talked a great deal of his passion for hunting, to which he attributed, in some measure, his gout and rheumatism. 'Every day,' said the king, 'whatever the weather might be, winter and summer, I set out immediately after breakfast, and, after hearing mass, hunted till one o'clock. I then dined, and immediately after dinner set out, and hunted till sun-set. Manuel (the Prince of the Peace) used to tell me in the evening whether affairs went well or ill; I then went to bed, and the next day hunted again as before, unless some important ceremony compelled me to remain at home.' "

When the declining health of this personage no longer permitted him to indulge his passion for hunting, he betook himself to music. He played a little on the violin, but he seems to have insisted on the privilege of a royal road to music; for, in executing *morceaux d'ensemble* with M. Boucher, his first violin, he would often begin *alone*, and when the artist remonstrated, he would reply, *that he was not made to wait for him.*

The act of abdication, by which Ferdinand renounced all pretensions to the crown of Spain, and a number of other documents confirming that renunciation, are faithfully transcribed in these volumes from the *Moniteur*. As to the treaty by which Charles also ceded all his rights to Napoleon, M. de Bausset thinks it would be wrong to imagine, that the cession was not perfectly voluntary on the part of that monarch, inasmuch as he was decidedly averse to the fatigue incidental to the administration of public affairs, and was moreover perfectly indifferent about his wife and children. Under these circumstances, Charles the Fourth was naturally eager to make a sacrifice of every thing which most men are apt to hold in extraordinary estimation.

During the conferences with the Austrian commissioners at Schoenbrunn, at which our author believes the marriage of the emperor with the arch-duchess Maria Louisa to have been agreed to in a secret article, Napoleon narrowly escaped the knife of an assassin. A review of the different divisions of the army took place daily in the great court of the palace of Schoenbrunn. Napoleon regularly quitted his apartments at nine o'clock, and, as he descended a stair-case which led to the court, was in the habit of receiving petitions, and listening to any communications which the officers of the army might have to make to him.

"One day, being anxious to proceed immediately to the review of some companies of French prisoners, which had been marched to head quarters in pursuance of cartels of exchange, and to make inquiries into the circumstances under which they had fallen into the hands of the

enemy, he did not stop as usual, in descending the stair-case of the palace. A person, dressed in a plain blue great coat, with a military hat, to which was attached a metal eagle button, but no cockade, and holding a paper in his hand, pressed forward as soon as he observed that the Emperor did not stop, in order to follow him, and present his petition. The prince of Neufchâtel, who followed the Emperor, told this individual that he might present his petition when the parade was over: Napoleon, thinking only of his prisoners, did not observe what passed behind him. Notwithstanding the observation of the prince of Neufchâtel, this man continued to follow, affirming that the nature of his petition did not admit of delay, and that he would speak to Napoleon. General Rapp, the aid-de-camp in attendance, observing that he continued to press forward, and that he had made his way up to the general officers who followed the emperor, seized him by the collar of his coat, desiring him sharply to retire. In doing this General Rapp felt the handle of an instrument in the man's coat-pocket; he grasped him more firmly, and made a sign to two gendarmes, who were always in attendance to maintain order. The man was arrested, and conducted immediately to the guard-house, which was situated under my apartment. I was myself standing at one of my windows, which, as they afforded a good view of the parade, were often occupied by the ladies of Vienna. On this day I had had the honour to receive the Countess of Bellegarde, the lady of the field-marshal, and Madame the Princess of Furstemberg; I was standing close to them, and pointing out to them the different personages as they passed in the court below. They observed, as well as myself, the arrest which had just taken place, and being curious to know the cause, begged me to go and ascertain the particulars. I addressed myself to General Rapp, who related all that had occurred, and informed me, that upon searching the individual at the guard-house, a large knife, the blade of which was sharpened on both sides, was found upon his person: with this instrument he had, no doubt, designed to assassinate the emperor; in fact, he did not dissemble that such was his intention. I returned to the ladies to acquaint them with what I had learnt; they expressed the utmost detestation of the wretch who had harboured so criminal a design. One fact, certain, positive, and incontestable, is, that Napoleon observed no part of this transaction during the review, and that he was not informed of it until he returned to his apartments. He ordered the fanatic to be brought before him. The man said he was the son of a Lutheran minister of Erfurt, and that he regarded as one of the most glorious actions of his life the attempt which he had just made to deliver Germany from her greatest enemy; he added, that he had left his native place for the express purpose of carrying his design into execution. 'Suppose I should pardon you,' said Napoleon, 'should you not feel yourself bound by gratitude to renounce the idea of assassinating me?' 'I do not advise you to pardon me,' replied the wretch, 'for I have sworn to destroy you.' 'Surely, this man is mad,' said Napoleon to Corvisart, whom he had sent for on this occasion; 'feel his pulse.' Corvisart obeyed, and said he observed

no kind of agitation; the pulse and heart were tranquil. This man, whose name I have forgotten, was taken to one of the prisons at Vienna, where he was kept for some time under solitary confinement, prevented from taking his natural sleep, and restricted to a little fruit for nourishment, in order to weaken his constitution, and extort a confession of the names of his accomplices. He persisted, however, in making no confession, and in boasting of his criminal design. He was tried by a military commission, and shot.

One of the most striking passages in these memoirs is the account of the scene which took place when Napoleon first communicated to Josephine his intention of repudiating her; a scene of which our author, from the part he took in it, has been enabled to give some very interesting details.

"Three days after our arrival at Fontainebleau, I observed some indications of sadness in the countenance of Josephine, and much less freedom in the deportment of Napoleon towards her. One morning after breakfast, the Empress did me the honour to enter into conversation with me, near one of the windows of her apartment. After some indifferent questions as to the manner in which we spent our time at Schoenbrunn, the Empress said, 'Monsieur de Bausset, I rely on your attachment to my interests, and I trust you will answer with candour the question I am about to put to you.' I assured her of my willingness to give her every information in my power; and that I could the more readily do so, as no communication had been made to me which I had engaged not to divulge. 'Well then,' said she, 'tell me, if you know, why the private communication between my apartment and the emperor's is closed.' 'I was not aware of it, madam: all I know is that repairs were begun, but they have been suspended in consequence of the emperor having returned sooner than was expected. Perhaps, also, it was supposed that, at so advanced a period of the season, it was not likely that he would come to reside at Fontainebleau. Your majesty may see, from the state of some of the furniture in his apartments, that things are in an unfinished state.' Such was my answer, and, in fact, I should have had great difficulty in returning any other. I was not called upon to speak of circumstances which had fallen under my own observation. I shall never forget the last words which this excellent princess addressed to me. 'M. de Bausset, believe me, there is some mystery in all this.' This conversation tended to strengthen the impressions made upon me during the negotiations at Schöenbrunn. My suspicions were soon confirmed.

"The king of Saxony arrived at Paris on the 13th of November, and their majesties quitted Fontainebleau on the 14th. Napoleon rode on horseback, and proceeded to the palace de l'Elysée, which was at that time occupied by the king of Saxony. I observed the embarrassment of Napoleon increase, in proportion to the vague presentiment of some impending calamity entertained by Josephine.

"I was in waiting at the Tuileries on Monday, the 27th of November; on that and the two following days, I remarked a great alteration

in the countenance of the empress, and a silent constraint in the manner of Napoleon. If he broke silence during dinner, it was only to ask me some short questions; the answers to which it was evident he did not listen to. At this time, dinner seldom lasted longer than ten minutes. The storm burst forth on Thursday, the 30th.

"Their majesties sat down to dinner. Josephine wore a large white hat, tied under the chin, which concealed a part of her face. I thought I could perceive, nevertheless, that she had been weeping, and that she still with difficulty abstained from shedding tears. She appeared the image of grief and despair. The most profound silence was observed during dinner; neither of them partook of any thing that was set before them, except to preserve appearances. The only words uttered were addressed to me by Napoleon: 'How is the weather?*' As he said this, he rose from the table. Josephine followed slowly. Coffee was brought in, and Napoleon took his cup, presented by the page in waiting, making a signal at the same time that he wished to be alone. I retired immediately, in great anxiety and distress of mind. I sat down in the dining-room, near the door of the emperor's drawing-room, watching mechanically the servants, who were taking away what had been served at the dinner of their majesties, when suddenly I heard violent shrieks, uttered by Josephine, in the emperor's apartment. One of the grooms of the chamber supposing the empress to be ill was about to open the door, I prevented him, observing that the emperor would call for assistance, if he judged it necessary. (I was standing near the door when Napoleon opened it himself, and perceiving me, said, in a hurried manner, 'Come in, Bausset, and shut the door.' I entered the apartment, and perceived the empress stretched upon the carpet, uttering the most piercing shrieks. 'No, I shall never survive it,' said the unfortunate Josephine. Napoleon said to me, 'Are you strong enough to lift up Josephine, and carry her by the private staircase to her apartment, that proper assistance may be rendered her?' I obeyed, and raised the princess, whom I believed to be labouring under a nervous attack. With the assistance of Napoleon, I raised her in my arms; he himself took up one of the candles on the table, and lighted me to the private staircase. When we came to the first step of the staircase, I observed to Napoleon that it was too narrow to admit of my going down without danger of falling. He immediately called the keeper of the portfolio, who watched day and night at the door of his cabinet, which communicated with the lobby of the staircase. Napoleon gave him the candle, which we no longer wanted, as these passages were lighted; ordered the

* One of our contemporaries, who has anticipated us in this extract, translates Napoleon's question, (*Quel temps fait-il?*) *What is it o'clock?* an error which we are the more disposed to notice, as it may have the effect of casting an additional shade of enormity on the conduct of Bonaparte, in the eyes of the sex, to whom his treatment of Josephine will appear sufficiently inexcusable, without this aggravating feature in it. "Ask not the hour," says a poet of indisputable authority in all points where the delicacy due to female feelings is involved. The state of the weather was a far less offensive subject of enquiry, since the depressing influence of bad weather might possibly have accounted, in some degree, for his abstraction and want of attention to Josephine.

officer to go forward, and took hold himself of the two legs of Josephine, to assist me in carrying her down. At one moment, my sword got in the way, and we had all nearly fallen; but luckily we arrived at the bottom without accident, and deposited our precious burthen on a sofa in her bedchamber. The emperor went immediately to the bell, and rang for the empress's women. When I first took up the empress, she ceased to utter any complaint. I thought she had fainted; but at the time my sword got entangled, in the middle of the narrow staircase, I was obliged to press her more closely, in order to prevent a fall, which might have been attended with serious consequences to all the parties engaged in this painful scene. My arms encompassed the waist of the empress: her back rested against my breast, and her head reposed upon my right shoulder. When she felt the effort I made to prevent our falling, she said in a low voice, 'You press me too hard.' I then perceived that nothing was to be apprehended for her safety, and that she had only been deprived of sensation for the moment. During the whole of this scene, my attention was wholly directed to Josephine, whose situation greatly distressed me. I had no opportunity of observing Napoleon; but as soon as the female attendants of the empress came to her assistance, Napoleon went into a small room adjoining the bedchamber, and I followed him. His agitation and anxiety were excessive. He acquainted me with the cause of all that had just taken place, and added these words: 'The interest of France and of my dynasty obliges me to oppose the dictates of my heart. The divorce has become a painful duty for me; I am the more distressed at this scene, as Josephine must have known, for the last three days, from Hortensia, the painful necessity which condemns me to separate from her. I pity her with all my soul; I thought she had more fortitude, and I was not prepared for these violent ebullitions of grief.' The emperor's emotion compelled him to take breath for some time between every sentence he uttered. His words fell from him with difficulty; his voice faltered; and his eyes were suffused with tears. He must, indeed, have been in a state of great mental distraction to have communicated so many particulars to me, who was so far removed from his counsels and confidence. The whole of this scene did not last longer than seven or eight minutes. Napoleon sent immediately for Corvisart, the Queen Hortensia, Cambacérès, and Fouché, and before retiring to his apartment, went himself to ascertain the condition of Josephine, whom he found more calm and resigned.

"The momentary weakness which overcame Josephine, on hearing her fate from the mouth of Napoleon, was the only one which she exhibited. She made it her glory to gain a conquest over herself, and to conform, without apparent effort, to the new duties which she was called upon to discharge."

The reflections of M. de Bausset on the separation of Josephine from Napoleon are in perfect keeping with all the observations to be found in these volumes, on subjects not immediately connected with the author's department. The ex-prefect of the imperial palace is always an ex-prefect; he sees every

thing with the eye of a *ci-devant* superintendant of dinners, and finds reasons to congratulate Josephine on her divorce, inasmuch as she thereby acquired a greater degree of independence, and was enabled to *dine* at more regular hours.

"In her palace at Malmaison, where she maintained the rank and splendour of a dowager empress, I think she was happier, and less dependant than at the Tuileries. At the latter palace she was under the necessity of conforming to the tastes and habits of Napoleon. The dinner was regularly served at six o'clock. It happened one day, or rather one night, Napoleon having forgotten that dinner had been announced, came out of his room at eleven o'clock. He observed to Josephine, 'I think it is rather late.' 'Past eleven o'clock,' said she smiling. 'I really thought I had dined,' said Napoleon, as he sat down to table. *This self denial was a virtue* which Josephine had to exercise on more than one occasion. Napoleon was perfectly right, when he said 'I gain nothing but battles, while Josephine, by her goodness, wins the hearts of all mankind.'"

M. de Bausset, naturally attaching a high degree of importance to operations which fell within his peculiar department, seems to have been of opinion that breakfasts and dinners comprehended all that was most essential to human enjoyment, and that no circumstances could justify a want of regularity at those meals. The day alluded to in the following anecdote was that of the battle of the Moscowa.

"At twelve o'clock I asked Napoleon, whether he would breakfast; the battle was not yet gained, and he signified his refusal by a gesture. I had the impudence to say that there was no reason in the world which ought to prevent a man from breakfasting, when he had the opportunity; upon which he dismissed me in a way sufficiently unceremonious. Somewhat later in the day he took a piece of bread, and a glass of Chamberlain without water. He had taken a glass of punch at ten o'clock in the morning, as he was suffering under a severe cold."

Good feeding is so manifestly a part of the worthy prefect's practical morality, that we are not surprised to find him frequently alluding to his obesity, and his gout. He seems to have been a devout observer of his own principles, and never to have committed the sin of declining a good meal, when the creature-comforts claimed his attentions. He was of a corpulency which even the hardships of the retreat from Russia failed to reduce, and he tells us that on his first interview with Napoleon after his return from Moscow, the Emperor observed with a bitter smile, that he was probably the only person whom that calamitous retreat had not made thinner. His gout was a sore hindrance to him during the retreat from Russia, but it was cured, as he assures us, by the excessive cold to which he was exposed, aided by anxiety of mind, and he is the more confirmed in these therapeutic conclusions, as

he experienced the same beneficial effects from the same causes during the Spanish campaign. We shall extract both the passages in which the prefect obliges us with an account of the manner in which his gout was cured by the joint influence of cold and terror.

“Napoleon having determined to ford the Ezla at some distance from a bridge which had been destroyed by the English, stationed himself on the banks of the river to superintend the passage of the troops; and as the weather was intensely cold, fires were lighted. I arrived with the others, mounted upon a fine mule which I had taken from my caleche, as my saddle horses were all lame. I perceived with pleasure the bright fires at which I expected to have the satisfaction of warming myself; but I was disappointed in this expectation, for I had no sooner alighted from my mule than Napoleon said, ‘come, Bausset; pass the ford, and prepare my quarters at Benavento.’ I remounted my mule as quickly as I was able, and placed myself in the rear of the cavalry of the guard, which passed in single file, so narrow was the passage. When I had arrived nearly to the middle of the river, my mule quitted the line, and began to swim to the left of it. I certainly was not at my ease, but I had the prudence not to check it, but to abandon myself to my fate, or rather to the instinct of the animal. I felt the water already above my knees, when fortunately, my mule regained a firm footing, and conducted me safely to the other side. This river is almost as broad as the Seine below the Pont Royal, and much more rapid. Refreshed by the water, the animal galloped to Benavento without stopping, and I learnt on the same evening the whole amount of the danger I had run. The Emperor, when he saw me quit the file which was crossing the ford, believed I should perish. I was so benumbed by the freezing water which had penetrated my clothes, that on arriving at Benavento, and quitting my saddle, I felt my legs sink under me. Some servants, who had passed the ford, supported me, carried me to a good fire, and enabled me by their attentions to execute the orders I had received. But what was most extraordinary, the gout, which had afflicted me for some months, ceased all at once to torment me.”

During his retreat from Russia his arthritic symptoms were more violent, and his sufferings from cold and apprehension, to which he again attributes his cure, were proportionally severe.

“Meanwhile my gouty pains increased, and I was completely unable to stand upon my feet. On the 11th and 12th of November the pain became excruciating, and I began to be alarmed for my safety. But on the 13th, owing to the extreme kindness of M. the Duke of Vicenza, (Caulincourt), I was placed on an open carriage (*Britschka*), drawn by two good horses, which was allotted to the courier who carried the despatches. The grand marshal had had the goodness to cause some provisions and bottles of brandy to be placed on this *britschka*. I always carried with me a phosphorus box, and some ends of candle, which I found extremely useful. There was a quantity of straw on this carriage

which contributed greatly to my comfort. We set out at six o'clock in the evening, the weather being intensely cold but dry. We made several leagues at a quick pace, and met on the road a great number of straggling soldiers, trains of artillery, carriages of all sorts, men leading saddle horses, &c. every one being anxious to get forward, as soon as it was known that the head-quarters at Smolensk were to be abandoned. It was nine o'clock in the evening when we reached the middle of a high hill covered with ice; our horses already fatigued refused to advance in spite of all the efforts of the driver; all he could do was to prevent the carriage from going back, by supporting the wheels with great pieces of ice. I perceived at a short distance a bivouac of artillery-men, who had also been obliged to stop, and who were warming themselves near a good fire while their horses rested. I despatched my courier to beg them to assist us, promising them a liberal reward, but not one of them would stir from the fire for any sum that could be offered. During this negotiation, the cold which was now at 23° began to affect me severely, and the idea occurred to me of lighting a candle, which I held, covered over with my hands, near my face, to protect it from the freezing atmosphere, till heaven should send me some relief. My feet were well wrapped up in the straw, and I was the less anxious about them, as I had completely ceased to feel them. Placed upon this bed of misery, I saw with an inexpressible feeling of envy all those who, either on horse or foot, succeeded in getting up this fatal mountain. Among the fortunate persons whom I saw pass I recognised M. Adnet, whose horse, more spirited than both mine, ascended without difficulty. Upon my calling him, he came up to me, and promised to return to my assistance as soon as he had placed his wife on the summit. I never saw him again; and it is only the recollection of the disastrous circumstances attending the retreat, in which indeed an excuse for his conduct may be found, that restrains me from taxing him with selfishness and ingratitude. My driver addressed himself in vain to all who passed, and my watch had already struck twelve o'clock, when providence brought to my aid a dozen grenadiers of the brave guard, who had been sent forward for the service of the Emperor's head-quarters, and who, having seen me constantly in attendance upon Napoleon, had no difficulty in recognising me, and taking an interest in my condition. The wheels of the carriage were frozen and did not at first revolve; but the carriage slid along like a sledge. By the assistance of these brave men I got over this odious mountain; I offered them gold, which they refused, but I thought of the bottles of brandy, which they accepted with gratitude. I continued my journey without further difficulty as far as Korytnia, where the first detachment of the Emperor's suite, which had left Smolensk some time before me, was quartered; but no post-horses were to be obtained; and I was obliged therefore to proceed to head-quarters with the same horses. I was under the necessity of stopping, but I was afraid of getting down, lest my gouty pains should return. At length I ventured to descend with great precaution, and was agreeably surprised to find that my gout had gone, and that I could move my limbs without the least inconvenience. I walked boldly, having the presence of mind, however, not to approach

a large fire which I perceived in a room where the servants belonging to the kitchen had established themselves. I took a little exercise, and soon restored a healthy circulation. I submit this case to the gentlemen of the faculty. Severe cold with great mental anxiety, the natural consequence of the circumstances under which I passed this long night, restored to me my strength and health, the first of blessings. I do not attempt to explain this fact; I merely state it as it occurred."

The prefect did not accompany Napoleon on the expedition to Russia; but he joined him at head-quarters on the day preceding the battle of the Moscowa, being the bearer of despatches from the Empress Maria Louisa, and also of a portrait of her son, painted by Gerard. His account of the manner in which Napoleon received this portrait coincides with that which has been given in some other publications. There was no want of amiability in the character of Napoleon, and his paternal feelings were probably excited at the sight of his child's portrait; but if any thing could create a suspicion of the genuineness of his emotions, it would be the empirical manner in which he gave vent to them. He seems always to have felt the necessity of acting a part; on this occasion he played the father.

"I delivered the despatches with which the Empress had entrusted me, and begged to know his wishes with respect to his son's portrait. I thought that on the evening before the great battle which he had so long ardently desired, he would defer giving directions for opening the case which contained the portrait. I was mistaken; eager to enjoy a sight so dear to his heart, he directed me to have it brought to his tent immediately. I cannot express the pleasure which this sight gave him; regret at not being able to clasp his son to his bosom was the only thought which interfered with the pleasing emotions it inspired. His eyes expressed the tenderest satisfaction. He himself called all the officers of his household, and all the generals who were awaiting his orders at a short distance, that they might participate in the feelings with which his heart was filled. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'if my son were fifteen years old, believe me he should be here in person in the midst of the brave. A moment afterwards, he added, 'this portrait is admirable.' He had it placed outside his tent on a chair, that the brave officers and soldiers of his guard might see it, and be inspired with new courage at the sight. The portrait remained there the whole day."

M. de Bausset did not at this time observe that remarkable alteration in the health of Napoleon on which so much stress is laid by Count Segur in his account of the expedition to Russia. Segur represents Napoleon as labouring under severe disease on the day of the battle, and attributes, in a great degree, the calamities which afterwards befel the French army to the state of physical and mental prostration, which paralysed the Emperor's energies on that momentous occasion. M. de Bausset, on the contrary,

represents Napoleon as perfectly well at this time, both in body and mind, and in no degree affected by the fatigues he had undergone during his rapid march.

"In the morning of this day, (says M. de Bausset,) at once so glorious and fatal to the French army, some bullets passed over the head of Napoleon, and the group in which we were assembled behind him. He ordered General Sorbier to advance with some batteries of the artillery of the guard, to rid us of this annoyance. An hour or two after the bullets re-appeared, and we supposed the enemy had regained the position from which he had been dislodged by our artillery. The firing however gradually relaxed, and the bullets came slowly rolling, as their force was almost expended, at the feet of Napoleon, who pushed them quietly away with his foot, as people remove a stone that lies in their way in walking. He talked with Marshal Davoust, who had just had a horse killed under him by a cannon ball, and who, still suffering from the shock he had received in his fall, could scarcely keep up with Napoleon as he walked rapidly to and fro within the limits of a few yards. About two o'clock in the afternoon the sound of the Russian cannon died away. The great redoubt once carried, disorder seized the enemy's ranks, and they fought only to make good their retreat. The victory was complete; our trophies immense; but 50,000 warriors of all nations lay dead on the field of battle. The Russians lost more than 30,000 men, exclusive of those wounded and taken prisoners."

Our author arrived at Paris on the 30th of December, nothing thinner, as we have seen, for his journey from Moscow; and even improved in health by the discipline he had undergone. In the following May he accompanied Napoleon to Mentz; and after the battle of Lutzen—at which he did not assist, having been left behind with one of his brother officers of the household—he proceeded to the emperor's head quarters at Dresden. The death of Marshal Bessières, who was killed at the battle of Lutzen, affords him an opportunity of essaying his skill in a historical portrait of the Grand Marshal Duroc. This is perhaps one of the prefect's best efforts.

"The Count of Turenne and myself received orders to repair to head quarters. We arrived at Dresden on the 16th of May. The next morning I went to the Duke of Friuli (Duroc); we talked about the successes of the early part of the campaign, and we expressed our regret for the loss of Marshal Bessières. I shall never forget the last words of Duroc on this occasion; 'This lasts too long; we shall all be carried off.' A few days after he was himself mortally wounded by a spent ball, as the duke of Istria had been. He lived some hours, having had the consolation of witnessing the profound grief of the emperor, who could only be prevailed upon to quit him at his own earnest entreaty. I consider the loss of the duke of Friuli as one of the greatest which Napoleon could have sustained. He was scarcely forty years of age when he perished. He was of a good and rather elegant figure, and of

a clear, ruddy complexion; his physiognomy was grave, austere, and of a forbidding coldness when he listened to any one whom he disliked, but on other occasions it was mild and agreeable. He was in general a silent observer, for his character was cold and serious. He had naturally a fine sense of propriety, and was in the highest degree offended by the smallest violation of decorum. Discretion and firmness were the distinguishing features of his character. He had settled the details of his department on a fixed and positive basis; reserving the advantages of his situation, his personal qualities, and his immense credit, he never made an ostentatious display of them; he lived for no other object than to show his zealous devotion to the interests of Napoleon. The lowest, as well as the most important details of the civil and military administration of the palace were familiar to him; in transacting business he was always clear and ready; a rigid observer of the regulations which he had induced the emperor to adopt, he exacted a similar adherence to them from others, and never made any allowances for negligence or forgetfulness. He loved the arts, revered talent, and though he might have fearlessly relied upon his own sound and enlightened taste, was influenced only in his judgment by the relation which works of genius bore to the glory of the emperor. Access to his apartments, which was generally difficult, was never so to distinguished men, who could contribute by their talent to add splendor to the reign of Napoleon; no one knew better than himself the tastes and character of that prince; no one exercised over him a more marked and uniform influence. It is remarkable that the emperor was himself sensible of this influence, and never endeavoured to withdraw himself from it. The sound judgment and sagacity of the Duke of Friuli always prevented him from opposing the first impulses of Napoleon, which were sometimes too vehement and precipitate; a few hours after he would avert any evil consequences likely to result from them. His object was always to maintain the fidelity and usefulness of Napoleon's subjects; to make the emperor beloved, and to control public opinion; but perhaps he disdained a little too much, in his own case, to earn the gratitude of men whom he obliged only as it were at cross purposes, and frequently without their being aware of the obligation. One fact is certain, that Napoleon never kept any thing secret from him, which he did from every one else, not even excepting the Prince of Neuchâtel. Duroc was *Napoleon's conscience*; the emperor disclosed to him his causes of uneasiness, like a pleader desirous of obtaining the suffrage of a judge. The intercourse which subsisted between them was honourable to both. After our return from Moscow, General L——, governor of the palace of St. Cloud, who, during that memorable campaign, had governed the province of Koenigsberg, and whose division had been of so little service on the approach to Vilna, presented himself at the levee of the emperor, who conceived that he had the strongest grounds for reproaching him with his misconduct. His indignation was such, that he ordered him to send in to the grand marshal, on the very day, his resignation of the offices of governor of Meudon and St. Cloud, and never to appear before him again. He would not listen to any explanation, but went out with the grand marshal into the gardens of the palace Elysée,

where he then resided. He walked through all parts of them for about an hour, talking with great vehemence; the grand marshal followed, and listened without speaking. Napoleon at last sat down in a little arbour, where he had ordered his breakfast to be served; he kept constantly repeating, during the whole time it lasted, his orders for the dismissal of General L—— from his place. ‘Do you hear me?’ said he to the duke, ‘this very day!’ ‘Yes, sire,’ were the only words uttered by the grand marshal, in whose eyes I read the hope of bringing the emperor back to reason. This affair was arranged in the evening. Not a word more was said of the dismissal of the general; the grand marshal, however, advised him to remain in retirement for some time, as there were too many witnesses of the scene which had taken place in the morning.”

At Dresden, M. de Bausset and the Count de Narbonne had the management of a company of French players, which had been summoned from Paris to perform in a theatre attached to a palace occupied by Napoleon. At this time, we are told, a remarkable change took place in the taste of Napoleon, who had hitherto preferred tragedy, but now entertained a predilection for comedy; and M. de Bausset favours us with what he considers a novel solution of this phenomenon.

“In the period of youth and the passions, the most finished productions of our tragic poets transport us to an unknown and conventional world, in which every thing, even to the language and the dress of the actors, addresses itself in a sphere of elevation to the senses and to the soul. This is the period of illusions which delight and subdue us. As we grow older, our enthusiasm subsides; we prefer pictures of real life to those of an ideal world, and are more interested by faithful delineations of character and manners. Undoubtedly the admirable talents of Mlle. Mars, Fleuri, &c. might of themselves account for this change in the taste of Napoleon, but, if I may judge from my own observations, the reason which I have just assigned appears the most probable. I chose the time of the emperor’s breakfast to lay before him the pieces which could be represented. In general he desired me to read the names of them aloud, and then made his selection. One day, when the *Intrigue Epistolaire* happened to be mentioned, he asked me whether that piece was not written by Fabre d’Eglantine. The prince of Neufchâtel, who was breakfasting with him, answered in the affirmative, and began to make some remarks on the *Philtre de Molière*, of the same author.

“Napoleon then took occasion to criticise severely this play of M. d’Eglantine, which he declared to be a despicable production, both in point of invention and style. Talma and Mlle. Mars were frequently admitted, at this time, during the emperor’s breakfasts. On one occasion, Mlle. Mars, being asked at what age she made her début, replied, ‘Sire, I began when I was quite little; I slipped in without being noticed.’ ‘Without being noticed!’ said the emperor; ‘you mistake; you mean to say that you have gradually extorted from us our admiration. Believe me, your uncommon talents have always received my applause, as well as that of all France.’”

The manner in which the prefect brings the result of his professional observations into play, in order to swell the catalogue of his master's virtues, is sufficiently dextrous. Thus we have official information of the emperor's extraordinary cleanliness in eating; a quality, which, by reason of its infrequency among Frenchmen, was, perhaps, worth commemorating, though the prefect's proof of the allegation, namely, that the emperor did not like to find a human hair in his pottage, is rather unsatisfactory. To show how one virtue may illustrate another, however, the prefect ingeniously adduces this preference of unsophisticated potage, as an argument to prove his hero's extraordinary self-command.

"As every circumstance connected with the life of Napoleon is interesting, I will here mention an occurrence which I myself witnessed, and which proves the command he had over himself. He had a greater repugnance, than any man I have ever known, to every thing which was not perfectly clean. The bare idea of a human hair in a dish would have been sufficient to turn his stomach, and make him quit the table. On one occasion, at the conclusion of a review of the corps de garde and artillery, he ordered the bread and soup, as they were given out to the soldiers by the commissary, to be brought to him. He took up a spoon, and filled it. The first thing which he perceived was a long hair; he took it out courageously, without manifesting the least disgust, and swallowed the soup, not wishing to hurt the feelings of the soldiers by any harsh observations on this act of negligence."

The following anecdote is recorded, as an instance of Napoleon's magnanimity, and of his philosophical indifference to any attacks that might be made upon him through the medium of the press. The ex-prefect forgets, as in duty bound, the fate of Palm, the suppression of *L'Allemagne* and the treatment of its author, the subjugated state of the French press, and the hatred of free discussion, as indeed of all free institutions, which governed Napoleon's policy, and gave to his whole civil career a character of absolute, if not unmitigated despotism.

His magnanimity, as far as the press was concerned, was indeed a domestic virtue; it never took wing beyond the precincts of the imperial palace; it was confined to the circle of embroidered courtiers and harmless gossips, whose sentiments are faithfully re-echoed by the ex-prefect.

"One day in the month of January, on which one of those grand entertainments was to be given, in which all the magnificence of the court was displayed, Napoleon, seating himself at table, put into my hand a manuscript, which he desired me to read aloud during dinner, as he should not have time to read it in consequence of the fête which was to take place in the evening. This manuscript was a translation of the English journals, which was regularly transmitted to him by the Duke of Bassano. I began reading with much confidence, which I soon lost, however, on coming to certain harsh and abusive expressions,

which were used against the emperor. I was much embarrassed, as I observed, at intervals, the quick, piercing eye, and sarcastic smile of Napoleon. My situation was the more painful, as I was reading in the presence of the empress, the pages, *maitres d'hotel*, and a great number of servants of all descriptions. 'Read on,' said Napoleon, as he observed me stopping under pretence of taking breath, or using my handkerchief, 'you will see plenty of similar expressions.' I wished to excuse myself, assuring him that I should think it a breach of respect. He would hear no excuse, and desired me, with a laugh, to continue.

"Keeping my eye stretched on the lines I had to read, and endeavouring to modify the abusive terms as I kept in advance of them, I came to an expression for which I substituted, fluently enough, the word *emperor*. Unluckily, this was giving him a title which the English journals never conceded to him. He desired me to let him see the manuscript, and read aloud the word which I had abstained from pronouncing; he then returned me the paper, and directed me to proceed. Fortunately, nothing else occurred to occasion a similar embarrassment. The same evening, I went up to the Duke of Bassano in the drawing-room, and related my adventure. 'What would you have me do?' said the duke; 'the emperor orders me to lay before him a strict and literal translation of the English journals; he must be obeyed, since he *will* see every thing with his own eyes.'

We can afford no more space for the anecdotes of M. de Bausset, and a very brief notice will suffice to explain the nature of Mademoiselle Le Normand's book, which we have not placed at the head of this article with any serious intention of analysing its contents. Mademoiselle Le Normand has for many years followed the trade of a prophetess, or expounder of destinies, at Paris. At one period, no prophetess, we believe, enjoyed a larger share of the public confidence in that enlightened metropolis. Whether the lapse of time, or competition in the trade, or the constitutional fickleness of our neighbours, may have contributed in any degree to diminish her reputation as a Sybil, we are not prepared to determine; but if the sale of her various publications, for she has of late years united the art of book-making to that of divination, may be taken as a criterion of her popularity in the chiromantic line, the number of her votaries must still be considerable. Besides these *Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, Mademoiselle Le Normand is the author of *Les Oracles Sibyllins*, *La Sibylle au Tombeau de Louis XVI.*, and divers other productions, of a nature partly historical, and partly cabalistical. The greater portion of the volumes before us consists of memoirs of Josephine, purporting to have been written by her own hand, and confided to the care of the prophetess. The memoirs are written in the tawdry taste and style of the worst of novels; each chapter generally commences with an out-pouring of sentiment; we meet with an abundance of apostrophes and valedictory ad-

dresses to 'sun, moon, and stars,' and with interminable dialogues between Josephine and Napoleon. The characteristic feature of the book is its diagrams, representing the palms of the left hands of Napoleon and his spouse, with the astrological explanation of the phenomena they are said to exhibit. There is also much profound information in the notes to these memoirs, touching *the little black man*, with whom a celebrated German minister was in the habit of having frequent conferences, and *the little red man*, who obtained audiences of the Emperor at Fontainebleau and St. Cloud. Both Josephine and Bonaparte are represented as devout believers in the chiromantic infallibility of Mademoiselle Le Normand. The following flattering picture of Bonaparte is, according to this infallible sibyl, drawn by the hand of Josephine.

"Bonaparte was truly superstitious. I have seen him throw himself into a dreadful passion when one of his valets happened to place his shaving-box, or any other utensil, on the right side, instead of on the left. He had contracted in Egypt some strange habits, which were probably connected with certain secret practices. My husband would frequently take off a part of his dress, throw it over the left shoulder, exclaiming, *lands, castles, provinces, kingdoms, &c.* I have seen him sit on the floor of his apartment, take off his own stockings, and fling them over his shoulder in the same way. He could never bear to see three lighted candles, &c.

Besides the autobiography of Josephine, we have the last recollections of Napoleon written by his own hand at St. Helena, and also confided to the prophetess for publication. It may be inferred from the following passage in these *derniers souvenirs*, that the prophetess, however conversant with moon and stars, has also an eye to things sublunary.

"I confide these last recollections to the hands of * * *, intending them to be added to the Historical and Secret Memoirs of Josephine, my first wife. The editor (Mademoiselle Le Normand) has well fulfilled her task; she has done herself honour in my eyes. Her literary glory needs no greater consummation"!!!!

One of the leading journals of Paris devotes an article to the current printed lies of the day; a source of intelligence which it has found inexhaustible, and it can scarcely be disputed that the average amount of printed fabrications is greater in France than in any other country of Europe. We had almost forgotten to mention that the next part of Mademoiselle Le Normand's Album (this being the first) is to consist of a similar publication touching the secret history of the late Queen Caroline of England, dedicated, as she *modestly* states, *by permission*, to H. R. H. Prince Leopold. It is perhaps almost needless to say, which we do *from authority*, that no such permission was ever granted.

ART. VI.—Bestimmung des Brechungs und Farbenzerstreuungs Vermögens verschiedener Glasarten. Von Dr. JOSEPH FRAUNHOFER, Mitgl. der R. Baier. Akad. der Wiss. in Munchen. 4to.*

THERE is nothing more remarkable in the history of science than the slowness with which the discoveries of one country pass into another, and the length of time which elapses before they form an integral part of systematic science. This unwilling interchange of their intellectual glories is not owing to any of those jealousies which characterise the mutual relations of rival states. In this country, at least, it springs from the inertia of established systems, which seem to resist every change which new discoveries demand; and from the lethargy of our public instructors, who prefer the twilight of their own climate to the radiance which bursts upon them from another.

These remarks have a particular application to the discoveries of the celebrated Joseph Fraunhofer, which have for several years been well known in Germany. In England, and we believe in France, many of his experiments have never been repeated; and what is still more strange, the great results to which they have led, have neither been expounded in our universities, nor explained in our courses of popular instruction.

Had these discoveries been solely of an abstract character, and calculated only to rouse the attention of men of profound and original acquirements, the slowness of their transfusion into the mass of our literature would not have been an object of surprise; but they are associated with the dearest achievements of British science, and have a practical bearing upon one of the most important of British arts. They relate to the prismatic spectrum, a subject over which Newton first threw the mantle of his genius, and which Dollond, by a discovery of primary importance, made the foundation of one of our most successful manufactures, equally honourable to the genius and the enterprise of England.

The treatise of Fraunhofer, of which we propose to give an account, was read before the Bavarian Academy of Sciences in 1814 and 1815. He had been appointed optician to the celebrated optical establishment of Benedictbairn, belonging to MM. Utzschneider and Reichenbach, and his first task of importance was to construct achromatic lenses for the instruments destined for the observatory at Buda. The best artists of Eng-

* *Treatise on the Refractive and Dispersive Powers of different kinds of Glass.* By Dr. JOSEPH FRAUNHOFER, Member of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences in Munich.

land had hitherto combined their talents in supplying the observatories of Europe with achromatic telescopes; and as no qualified workmen could be obtained in Germany, Fraunhofer was thrown upon his own resources. He knew little of the art of making flint glass. He had to invent new machinery for grinding and polishing his lenses; and previous to the removal of these difficulties he had to discover new methods of measuring the refractive and dispersive power of the different kinds of glass which came from his furnaces, or which entered into the composition of his telescopes. In this way Fraunhofer was led, from commercial motives, to undertake the investigation, the results of which are contained in his present treatise.

The determination of the refractive and dispersive power of bodies is not in itself a problem of any difficulty. It requires chiefly the nice mensuration of angles, which might have been taken with as great accuracy as the angles in the celestial sphere, if the arches to be determined were limited by points as definite as the centres of the stars, or the limbs of the planets. Unfortunately, however, the spectrum, or elongated image of the sun formed by a prism, presented indefinite points, and no precise limits. From the most luminous part of the spectrum, which is generally near the middle of the yellow space, the light shades off with great rapidity towards the extremity of the red and the violet spaces, but it never has a definite termination, so that the apparent length of the spectrum varies with the intensity of the light from which it is formed, and it would therefore be in vain to assume any of its extremities as fixed points.

In the determination of refractive powers, therefore, that of the most luminous ray was most frequently used, and the dispersive powers obtained by different observers varied with the intensity of the light in which their experiments were made.

After making many experiments by the method commonly used, Fraunhofer contrived a method of obtaining homogeneous light of each of the six colours, viz. *red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet*; and by means of a theodolite, he determined, with great accuracy, the index of refraction of each coloured ray for the following substances.

Flint glass	Vitriolic ether
Crown glass	Sulphuric ether
Water	Oil of turpentine
Sulphuric acid	Solution of potash in water
Alcohol	One part sugar of lead, three parts water.

The measures of the index of refraction of each coloured ray, for the first three substances of this table, are as follow.

	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.	Water.
Red . .	1.63074	1.52736	1.33209
Orange .	1.63505	1.52959	1.33359
Yellow .	1.63933	1.53173	1.33501
Green . .	1.64349	1.53380	1.33635
Blue . .	1.64775	1.53586	1.33763
Violet . .	1.65203	1.53783	1.33888

At the commencement of these observations, Fraunhofer observed a fact of singular importance. In the spectra from the flames of a lamp or a candle, he noticed between the *red* and *yellow* spaces a clear and well-marked line, which occupied the same position in all. In the green he observed also a similar line, but it was fainter and less distinct, and was not so easily found. Although he had been anticipated in the discovery of these lines by our distinguished countryman Dr. Wollaston, yet he had the sole merit of applying it to most important practical purposes, and of extending it in a very remarkable degree.

Hitherto our author had used the light of a lamp, but with the view of obtaining more precise results, he now formed his spectrum from the solar rays, admitted through a narrow vertical aperture into a darkened chamber. The prism which he used had its refracting angle of 60° , and it was placed before the object glass of a telescope, so that the light entered and quitted it at equal angles. In looking for the bright line in the orange space, he was astonished at observing *an infinite number of lines of different thicknesses* crossing the spectrum in different parts. These lines were in general darker than the coloured spaces in which they occurred, and some of them were entirely black.

“When the prism was turned round so as to increase the angle of incidence, the lines disappeared, and the same effect was produced when that angle was diminished. If the telescope is shortened considerably, the lines will re-appear at a greater angle of incidence; and if the eye-glass is pulled much farther out than it was at first, the lines will be perceived at a smaller angle of incidence. When the eye-glass had the position proper for seeing the lines in the red space, it required to be pushed in to see those in the violet space. If the aperture by which the rays entered was enlarged, the finest lines were not easily seen, and they wholly disappeared when the aperture was about $40''$. When the aperture exceeded a minute, the largest lines could scarcely be perceived. The distances and relative proportions of these lines suffered no change, either by varying the aperture in the shutter, or the distance of the theodolite. The refracting medium from which the prism is made, and the magnitude of its refracting angle, did not prevent the lines from being seen. They only became stronger or weaker, and were therefore more or less easily distinguished, in proportion to the size of the spectrum. The proportion even of these lines to one another appeared to be the same for all refracting substances; so that one line is found only in the

blue, and another only in the red; and hence it is easy to recognise those which we are observing. The spectrum formed by the ordinary and extraordinary images of calcareous spar exhibit the same lines. The strongest lines do not bound the different colours of the spectrum; for the same colour is almost constantly found on both sides of a line, and the transition from one colour to another is scarcely sensible."

In order to convey an idea of the number and position of the lines thus generally described, M. Fraunhofer has inserted the greater number of them in a very enlarged representation of the solar spectrum; but as we cannot avail ourselves of such an auxiliary, we shall endeavour to give our readers some general notions on the subject.

Near the very extremity of the *red* space in the spectrum there is a well-defined line;—farther on in the red space is a mass of seven or eight lines, so close together as to have the appearance of a band darker than the adjacent parts. About the middle of the red space there is a very distinct line of considerable thickness; it is quite black, and accompanied with one much fainter. Other *nine* lines occur in advancing towards the boundary of the red space, near which there is one pretty distinct. In the orange space there are about *thirty* lines, which, though well defined, yet they cannot be perceived but with a high magnifying power, and with prisms of great dispersion. Between the *orange* and the *yellow* are seen the *two* strong lines observed by Dr. Wollaston, and which Fraunhofer has found also in the spectra from artificial flames. They are nearly of the same size, and are separated by a bright one. In the *yellow* and part of the *green* space, there are eighty-four lines of different sizes, the last of them being a group of several lines, of which the middle one is the strongest. From this last group to another group of *three* strong lines in the *green* there are twenty-four, more or less fine. In the group of *three* lines, two of them are separated by a fine and clear line, and are among the strongest in the spectrum. From this group to a very strong one in the blue, there are *fifty-two* lines. Between this strong one and an accumulation of lines in the *violet* space there are *one hundred and eighty-five* lines of different sizes: at the place of accumulation there are several remarkable for their size; and from this place to the middle of the violet space there are nearly *one hundred and ninety* different lines. About the middle of the violet space there are two bands of a very singular nature. They are both almost equal, and consist of several lines, in the middle of which there is one very strong and dark. From the commencement of the red space to the middle of the violet, there are therefore no fewer than five hundred and ninety lines. Between the middle of this space and,

the extremity of the spectrum, these lines likewise occur in great number, but M. Fraunhofer has not counted them. The relative distances of all the stronger lines he measured with the greatest accuracy by the theodolite; and in his drawing of the spectrum he inserted the fainter ones by estimation.

As the lines now enumerated are rendered visible by any refracting prism of uniform density, M. Fraunhofer employed them for the purpose of determining the index of refraction of any substance for each coloured ray. For this purpose he selected the largest lines, and he obtained the following indices of refraction corresponding to them in flint glass, crown glass, water, solution of potash, and oil of turpentine.

	Flint Glass.*	Crown Glass.	Water.	Sol. of Potash.	Oil of Turp.
1. Line near the middle of the red space . .	1.627749	1.525832	1.330935	1.399629	1.470496
2. Line between the red and orange space . .	1.629681	1.526849	1.331712	1.400515	1.471590
3. Line between the orange and yellow . .	1.635036	1.529587	1.333577	1.402805	1.474434
4. The middle line of the group in the green space	1.642024	1.5333005	1.335851	1.405632	1.478353
5. Strong line in the blue space	1.648260	1.536052	1.337818	1.408082	1.481736
6. The strongest in the accumulation of lines in the violet space . .	1.660285	1.541657	1.341293	1.412579	1.483198
7. Band in the middle of the violet space . . .	1.671062	1.546566	1.344177	1.416268	1.485374

In the course of these experiments M. Fraunhofer was led to observe the variations in the length of the spectrum, produced by different intensities of light. When the light of the sun reflected by a heliostat was of great intensity, he found the spectrum to be lengthened almost one half. In order to observe this, however, it was necessary to stop the rays which formed the middle parts of the spectrum, otherwise the rays which came from the extremities of the spectrum could not be seen.

Fraunhofer next proceeds to a very interesting inquiry, which is to a certain extent entirely new. It was well known that the yellow rays were the most luminous in the spectrum, and that the light shaded off to the opposite terminations of the red and violet. Sir William Herschel had given a curve, exhibiting an approximative estimate of this gradation; but no experiment had been instituted to determine the actual relative intensities of the different-coloured spaces. Such a determination was not merely intended to settle a question of philosophical interest. It had the additional object in view of discovering the ratio of disper-

* The flint and crown glass is the same as that whose indices of refraction for the differently coloured rays are given in a former table.

sion in the two lenses of the achromatic telescope, which produces the greatest distinctness.

"If in achromatic object glasses," says Fraunhofer, "the aberration produced by the unequal refrangibility of the differently-coloured rays ought to be destroyed; then since the focal lengths of the lenses of flint and crown glass ought to be nearly in the ratio of the dispersions of the two kinds of glass; and, on the other hand, since the ratio of dispersion for the different colours is not the same, it is evident that some aberration must still remain. Hence we must determine this ratio, in order that the aberration may be a minimum for the distinct vision of objects. This cannot take place if the difference between the focal lengths for the rays of different refrangibility in the same object glass is a minimum; for the different colours have not the same intensity. The aberration of the yellow rays, for instance, which have the greatest brightness, will produce in the ratio of their intensity a worse effect than the violet ones, if the aberration of the latter is equally great. Hence we must know the intensity of each colour in the spectrum, or the ratio in which the impression of any colour is stronger or weaker than that of another colour."

Although our author at first found it difficult to compare the light of two different colours; yet a little practice made it easy; and from four sets of experiments he obtained the following mean results, which show the intensity of the light at the seven different lines whose indices of refraction are given in the last table, the intensity of the highest part which lies between No. 3 and 4, about one third or one fourth of the distance between the lines No. 3 and 4, from No. 3.

Lines of the spectrum.	Relative intensities of light at these lines
1. Line near middle of red space	0.032
2. Line between red and orange space	0.094
3. Line between orange and yellow	0.640
Centre of yellow	1.000
4. Middle line of the group in the green space	0.480
5. Strong line in the blue space	0.170
6. Strongest in the accumulation of lines in violet space	0.031
7. Band in the middle of the violet space	0.0056

If we now suppose these intensities to be the ordinates of a curve, whose abscissæ are the distances corresponding to the differences of the indices of refraction in the former table; and if we suppose the area of the curvilinear space corresponding to that between No. 3 and 4 to be 1, which will represent the quantity of light in that coloured space, then the other areas, or the quantities of light in the other spaces, will be—

Area between lines No. 1 and 2	Quantities of light.
Area between lines No. 1 and 2	0.021 b
Area between lines No. 2 and 3	0.299 c

		Quantities of light.	
Area between lines	No. 3 and 4 . .	1.000	d
—————	No. 4 — 5 . .	0.328	e
—————	No. 5 — 6 . .	0.185	f
—————	No. 7 — 8 . .	0.035	g

If we now suppose that any uncorrected aberration in different rays is injurious to distinct vision, in proportion to the intensity of the light of the colour, then the distinctness of the achromatic object-glass will be a maximum, if the ratio of dispersion of the two glasses of which it is composed is equal to

$$Bb + Cc + Dd + Ee + Ff + Gg,$$

Where *b, c, d, &c.* express the quantities of light in the last table, and *B, C, D, &c.* the ratios of the dispersive powers of the differently coloured rays for any two media, such as flint and crown glass, *B* representing the ratio for the lines No. 1 and 2, *C* that of the lines No. 2 and 3, and so on.

For a particular kind of crown and flint glass, this ratio becomes that of 1 to 2.012, whereas with actual object-glasses of these two kinds of glass, in which the spherical aberration was completely corrected, M. Fraunhofer found by experiment that the ratio must be made that of 1 to 1.98, in order to obtain a maximum distinctness.

In order to complete the determinations which are necessary for the perfection of the achromatic telescope, M. Fraunhofer proceeds to consider the optical condition of the eye itself. Dr. Maskelyne, Dr. Blair, and others, had long ago demonstrated that the eye is not achromatic; and Dr. Brewster had found that the dispersion of his own eye at the margin, where the pupil was about the seventh part of an inch in diameter, was corrected by a prism of flint glass, with a refracting angle of 10° , and a dispersive power of 0.0478. From several nice experiments, M. Fraunhofer concluded that if red rays fall parallel upon the eye, the blue rays, in order that they may be converged to the same point on the retina, must diverge from a point 23.7 inches distant. This result was obtained by observing in red and violet light fine micrometer wires with an eye-glass of crown glass, having a focal length of 0.88 Paris inches. With a lens of a different kind of crown glass, 1.33 Paris inches in focal length, he found the distance of the point of divergence for blue light to be 21.3 inches. With a lens of flint glass, having a focal length of 0.867 inches, the same distance was 19.5 inches; and with another lens of flint glass, whose focal length was 1.338, the distance was 17.9 inches. In these computations he took into account the influence of the unequal refrangibility of the two kinds of rays in the lens with which the wires were viewed. If the aberration in the eye is required with still more precision, the diameter of the cylinder of

rays, which passes from the eye-glass to the eye, must be taken into account. No optician can be considered a master of his art who does not determine the aberration of the eye, and make it disappear in the object-glass.

The consideration of the aberration of sphericity does not form any part of M. Fraunhofer's inquiry, but he has justly observed that in order to make this aberration disappear entirely, the indices of refraction for the lenses of flint and crown glass must be taken for the same coloured ray.

Although the object of our author was limited to those practical results which were necessary for the construction of a perfect achromatic telescope, yet he has favoured us, in the conclusion of his treatise, with some interesting results respecting the light of the planets, and the fixed stars. These results are, indeed, few in number, but as he has resumed the subject in another treatise, which has not yet been translated into our language; and as the results which he has there given were obtained by new instruments of singular accuracy, we are sure that our readers will be gratified with some account of them.

In examining a spectrum formed from the light of the moon, Fraunhofer observed in the lighter colours the same fixed lines which exist in solar light, and occupying the same place.

In the spectrum formed from the light of *Venus*, he saw distinctly the lines No. 3, 4, and 5; and two of the lines in the group of three lines in the green space. The weakness of the light, however, was such that he could not observe that the strongest of these two lines was double as in solar light; and for the same reason he could not observe the lines in the fainter colours.

In the light of the planet *Mars* he observed the very same lines as in that of *Venus*.

For the purpose of observing the lines in the light of the fixed stars, the atmosphere requires to be in a very favourable state.

In the spectrum of *Sirius* no fixed lines were perceived in the orange and the yellow spaces; but in the green he discovered a very strong line, and in the blue other two very strong ones; but none of these lines appear to resemble any of the lines in planetary light.

The star *Castor* gives a spectrum similar to that of *Sirius*; and notwithstanding the weakness of the light, the line in the green has so great an intensity that Fraunhofer easily determined its position, and found it to occupy the very same place as the similar one in the spectrum of *Sirius*. He saw also lines in the blue space, but the light was not sufficiently strong to enable him to ascertain their place.

In the spectrum of *Pollux* Fraunhofer observed many delicate but fixed lines, which looked like those of *Venus*. The line No. 3, between the orange and yellow, he saw very distinctly, and it occupied exactly the same place as in the light of the planets.

In the spectrum of *Capella* the same fixed lines are seen as in that from the sun's light. The line No. 3, and one of the lines in the group of three lines in the green space, were visible.

Betalgeus affords a spectrum containing numerous fixed lines, which are sharply defined in a clear atmosphere; and though it does not seem at first to have any resemblance to the spectrum of *Venus*, yet similar lines are found in it, particularly No. 3, and one of the group of three lines in the green space.

In the spectrum of *Procyon* some lines are perceived with difficulty. Fraunhofer thought he saw the line No. 3, but he was not able to determine its place with certainty.

In order to study the spectrum produced from electrical light, our author employed the large electrical machine belonging to the Physical Cabinet of the Royal Academy of Munich. That he might obtain a continuous line of electrical light, he brought two conductors within half an inch of each other, and joined them by a fine glass fibre. One of the conductors being connected with the electrical machine, and the other with the ground, the light seemed to pass continuously along the glass fibre, and afforded a brilliant line of light. In the spectrum obtained from this light Fraunhofer observed a great number of clear lines. In the green space one of these was very brilliant, compared with the other parts of the spectrum. Another line, not quite so bright, appears in the orange, and seems to be of the same colour as that in the spectrum of lamp light. Its light, however, was much more strongly refracted, and nearly as much as the yellow rays of the light of a lamp. Near the extremity of the electrical spectrum there is a red line not very bright, yet its light has the same refrangibility as that of the clear line in the light of the lamp. In the rest of the spectrum other four lines tolerably bright may be easily distinguished.

In the spectra from the flame of hydrogen gas and alcohol, the reddish line is very bright, in relation to the rest of the spectrum. In the spectrum from burning sulphur it is seen with difficulty.

In order to ascertain if there was any difference of refrangibility in the light of different fixed stars, M. Fraunhofer prepared very expensive and delicate instruments. He used a telescope with an object-glass four inches in diameter, and his prism of flint glass was of the same breadth. The instrument required two observers, and several observations were made with it by himself and M. Soldner of Munich. These observations, how-

ever, were not considered as decisive; but he has informed us that they did not find any fixed star the light of which differed perceptibly in its refrangibility from the light of the planets. With the instrument which he used, a difference equal to $\frac{1}{3360}$ part of the whole refraction could be perceived, and it is obvious that this would not amount to the fourth part of a second in the horizontal refraction of the atmosphere. Hence we may consider it as established, that the tables of refraction will be correct for different stars, whatever be their magnitude and parallax.

Such is a brief and a general view of the brilliant optical discoveries of Fraunhofer, relative to the prismatic spectrum. To the astronomer and the optical philosopher they are of the highest interest; but when we consider them in reference to the improvement of the telescope, their importance exceeds all calculation. Nor is this value of a hypothetical nature, and one which a sanguine temperament sometimes too hastily infers. It is deduced from the splendid achromatic telescopes, which these very discoveries enabled Fraunhofer to execute; telescopes which have never been equalled on the Continent, and, we add with a pang, not even in England. Before his time the construction of an achromatic object-glass, above *seven* inches in diameter, was considered as beyond the reach of art; but from the perfection of his methods, and his knowledge of the art of making flint and crown glass, he has executed object-glasses of *nine* and even *twelve* inches in diameter. The first of these is that of the celebrated parallactic telescope, which was purchased by the Emperor of Russia for the observatory of Dorpat, and which has been so successfully used by M. Struve; and the second, which was made for the King of Bavaria, has, we believe, not yet been completely fitted up. But though these were the largest object-glasses which he had finished, yet he offered to execute an achromatic telescope with an object-glass *eighteen inches* in diameter, and he fixed the price of such an instrument at £9200. sterling, including the expense of a parallactic stand, micrometers, and other pieces of apparatus.*

In this manner has the supineness of our government, on the one hand, and the omnipotence of scientific skill on the other, transferred from England to Bavaria that sovereignty over this branch of the arts which we first established, and which we so long enjoyed. The loss of a branch of manufacture, and a source of revenue, effected by the successful rivalry of a foreign state, is

* The price of the Dorpat telescope was £1300, but it was liberally given to the Emperor of Russia at prime cost, viz. £950. The price of the telescope for the King of Bavaria was £2720. The price increases nearly as the cube of the diameter of the object-glass.

an event rare in our history; but these events will increase, both in number and in magnitude, unless some effectual step is taken to elevate the condition of scientific men; to stimulate and reward their labours, and to protect the property of their inventions from the avowed robbery of pirates, and the concealed fraud of our patent laws. We are not politicians, and do not wish to mingle in their strife, or involve ourselves in their mazes; but we think that the time is now come when such objects as these imperiously demand attention, and when they are likely to meet with the support of those who are in power.

Now that British interests have been withdrawn from the safeguard of restrictive enactments, it is surely time to place them in the sunshine of national favour, and to foster them with that care which they experience in foreign states. We ask no boon which is not already enjoyed by other classes in society; no privilege which trenches upon established rights; no advantages which will not be returned tenfold into the public treasury. On the subject of our patent laws, those wretched monuments of vicious legislation, public attention has been at last roused, and we trust that the respectable individuals in this vast metropolis, who have given this impulse, will not relax their efforts till science is freed from the disabilities and fetters under which she at present groans. Popular sentiment now favours the cause which we advocate; and the knowledge and patriotism of public men entitle us to reckon upon their cordial support. Those eminent individuals who are placed at the head of the government will surely lend their high powers to uphold the intellectual glory of their country, and the distinguished member of it in the House of Commons, who with the qualities of an orator and a statesman, combines the highest attributes of a mathematician and a philosopher, cannot be indifferent to a cause in which he has so zealously and successfully laboured.

From this digression, into which the subject of the achromatic telescope necessarily led us, we proceed to the conclusion of this article. The account which we have given of the discoveries of Fraunhofer must have excited in our readers a desire to know something of the history of so remarkable a man. We grieve to inform them that he was recently cut off in the very prime of life, in the middle of researches which he was anxious to complete, and in the anticipation of discoveries which he was not destined to realise. From the humble condition of a glass-grinder, the profession of his father, he rose to wealth and honours. Though placed in the most adverse circumstances, he instructed himself in mathematics and optics, and thus qualified himself for that situation in the optical establishment at Munich,

which was the foundation of his fortune as well as his fame. His constitution, which an early accident had shaken, was still farther weakened by the ardour of his studies, and by an imprudent exposure to the heat of the furnaces in which he carried on his experiments on glass, and a pulmonary complaint having supervened, he died on the 7th of June, 1826. In 1823 the King of Bavaria had appointed him, with a pension, Keeper of the Physical Cabinet of the Academy. In 1824 he honoured him with the rank of Chevalier of the order of Civil Merit; and such was the estimation in which he was held in foreign countries, that, a few days before his death, he received from the King of Denmark the diploma of Chevalier of the order of Dannebrog. No regular memoir of his life has yet been published, but we observe that a biographical account of him is given in the last number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*.

ART. VII.—1. *Deutschland; oder Briefe eines in Deutschland reisenden Deutschen.** Vol. I and II. Stuttgart, 1826, 1827; 2. *Wien, wie es ist.†* Leipzig, 1827.

THE author of this work does not name himself; but he gives us to understand that he was born in the territories of the king of Würtemberg; that he studied at the University of Jena; that he became travelling preceptor to a person of distinction; that he at length passed into the service of the state, and attended many conferences of the diplomatic agents of different countries relative to the new distribution of the German provinces. He has pervasively visited every part of the empire, sometimes on foot, sometimes in passage-boats, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in post-waggon and post-chaises (*extra-post*); and he now collects his observations, not in the order in which they were made, but in a sort of geographic or political order, describing each separate sovereignty apart. A bird's eye view of the entire country is taken first; afterwards his flight swoops, and a bee's eye view succeeds of the minuter details of each particular region. The sections of the work are entitled letters, but they are *impromptus à loisir*, and have not the off-hand character of epistolary writing. The fresh, gay, motley colouring of autopsy has long since faded into the gray, copper-plate lines of reminiscence; still the outlines are sharp, and the delineations exact.

There are to be four volumes of this work, of which only two are before us; these relate to southern Germany, and are dedi-

* Germany; or Letters of a German Traveller in Germany.

† Vienna, as it is.

cated, if we interpret the initials right, to Sir John Russell. The picture of northern Germany will follow.

Letter I. treats of the situation, boundaries, and soil. Germany is placed between the 45th and 55th degrees of latitude, between the 24th and 37th of east longitude. It is in the main bounded by the Alps on the south, by the Baltic on the north, by the Weichsel (*Vistula*) on the east, and on the west by the valley of the Rhine. Situate in the heart of Europe, dangerous to no nation, useful to every nation, it has nevertheless been incessantly aimed at by the arrows of warfare: the want of cohesion between its parts causes it to be looked on by other powers as a convenient quarry of aggrandizement, whence any neighbour may hope to remove a stone. The surface of Germany includes twelve thousand square miles; but it has bulk without strength, union without unity. The federal princes adhere to the constitution, but do not cohere with each other; for no common purpose is the collective force of the thirty millions of men, who inhabit Germany, easily available. The bond of a common language; the patriotic admiration of the same writers, heroes, artists, and inventors; the historic monuments which attest an ancient prosperity, may awaken the wish for consolidation; but no practicable plan has been suggested for bringing it to bear. Perhaps those sovereigns, who are below the rank of king, might yet be mediatized; and by a new law of descent, which should allow crowns to pass, but not to rest, in the female line, the royal families could be induced to make double intermarriages, and take the chance of handing forwards the united kingdoms to either descendant of both families.

Mountain-ridges and seas are natural boundaries; but river-beds are the worst of all political boundaries: because it then requires the concurrence of two distinct powers to erect a bridge, or to remove the obstructions to navigation. The entire valley of a given river should, if possible, be allotted to the same sovereign: for rivers unite the dwellers on either side.

Our author divides Germany into Alpine, or upper Germany, into hilly, or middle Germany, and into flat, or lower Germany: the first is the most picturesque, the second the most productive, and the third the more extensive and improveable; this district is land of more recent formation, derived from the gradual subsidence of the Baltic, whose progressive decrement was first scientifically observed by Celsius of Stockholm. Upper and middle Germany enjoy the same climate, the superior elevation of the one compensating for the more northern situation of the other: both ripen the fruit of the vine, and not of the olive; but flat Germany has unpropitious seasons, long winters, frequent fogs,

precarious sunshine. The roads have been better attended to in the hilly than in the flat country. The sublimity of the Alpine region is most conspicuous in the neighbourhood of the Bodensee, or lake of Constance; the beauty of the hilly region is most attractive in the vallies of the Maine, the Neckar, and the upper Rhine; the insipidity of the flat country is most uniform in the Baltic provinces of Prussia, a wide expanse of level sands and fir-trees, full of shallow lakes, which gradually vegetate into peat-bogs.

The Southlander may visit from curiosity the important cities of Berlin and Hamburg, may inspect the pleasing scenery in Holstein, and approve the diffusive instruction of the population; but he quits without regret the gray skies, the sluggish streams, the plodding, beer-drinking, phlegmatic inhabitants of the north; and rejoices that his lot is cast under blue skies, and sunny hills, amid a jovial people cheered with wine, at-leisure to enjoy, and surrounded with all the beauties of nature and all the comforts of life. Yet the industry of the north adds yearly something to the permanent provisions made for human accommodation; while the festive negligence of the south hoards little, co-operates only for amusement, and finds, at the end of the century, no advance in the social condition.

II. The second letter broods over the waters of Germany. The German ocean is the main channel of exportation and importation. The Baltic is useless during nearly half the year; its tides are feeble, its gusts furious; its ice enduring. Little produce descends the Danube into the Black Sea. The Adriatic enables Triest to carry on some commerce with the Levant.

A ship-canal stretching from west to east, in the latitude of 52 degrees, and intersecting all the rivers between the Rhine and the Weichsel, would enable German commerce, during the season when the Baltic is choaked with ice, to choose between the ports of Hamburg, Bremen, and Holland. The winter is shorter in Germany than in the Baltic, and it would not be difficult to conduct a steam-tube along the bottom of such canal, so as to keep the waters in a thawed state during the month of frost.

There are five hundred rivers in Germany; most of which flow from south to north; as the Rhine, the Weser, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Weichsel. Many flow from west to east, and are successively absorbed by the Danube. Some important communications could be constructed to unite these different streams. The Hanoverian government might patronize a canal from Verden to Magdeburg along the course of the river Aller, and thus unite the Weser and the Elbe. The Austrian government might patronize a canal between Prague and Passau, along the course

of the river Moldau, and thus unite the Elbe and the Danube. The Bavarian government is likely to unite the Danube and the Rhine. These are competitions worthy of the princes of a civilized age: to build a palace, and adorn it with galleries of art, is but a selfish magnificence, and an unproductive expenditure; to edify bridges, to scoop canals, to protrude piers, to emboss rail-roads, by facilitating traffic, cheapens to all men the objects of consumption, prepares new forms of industry, multiplies the means of existence, and, when not attended with a remunerating profit to the undertaker, opens at least to his countrymen fresh opportunities for employing capital advantageously, and thus enriches the state whose finances it may have impaired.

The numerous mineral springs and baths of Germany, and its lakes, pass in review: in general it would be better not to patronize so many of these hot-wells, but rather to grow up a Bath, or a Cheltenham, at the principal springs, than to leave each in insulated insignificance. Lakes, too, are better drained than drawn; the cow feeds to a higher purpose than the trout: only where they contribute to the convenience of navigation can they deserve a rational praise. Painters may call a cataract very picturesque, but the statesman prefers to view it occupied in turning a mill: nothing is truly beautiful that is not useful.

III. The industry, commerce, arts, sciences, and religion, are commented on in the third letter. A great impediment to success in manufacture, is the subdivision of the country into so many principalities, which prohibit one another's wares, under the notion of doing service to domestic industry. If Germany was a single nation, it would not matter where prosperity accumulated: and every thing is best conducted on a large scale. Nuremberg, Augsburg, Cologne, appear to have declined from the high state of prosperity which they enjoyed during the Anseatic League, and like the stately cities of Flanders, Bruges, and Ghent, to resemble those glistening shells on our mantle-pieces, which are now deserted by their once living maritime inhabitants,

Germany boasts of twenty universities; those of Göttingen, Leipzig, Berlin, and Jena, are the most celebrated. They inculcate, says our author, liberal views; and in general the educated German is aware, that the church exists for the state, and not the state for the church; that it is subject to the state; but that, as a combination for moral and religious improvement, it is not merely expedient, but useful.

IV. The inhabitants of Germany next pass under review: they are chiefly of the Gothic stock; but in Moravia and Bohemia Slavonian tribes reside, who retain their peculiar tongue,

Three distinct dialects of the German are principally remarkable; the upper-dutch, which is spoken at Vienna and in the Alpine district; the high-dutch, or proper German, which is spoken in Saxony and the hill-country; and the low-dutch, or, as the Germans say, flat-dutch, which is spoken in the northern provinces. The press chiefly employs the high-dutch, which, like the language of Tuscany in Italy, is the genteel dialect, the lip-labour of polished society. To be self-derived is the characteristic feature of this speech; by the combination of native terms those ideas are expressed, for which other nations have recourse to Latin and Greek compounds; it is strictly a mother-tongue, proving from internal evidence the unconquered independence of the people. The pernicious effects of the Reformation on the cohesion of Germany are dwelt on with regret; yet, had Gustavus Adolphus not been assassinated, he might perhaps have consolidated the whole nation under a Gothic prince and a Lutheran religion. The *Cæsarini* and *Fürstenarii* of those times are compared with the Tories and Whigs of England; but in Germany the aristocratic party pursued and obtained entire independence of the imperial crown. There was always a neglect to include representatives of the great cities in the diet; yet the public opinion of towns, and the weight of commercial opulence is the best antagonist force to the ascendancy of feudal land-owners. It is no doubt an important diplomatic interest of Great Britain to facilitate the conglomeration of Germany into a monothelite mass. What other country has the power to resist the occidental aggrandizement of Russia, or the oriental aggrandizement of France? But, except by tolerating in the Hanoverian territory a greater freedom of the political press, and perhaps by permitting certain conventions of deputies there to consult about erecting monuments to benefactors of the country, or about undertaking public works by joint-stock companies, little is in the power, even of a powerful cabinet, toward realizing so desirable a change. The Egbert, who consolidated a heptarchy, was a conqueror; and when will the pen be able to rival the achievements of the sword. A delightfully anti-gallican spirit pervades our author's reflections; he is truly zealous for German national independence, and fears most for it on the side of France. In the federation of the German princes it might have been wise to include the kings of the Netherlands, of Denmark and of Sweden; the influence of all over each would have been the stronger. Let us hope with our author that the march of mind is gradually preparing the unity and consolidation of Germany.

V. The fifth letter describes the present constitution of Ger-

many. It is a federal union of members separately sovereign. But a majority of these princes cannot direct the collective force of the whole; still less is there any popular representation, although many of the separate states convene local representatives. Holberg being asked: what is the form of government in Germany? answered: it is governed *Germanically*. There are some points at issue with Switzerland and the Netherlands, touching transit-duties and the navigation of the Rhine, which occasion interminable negotiations, because the federal power cannot enforce on each what it recommends to all. There is no centre of gravity. The constitution is however simpler than it was; the smallest of the unmediatized princes is bound to furnish fifty-five men to the public militia; in the old state there were sovereignties so small, some convents for instance, as to be taxed at a man and a half. The federation deed dates from June 1815. Thirty-eight sovereign princes and free cities constitute the federation. They are, in case of a declared federal war, not to make separate war or peace, nor to wage war against each other, but to submit to federal arbitration. Local land-states are to be locally introduced. At Frankfort on the Maine the federation-assembly is to be held: all the parties send plenipotentiaries, some individually, some in conjunction with other independent sovereignties. A full assembly comprehends seventy voices. The six crowned heads have four voices each. Baden, the two Hesses, Holstein and Luxemburg have three voices each. Brunswick, Mecklemburg-Schwerin and Nassau have two voices each. The other twenty-five small sovereignties have one voice each. And the four free cities, Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen and Frankfort have one voice each.

A full assembly is reserved for peculiar occasions. A narrow council (*der engere Rath*) includes only seventeen voices, of which the six kings possess eleven, and the remaining states six. Austria, as president, has a casting vote, if an even number should assemble, and divide equally. To alter these fundamental laws unanimity is requisite. Certain taxes for federal purposes are to be levied and distributed at the option of a full assembly: and the number of troops to be put in requisition from each member is to be decided in like manner. The plenipotentiaries are to vote as instructed by the authorities who depute them: but this interposes some delay in collecting the voices. According to the contingents, as reckoned upon paper, the federation could call out for the defence of Germany 600,000 soldiers, and exercises under the name of reserve 300,000, who are raised in each district in proportion to the population-returns.

A common interest, our author observes, does not always

exist in Germany. The most important possessions of Austria are wholly disconnected with the German empire, save through the person of the emperor. Hanover is under British influence; and Holstein under Danish. Alsace and Lorraine are French. Parts of Prussia are not German. Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse and the free cities are pure German, as to territory; but Würtemberg and Baden have contracted family alliances with the Russian imperial dynasty. Ought not the members of the federation to intermarry only with each other? A foreign influence in the diet is unfavourable to patriotism. Another fault for which this constitution has not provided a remedy, is the deficient influence of the cities. Why represent only four? Why not allow every town, the population of which amounts to fifty, eighty or one hundred thousand persons, to send its plenipotentiary to the diet? and this, whether it be virtually represented by its own sovereign, or not. With the progress of population there would then be an increase of popular power. Finally, why cannot the Swiss Cantons be incorporated with the federation, and be allowed their quota of representatives?

VI. On the national character of the Germans. Have we, asks our author, a national character? We are not a nation, a whole; we are but provinces, and distinct provincial characters may be observed in different segments of Germany. Our country is our common mother; but we have no father, no metropolis to embody the family features and complexion, to give a general tone of colour, to serve as a focus of illumination, to absorb from every extremity its peculiarly tinged rays, and to radiate them back blended in one homogeneous brilliance. Frankfort, although it assembles the federal government, exerts as yet no marking influence over the concatenated districts. Vienna is but the metropolis of the Austrian empire, not of the German people; Berlin is but the heart of Prussia; Munich of Bavaria. Hamburg is a sea-port of importance, it is no otherwise a leading city. Some central accumulation of populousness is wanted to attract all in their turn, and to prepare each for sympathy with the rest. Frankfort may become this common centre. If foreign powers would there conduct the negotiation of their relations with the German empire, would make it the habitual residence of their noblest ambassadors, and manage by inferior agents their intercourse with the local courts, a great step would be gained. Frankfort is the residence of a powerful monied interest, and singularly adapted to supply the funds necessary for all those public works, which are best undertaken by joint-stock companies. Now if a lower house of assembly could be attached to the federation of sovereigns; if the cities of Germany,

in proportion to their respective populations, could delegate the members of such lower house; if this body could be entrusted with a sort of municipal police pervading the whole country; could order the construction of roads and bridges, could authorise the enterprise of new canals, regulate the transit-duties on merchandise, and in short legislate for those minor purposes, which in most countries are intrusted to a subordinate magistracy; the general welfare could be rapidly ameliorated. The union of the Maine and the Danube by a stately canal would increase the commercial importance of Frankfort. A removal thither of some university would increase its literary importance. An annual meeting there of the German confederated princes would girdle the city with palaces, like another Vienna. In short, it is in the power of the Germans to restore to Frankfort more than its ancient political importance, when it witnessed the election and coronation of the chieftain of the land.

VII. VIII. and IX. The seventh, eighth, and ninth letters treat of the provincial character of the Germans. The highlander is catholic, idle, voracious, jovial, hospitable, ignorant, childishly idolatrous; the midlander is protestant, industrious, again voracious, jovial and hospitable, and well-informed; the lowlander is protestant, plodding, serious, well-informed, but addicted to intemperance: all love music, which teaches the art of thinking slowly; all love smoking, which teaches taciturnity; all love waltzing, which prepares for looser sensuality; and all display good-humour, cordiality, and contentedness. The north is neater than the south, and imitates England and Holland. If for want of a patria the Germans have no very national traits, they are at least cosmopolites, and do justice to foreign merit.

We have dwelt at greater length on these apparently preliminary letters; because they are in fact postscripts, and contain the sum and substance of what follows. Let us now allot a few words to each group of letters which describe a given independent sovereignty, and first, to those which relate to the kingdom of Würtemberg.

X.—XIV. Its situation on the beautiful banks of the Neckar is first sketched; then an antiquarian account is given of its history and monuments. Its income is rated at ten millions of *gulden*, and its national debt at twenty-five millions. Its wines are good, its fields fertile, its prospects picturesque, its villages neat. The Swabian is cheerful and fond of humour, and yet prone to religiosity. Stuttgart, the metropolis, is surveyed in detail: it is a city with twenty-four thousand inhabitants, which an hour's walk will encircle. The water is not good; and the air is often foggy. The situation of Cannstadt would have been

preferable. The palace contains good pictures by German artists, and some sculpture by Danneker. The gardens, or park, are delightful. The old palace, the Academy, the Library, the Archives, the Cabinet of Natural History, are described at length. Among the distinguished natives of Württemberg may be reckoned Wieland, Schiller, Spittler, Moser, and Paulus. The immediate environs are depicted next; and an excursion is made to the university of Tübingen, and also to the mineral baths at Nidernau. The little contiguous sovereignties occupy a separate letter.

XV. and XVI. These rhapsodical tirades narrate a pedestriat tour into the Swabian Alps; but how impotent is language to convey the lively impression of mountain-scenery!

XVII. to XIX. The seventeenth letter describes Ulm, the eighteenth Schwarzwald, or the black forest, the nineteenth an excursion into upper Swabia, and specimens are given of the local dialect; the peregrination closes at Ravensburg.

XX. and XXI. Hohenlohe and Baden.

XXII. The valley of the Neckar.

XXIII. Heidelberg. If, instead of one large cask, it possessed a dozen, and would board in them the wines of the neighbourhood, so as to supply an unvarying quality to any extent, a considerable wine trade might be created in this neighbourhood: there are red wines of excellent quality which rival Burgundy.

Mannheim, with its colossal castle on the Rhine, its place of parade, arsenal, theatre, Jesuit's church, and lovely island of Muhlau at the confluence of the Neckar and the Rhine, affords an agreeable resting-place. Schwetzingen hardly deserved a visit.

XXIV. Jannits in the Main and Tauber Circle.

XXV. Carlsruhe and Rastadt, also Kehl.

XXVI. Baden, and the valley of the Murg.

XXVII. The mountains and forests of Baden.

XXVIII. and XXIX. The Bodensee, or lake of Constance, is painted with great warmth of admiration: it is stated to be the most beautiful of all the German, and the most lively of all the Alpine lakes, from the quantity of vessels which people its surface. Embosomed in the most romantic scenery, adorned with an important though gloomy city, and with many cheerful villages, encircled with historic monuments and reminiscences, dotted with islands, and bordered with vineyards which yield an excellent wine, it offers every gratification to the body's, and to the mind's eye. The Rhine passes through it, brings in much sand and fragments of rock, wears away the outlet, and thus continually diminishes the lake by the double operation of letting off its water, and of introducing alluvial-soil. Indeed, its ancient

greater extent is obvious in the landscape. The trout and salmon-trout of its waters are excellent. Compared with this, says our author, the lake of Geneva may be called the Dead Sea. The Danube is navigable up to Ulm, and might, it should seem, be brought into communication with the lake of Constance; if there be a formidable mountain to tunnel, such excavations would reveal subterraneous wealth. This lake is a central boundary; it abuts on the territories of four distinct independent sovereignties, Austria, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden.

XXX. Bavaria, next to Prussia the most important of the German kingdoms, is the subject of the thirtieth Letter. An abstract of its history is given; specimens of its dialect are preserved; the character of its population resembles that of the Swiss; the late sovereign is praised as one of the most unprejudiced and beneficent of princes. The Germans should be more attentive to give us good biographies of their liberalist princes: they have produced a Frederick II. of Prussia, a Joseph II. of Austria, a duke of Weimar, and a king of Bavaria, who deserve the civic worship of their countrymen. Every well-written life is the seed of analogous excellence; and, indeed, whatever class of human merit is in demand, a crop of it may best be raised, by circulating historic notices of the illustrious dead of that description.

XXXI. Landau and Augsburg.

XXXII. Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is a stately old-fashioned city, situate on the Isar, (the Ister of the ancients,) which joins the Danube, and might claim to be the parent-river. It has Gothic churches; that of the Virgin is most conspicuous; broad streets; a fine square, called after the late king Maximilian-Joseph, and about to be adorned with his monument, sculptured by Rauchs, and executed in bronze. The palace, the antiquarium, the academy, the hospitals, and other public buildings, are enumerated; and also the principal paintings in the gallery, which includes the master-pieces formerly stationed at Düsseldorf. The environs are also interesting; and the frequent musical festivals attractive.

XXXIII. and XXXIV. The Bavarian Alps, Freisingen, Landshut, and the valley of the Nice.

XXXV. Nuremberg, still a city of manufactures, but much declined.

In the second volume the Letters I. to VI. continue the survey of the Bavarian territory, and of some contiguous independencies, Franco-Bavaria, the upper Palatinate, Bayreuth, the Fichtel-mountains, Bamberg, the caverns of Muggendorf, Erlangen, Pommersfeld, Ansbach, Windsheim, Rothenburg, Würzburg, Schweinfurt, the baths of Brückenau, Kissingen, Bocklet,

the Rhön-mountains, the Spessart, and Aschaffenburg. Our author takes great pleasure in his mountain-strolls: to us there is a something barbarous, not to say impious, in the passion for mountain-scenery. Mountains tend to impress a consciousness of the force of Nature, not of the beneficence of Providence; of what use are they to man? If he attempts to dwell there, in the winter a snow-vollenge (*avalanche*), in the summer a land-slip, buries or removes his home; his cattle are swept away by the torrent, his corn-stacks by the wind-gusts. If he attempts to travel, every ascent is the toil of Sisyphus, every descent the fall of Vulcan; the path is daily blocked with stones, the torrent is impervious to navigation. If his dwarfish cattle can pick up a maintenance, or he collect it for them, even these are taken from him by the elements, or by wild beasts. He must vegetate insulated, like the lichen on a grave-stone, without comfort and without society. So incapable of remedy are the miseries of the mountaineer, that it may be doubted whether the Alpine peasant of our own times is at all better off than his predecessor of a thousand years ago. And shall these zigzag ridges, these unmeaning walls of rock, these unshapely pyramids of granite, which import into the fairest latitudes the horrors of the arctic circle, be viewed with complacency by the benevolent man, and receive the praises of philanthropy? No doubt, in the economy of the universe, mountains have their use; but until their services are ascertained, the prejudice of taste should lie against the admiration.

VII. to XI. At length our author desists from climbing, drops his soaring enthusiasm, and descends into the valley of the Danube, and the province of Austria. At Ulm the river becomes navigable; and an agreeable account is given of his voyage down to Vienna in a vessel laden with wood, but fitted up also for the reception of passengers. These consisted principally of young peasant-girls, who were going, by the cheapest conveyance, to seek for servants' places in the metropolis. The navigation, however, is not convenient until below Ratisbon. As the stream is rapid, there is little carriage upwards, and the boat, or rather raft, on which the party travelled, was to be broken up at Vienna, and all the materials sold. Some soldiers, some musicians, were on board. What few vessels were met employed horses to tow them. The various towns along the stream are successively depicted—Blenheim is one of them.

The banks of the Danube are amusingly various: sometimes meadows expand on both sides, sometimes rocks wall in the hurrying stream between precipices; every where the hills within sight are beautiful. Our author's motto is, "*Dulce et decorum*

est pro patria—scripsi.” Pleasantly he does write, but not all his anecdotes would be called, in English, decorous.

Ratisbon, or, as the Germans name it, Regensburg, is celebrated as having been the seat of many diets or congresses of the empire: but, as this privilege is now transferred to Frankfort, the town declines. The bridge has fifteen arches, and is the favourite walk of the inhabitants. There are pleasant islands below it.

Passau, situate on a peninsula at the confluence of the Inn and the Danube, has also a fine bridge: it is a fortified town of 9000 inhabitants, and resembles Coblenz.

Linz is a more considerable place, having 90,000 inhabitants. The suburbs are larger than the original city; the bridge is handsome; the walks agreeable; the prospect, from the Schlossberg, fascinating. A place of pilgrimage near, called Mariataferl, is stated to be visited by one hundred thousand pilgrims annually.

A geographical survey of Austria follows. So small a portion of the Emperor's subjects are Germans, that our author hesitates whether his imperial majesty would not do better to transfer his metropolis to Belgrade, and to pursue aggrandizement on the right bank of the Danube, at the expense of the Turkish empire. The Black Sea offers an unexplored field to commerce; and the empty provinces near the mouth of the Danube, like the Louisiana of North America, are capable of rapid and high cultivation by the importation of colonists, who would descend the river in any quantities, if allotments of land, and legitimate protection, were secured to the emigrants. A single generation has sufficed to advance the province of Ohio from wilderness to civilization. Europe is now so superabundantly peopled, that a single reign would suffice to convert the wide and fertile valley of the Lower Danube into a flourishing state, if the mere invitation of protection could be extended to voluntary settlers.

A critique of the reign of Joseph II. occurs: he drove too fast in a new road, and was overturned; but there was no occasion for his successors to condemn the road, and resume the old one.

The unused resources of Austria are prodigious, but they cannot be called forth without exciting an activity of mind and conduct dangerous to the public repose. Hence a certain torpor of the body politic is systematically encouraged. The sovereign fears the people in Germany, the nobility in Hungary, and the priesthood every where. He honestly proclaimed, “I want loyal subjects, not learned men.” The army and the public roads are in admirable condition.

The Austrian is much at his ease, and appears happy; he is not heavily taxed, the soil is most productive, the means of subsistence cheap; he is fat and indolent; an eating, drinking, smoking.

laughing, and loving loiterer; he is hospitable and fond of religious festivals; ignorant and musical, and a most unwilling traveller. No where less arrogance; the nobility are affable, the emperor popular in his manners.

XII.—XVIII. These seven letters describe Vienna. We have also lying before us a pamphlet, translated from the French, which also delineates “Vienna as it is,” in about equal compass. Something we shall borrow, or abridge, from both accounts; the German one has more of complacency, the French one more of satire.

Vienna stands on the right or south bank of the Danube, which there divides into unequal streams, and forms separate islands; and it is, unfortunately, on the lesser branch that the city abuts: its situation would have been far more imposing if the quay had been washed by the main stream. The approach from the north is over a long wooden bridge, which obstructs the course of the rapid stream, and ought to be replaced with marble magnificence. Leopold’s suburb is first reached, then the other arm of the Danube, and finally Vienna itself. The steeple of St. Stephen’s church is the tallest and most conspicuous monument of architecture, and affords the best panorama of the town. The old city is surrounded by an esplanade, which, like the *boulevards* of Paris, occupies the place of the ancient fortifications; and contiguous to this esplanade are numerous fine palaces, and behind them vast suburbs. Still one wishes it had been planted; the lack of shade, the fog of dust is tormenting. The city gates offer striking points of view. The streets of the old town are narrow, and the open spaces small: the houses, five or six stories high, are rounded off at the corners of the streets, and have balconies. The shops are splendid; the throng of people incessant, and the more striking for the great variety of costume,—Greeks, Turks; Hungarians, Germans, soldiers, priests, sedans, cavaliers, and carriages. The number of beautiful women visible in the public walks is unsurpassable, but the men have mostly a clumsy appearance. The graben, the market, the Joseph’s-platz, the Freieung’s-platz, and the Schotten-platz, are the principal squares or openings. The Herren, Kärnthner, Singer streets are fine, and the number of palaces astonishing. The royal palace, and mausoleum, and those of the principal nobility are specified, and catalogues provided of the contained pictures. The favourite public walk is the Prater, a park intersected with fine alleys of trees, in which temporary tents and booths are erected, which supply refreshments and music. The stately Gothic church of Saint Stephen is somewhat less adapted for solemn devotion by the

toleration of a thoroughfare, in which porters pass with burdens : however, it is open every day, and all day long, to the devout, without paying an admission-fee at the door. The architect had planned two towers, but only one is completed. The church of St. Augustin, of St. Michael, of the Capuchins of St. Carl, and others, are striking. There are five theatres at Vienna; a national theatre, an opera house, &c. : but the most characteristic is Casperle, resembling the Vaudeville. Here pieces are given in the provincial slang of the place, and the favourite subjects are parodies of heathen mythology set to music, like our *Justice Midas* and *Poor Vulcan*. At Berlin no one laughs; at Vienna every one. Thirty-four suburbs surround the city, and these are rapidly increasing; the inhabitants of the metropolis are known to exceed 800,000, and will probably, ere long, amount to half a million. Hospitals of various kinds have been erected with magnificence, and endowed with liberality. Some monasteries contribute to public education, if not instruction; but many are useless receptacles of idleness, or schools of abject superstition. The police is good; persons and property are respected; the lighting, the fire-enginery, is satisfactory. The streets might be better watered: and there is an extensive secret system of espial, which oppresses all freedom of conversation on subjects of religion and politics, the two great hinges of social human interest. On these points, unless a man can think as he pleases, and speak as he thinks, what is he but a moral eunuch? The taverns, the coffee-houses, are frequented, and much curiosity is displayed to obtain even a censured newspaper. An academy of painting and sculpture preserves the fine arts; but the most meritorious of the schools of instruction is the Oriental Academy, graced with the high name of Von Hammer. The university reckons above a thousand students, who have more discipline and less spirit of inquiry than their brethren of the north. The carnival, and various other religious festivals, amuse the people at regular intervals. Gaming is much discouraged. All the sensualities are freely indulged in this metropolis of the *Pays de Cocagne*.

The neighbourhood of Vienna offers pleasing walks and rides to Schönbrun, Luxenburg, Hadersdorf, to the mountains, and to the baths. The summer pleasures of the place rival its winter accommodations.

XIX.—XXII. Travels, through Steyermark and Carinthia, to Triest; return through the valley of the Ems. . .

XXIII.—XXVII. The Austrian Alps, Linz and Salzburg, the baths of Gastein, the Gros Klockner, Berchtoldsgaden, Luke König. The salt-mines. Journey from Salzburg to Imssbruk.

XXVIII.—XXX. Excursions in Tyrol, general description of the province; the Voralberg, and the principality of Lichtenstein.

XXXI.—XXXV. Bohemia, Prague and its environs, Moravia and Austrian Silesia. The Bohemians and Moravians speak a Slavonian dialect, and have the manners of Hungarians rather than of Germans. They had translated the Bible before Luther, and their literature had secretly prepared not merely the explosion of the Hussites, but the sudden co-operation which Luther obtained among the German princes.

XXXVI. The baths of Carlsbad, Töplitz, Eger, mineral baths; and the approach to Saxony.

When the other two volumes make their appearance, we shall probably give our readers an account of them.

ART. VIII.—*Die Geschichte der Assassinen, aus Morgenländischen Quellen, durch Joseph Von Hammer.* Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1818. In 8vo.

THERE is no term in more familiar use throughout Europe than that of Assassin, yet to the generality of readers little is known of the singular sect from which the appellation has been derived. William, archbishop of Tyre, and the Cardinal de Vitri, bishop of Acre, writers of the thirteenth century, gave some short notices of that terrible band of murderers, the followers and ministers of the celebrated Old Man of the Mountain, with whom the champions of the cross came in contact in Syria; and Benjamin of Tudela, the Jewish traveller, Hâiton, the Armenian prince, and Marco Polo, the illustrious Venetian and father of modern travel, made known their first and chief establishment in Persia. The notions concerning them were vague and unsettled; their religious system and political constitution remained enveloped in obscurity; and the wonderful narrative of the last-named traveller, the details of which will be found in the course of this article, tended to cast a veil of mystery and fable over the society to the eyes of Europeans.

But in the eighteenth century, Asia and every thing connected with it began to excite considerable attention, and the subject of the Assassins could not long remain unnoticed. D'Herbelot had, in his celebrated work, already given some account of them from his oriental authorities; and the copious and even profuse learning of Mr. Falconet, poured forth, (to use the language of Gibbon), in two Memoirs read before the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, all that was known concerning them. Gibbon's own account, derived from Falconet, does not occupy

more than half a page, and in that short space more than one error may be detected. Latterly, the French orientalists have turned their attention to this interesting subject, and the labours of Silvestre de Sacy, Quatremère, and Jourdain, have tended much to illustrate the history and constitution of the society of the Assassins.

In Germany their history has been written by Witthof,* whose work we have not seen, but from the character given of it by the author whose work we are now to review, we should regard it as of little value. The last and completest work on the subject is that which stands at the head of this article, written by one of the most celebrated orientalists that modern Europe has produced. This history brings forward, from purely oriental sources, new and surprising views of the nature and organization of the Order, as Mr. Von Hammer denominates it. In English, we may here observe, there is no satisfactory account of the Assassins, except the short notice given of them by Sir John Malcolm, in his valuable *History of Persia*; and his statements do not, on every point, exactly tally with those of their German historian.† The work has now been published nine years, but we have reason to believe that it is very little known in England, and are tempted to think that the interest and novelty of its details will induce our readers to excuse us for going so far back.

Mr. Von Hammer depicts the Assassins as forming an Order, at once military and religious, like the Templars and the Teutonic Knights, with whom he compares them; and, like them, subject to the control and guidance of a Grand Master, who was named the Sheikh-el-Jebel, corruptly rendered the Old Man of the Mountain, who, from his seat at Alamoot in the north of Persia, like the General of the Jesuits from Rome, directed the motions of his numerous and devoted subjects, and made the most haughty monarchs tremble at his name. This novel and interesting view of the subject Mr. Von Hammer derives from Arabic and Persian authorities, from Ibn Khaledoon and Macrisi, from Mirkhond, Lary, Jelalee of Kaim, and others. His work is divided into seven books, in which, after a very valuable introduction, he narrates the origin, progress, and downfall of the Order, and concludes with a very spirited and detailed account—the first ever given in Europe—of the capture of Bagdad and the overthrow of the Caliphate, which fell, along with the empire of the Assassins, beneath the victorious arms of Hulagoo, the Tartar Khan. From

* *Das meuchelmörderische Reich der Assassinen*. 8vo. Leipzig. 1765.

† Mariti gives some account of the Assassins, but he only repeats what is to be found in preceding writers. The same may be said of the different historians of the Crusades, with the exception of Wilken.

this work we shall endeavour to convey to our readers some idea of the organization of the sect, and display the mighty ills which may be brought on the human race by the agency of secret associations, in the history of the most powerful and most destructive one which ever existed. We must, however, previously, with Mr. Von Hammer, give some account of the state of Islam, in the times that succeeded the death of the Prophet.

Mohammed appointed no Caliph to succeed him. The murder of Othman transferred the Caliphate and Imamate, *i. e.* the supremacy in empire and in religion, to Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, and his deposition and death again transferred them to Moawiah. From this period dates the great schism of the Mohammedan church. The Soonites, with their numerous subdivisions, acknowledge the first three Imaams and Caliphs; the Shea-ites maintain that Ali and his posterity were the only rightful successors of the Prophet. The principal sects of the latter were four, dissenting from each other on the grounds of Ali's claims to the Imamate, and the order in which it descended to his posterity. Of these we shall only notice the Imamee, as being the one most immediately connected with the Assassins.

The Imamee were divided into Imamites and Ismailites, who both held that after the twelfth Imaam according to the former, or the seventh according to the latter, the Imaam had *vanished*, and that the dignity was continued in a succession of *invisible* Imaams. The latter derived their appellation from Ismail, the son of Jaaser Zadik, the seventh and, according to them, the last visible Imaam; the former continued the series through Ismail's younger brother, Musa Kasim, to Askeree, and his son, Mohammed Mehdee. The claims of these Imaams to the Caliphate were, in the time of the first Abbassides, so strong and so generally acknowledged, that Maimoon publicly declared Ali Reeza, the eighth of them, his successor, to the great discontent of the whole family of Abbas, who would probably have contested the point, had not Ali Reeza fortunately died before Maimoon, and with him died the hopes and prospects of the Imamee. But the other branch, the Ismailites, was more fortunate, and at length succeeded in placing one of their members, named Obeid-allah, on the throne of Egypt.

To understand fully how this was accomplished, we must cast a glance on the state of opinion in the East at that period. The ancient religion of Persia, pure as it was in its commencement, had been in the course of time greatly corrupted. Macrisi enumerates seven sects, one of which, named Mazdekee, from Mazdek its founder, advanced principles destructive of all religion and morality. It professed universal freedom and equality, the indif-

ference of human actions, and the community of goods; and strange as it would appear, did not history furnish instances of similar folly, it numbered among its adherents the king of Persia, Cobad, the father of Noosheerwan. The imprudence of this monarch cost him his crown; and his son, Noosheerwan, convinced of the pernicious influence of the sect, endeavoured totally to eradicate it with fire and sword. In this he did not completely succeed; the opinions continued to exist in secret, and again broke out, in the time of the Caliphs of the house of Abbas, when the followers of Mokannah* and Babek filled Persia with blood and devastation.

In this stormy period there lived at Ahras, in the south of Persia, a man named Abdallah, the son of Maimoon al Kaddah. He had been educated in the maxims of the ancient religion and policy of Persia; and national animosity inspired him with the idea of overthrowing the faith and the empire of the victorious Arabs. The bloody experience of his own times taught Abdallah the folly of attempting to overturn the prevailing religion and the reigning dynasty, so long as the conscience and the swords of the military were under their direction; and he saw clearly that secretly to undermine them was the only path to ultimate success. Knowing, also, how hazardous it is to attempt all at once to eradicate those prejudices in favour of the throne and altar, which are so deeply rooted in the minds of men, he resolved that the veil of mystery should envelope his design, and that his doctrines, which, in imitation of the schools of India and of Pythagoras, he divided into seven degrees; should only be gradually communicated to his disciples. The last and highest of these degrees taught the vanity of all religions, and the indifference of all actions, as neither here nor hereafter would they be rewarded or punished. With the greatest zeal, by means of missionaries, he disseminated his opinions and augmented the number of his disciples, and to gain them the more ready acceptance among the followers of Islam, he masqued his projects beneath a pretended zeal for the claims of the descendants of Mohammed the son of Ismail, to the Imamatus.

During the life-time of Abdallah and his sons, these principles spread, in secret, far and wide, by the activity of their missionaries or *Dais*, as they were called. The plan of Abdallah was to extend his system gradually, and never to proclaim it openly until the throne should be in the possession of one of its disciples; but this deep-laid scheme was broken by the impetuosity of Ahmed of Cufa, surnamed Carmath, who, fully initiated in all the degrees of the secret system, boldly proclaimed the doctrine of

* The celebrated Veiled Prophet.

INDIFFERENCE, and erected the banner of insurrection against the Caliphs, who were still in the height of their power. The contest was long and bloody, the holy city of Mecca was conquered, 30,000 Moslems fell in its defence, and the sacred *black stone* was carried off in triumph to Hajar. The struggle continued during a whole century, till the conflagration was at length quenched in the blood of the followers of Carmath. Notwithstanding this severe check, the doctrines of Abdallah still spread in secret, and at length, in the year 297 of the Hejira, an able missionary, a second Abdallah, succeeded in delivering from prison a pretended descendant of Mohammed the son of Ismail, and in placing him on the throne in Africa, under the name of Obeid-Allah Mehdee. This was the foundation of the dynasty of the Fatemite Caliphs of Egypt, who deduced their line from Ismail the son of Jaaser, and through him from Fatima the daughter of the Prophet.

The secret doctrine had now, in a great measure, attained its object; it had placed its creature upon a throne, and had become the established system in Africa. But it contemplated farther triumphs, and its Dais still overflowed Asia, making proselytes to the claims of Ismail, in the hope of yet overturning the throne of the Caliphs at Bagdad. M. Von Hammer (if his authority, Macrisi, may be depended upon*) gives, in this place, a most curious and interesting account of the structure and organization of what he terms the Lodge at Cairo, in which the members were, after a gradual progress through nine degrees, fully instructed in the doctrines of iniquity and impiety. Immediately, he says, after the establishment of the throne of the Fatemites, history mentions the meetings, which were held every Monday and Wednesday in presence of the Dai-el-doat or Chief Missionary, and were attended by great numbers of both men and women, who had separate lodges. These assemblies were named Mejalis-al-hicmet, or the Societies of Wisdom, and the members attended attired in white. On these days the Dai-el-doat always waited on the Caliph, and, when it was possible, read something to him, but, at all events, got his signature on the outside of the Lecture. When the lecture was finished, the scholars kissed his hand, and respectfully touched, with their foreheads, the signature of the Caliph.

In the reign of the sixth Fatemite Caliph, the notorious Hakem-biemr-illah, the assemblies and their place of meeting

* In the opinion of De Sacy M. Von Hammer has completely succeeded in developing the organization and principles of the Ismailites. De Sacy is, however, of opinion that the original terms do not fully justify M. Von Hammer in ascribing to them, to the extent he does, the doctrines of atheism and the indifference of moral actions.

were placed upon a most extensive footing. A large lodge, named Dar-al-hicmet or the House of Wisdom, was erected, and abundantly provided with books, mathematical instruments, and professors of every description. Disputations were frequently held in the presence of the Caliph, in which the professors, divided according to the four faculties, Logic, Mathematics, Law, and Medicine, appeared in their robes of ceremony, which robes, it is curious to observe, were exactly the same in form as those now worn by the doctors in Oxford and Cambridge. A yearly sum of 275,000 ducats was appropriated to the support of this institution, in which were taught all branches of human science, and, in nine ascending degrees, the secret doctrines of the Ismailites. The first of these degrees—the longest and most difficult—instilled into the mind of the pupil the most unlimited confidence in the wisdom of his instructor; it perplexed him by pointing out the absurdity and contradiction to reason of the text of the Koran, and excited his curiosity by hinting at the secret text which lay beneath the shell of the outward word; on which subject, however, he was most steadily refused any satisfaction, until he had taken the oath to receive the secret doctrine with implicit faith and unconditional obedience. When he had done this, he was admitted to the *second* degree, which inculcated the acknowledgment of Imaums, appointed of God as those from whom all knowledge was derived. In the *third* was taught the number of the Imaums, which was seven. The *fourth* informed the pupil that since the creation of the world there had been seven divine law-givers or *speaking* prophets, each of whom had seven assistants, who succeeded each other during the epoch of the speaking prophet, and, as they did not appear publicly, they were named the *dumb* (zamit). The last speaking prophet was Ismail, and the first of his dumb ministers was Mohammed the son of Ismail: as, therefore, this last was not dead more than a century, the teacher had it in his power to declare whom he would, to those who had not passed this degree, to be the dumb prophet of the present age. In the *fifth* degree the pupil learned that each of the dumb prophets had twelve apostles to assist him in spreading the doctrine. The *sixth* taught that all positive religion was subordinate to philosophy. This degree was tedious, and not till the pupil had been well imbued with the wisdom of the philosophers was he admitted to the *seventh*, in which he passed from philosophy to mysticism, which was the doctrine of All is One, now held by the Soofees. In the *eighth* the doctrines of positive religion were once more brought forward; after what had preceded, they could not make any long stand, and the pupil was now fully instructed in the superfluity of all prophets and divine teachers,

the non-existence of heaven and hell, the indifference of actions, and thus prepared for the *ninth* and last degree, and to become the ready instrument of every project of ambition. *To believe nothing and to dare every thing*, was the sum and substance of this wisdom.

The claims of the Fatemite Caliph, and the secret doctrine of the Lodge at Cairo, were actively disseminated throughout Asia by the zeal of the Dais, and of their Refeek or Companions, persons initiated in one or more degrees of the secret doctrine, and attached to the Dais as assistants, which their name denotes. Among the converts and members of the Lodge then gained, was one who founded, some years after, the society which, during more than a century and a half, filled Asia with terror and dismay. This was the celebrated Hassan Ben Sabah, the founder of the Assassins or Eastern Ismailites, as writers name them, to distinguish them from their Egyptian or Western brethren.

Hassan was one of those characters that appear from time to time in the world, as if sent to operate some mighty change in the destinies of mankind. Endued with mental powers of the first order, conscious of his own superiority, filled with ambition the most immoderate, and possessed of the courage, patience, and foresight requisite for the accomplishment of his deep-laid plans, Hassan must, at any period of the world, have been a distinguished actor in its scenes; but no period more calculated for the display of his transcendent talents could have occurred than the one in which his lot had been cast. He was the son of Ali, a strenuous Shea-ite, who resided at Rei. Ali was strongly suspected of entertaining heretical and impious opinions, and could hardly, by the most solemn oaths and protestations, obtain credit for his orthodoxy. He retired at length into a convent, and to clear himself as much as possible from the suspicions entertained against him, he sent his son to Nishaboor, to be educated by the Imaum Mowafek Nishabooree, the most illustrious Doctor of the Soonnah, in the East; of whom it was said, that every one who studied the Koran and the Soonnah under him was certain to be fortunate in after-life. Here the young Hassan had for his fellow-students Omar Khiam and Nizam-ul-Mulk, the former of whom became celebrated for poetry and philosophy, and the latter, under three successive monarchs of the house of Seljuk, filled the first posts of the empire.

Even at this early period the ambitious mind of Hassan, and his long-sighted views of future advancement and dignity, displayed themselves. He one day, as Nizam-ul-Mulk himself informs us, addressed his two companions, reminded them of the general opinion of the success of the Imaum's pupils, and pro-

posed that they should enter into an agreement that in whichever of the three this opinion should be verified, he should share his fortune with the other two. Omar and Nizam readily assented, and the latter devoting himself to politics, soon attained the Viziership under Togrul, and Alp Arslan the great Seljuces. During the reigns of Togrul and of Alp Arslan, Hassan remained in privacy and obscurity; but no sooner had Melek Shah, the successor of the latter, ascended the throne, than the descendant of Sabah appeared at court, and, in the severe terms which the Koran uses of breakers of their word, reminded the Vizier of the promise of his youth, and called upon him to perform it. Nizam received him with honour, gave him rank and revenue, and introduced him to the intimacy of the Sultan. Hassan's object in waiting for the accession of Melek Shah had evidently been to supplant his friend Nizam, an object more easily attainable with a youthful prince than with an experienced monarch. He accordingly sought by every means, under the mask of bluntness and honesty, to gain an ascendancy over the mind of the Sultan, and succeeded so far, that Melek Shah consulted him upon every affair of moment, and acted according to his advice. Nizam's credit and influence were visibly in the wane, for his rival sedulously conveyed to the ears of the Sultan even the slightest errors of the Divan, and, by his artful insinuations, threw the entire blame on the Prime Vizier. But, according to Nizam-ul-Mulk's account, the worst trick he played him was his undertaking to lay before the Sultan, within forty days, a statement of the revenue and expenditure of the Sovereign; a task, to accomplish which the Vizier had required ten times the space. The clerks of the treasury were all placed under Hassan, and Nizam-ul-Mulk acknowledges that he performed what he had undertaken within the given time; but, as he adds, that Hassan derived no advantage from it, but was, on the contrary, at the instant of giving in the account, covered with disgrace and obliged to quit the Court, for which Nizam assigns no cause, we are obliged to find an explanation of it in the narrative of other writers. According to them, Nizam himself, trembling for his place, contrived secretly to abstract some of the leaves of his rival's accounts, and when Hassan presented himself before the Sultan in full assurance of a complete triumph, to his extreme mortification, the mutilated state of his papers, for which he could in no way account, drew down on him the highest displeasure of the Sultan. Nizam, indeed, confesses, with great naiveté, that had not this occurred, he himself would have been obliged to follow the same course as Hassan.

The latter, inwardly meditating vengeance against the Sultan and the Vizier, retired to Rei, and from thence went to Isfahan,

where he remained concealed in the house of the Reis Abou'l Fazl, to escape the perquisitions of Nizam-ul-Mulk. While there he made the remarkable declaration, that if he had but two devoted friends, he would soon overthrow the Turk and the peasant, as he called Melek Shah and Nizam-ul-Mulk. The simple-hearted Reis believed him to be out of his mind, and began secretly to administer to him aromatic draughts to strengthen his brain. Hassan was soon aware of the opinion of his host, and resolved to leave him and proceed to Egypt, to the grand lodge of the Ismailites, of whose society he had long been a member. The account of his first connexion with that sect is given by Mirkhond in Hassan's own words, and as they enable us to form a clear idea of the character of the man, and show that like Mohammed, Cromwell, and almost every fanatic, he was sincere at first, whatever he might have become afterwards, we will lay them before our readers.

"From my childhood, even from the age of seven years, my only object was to attain to knowledge and capacity. I was, like my father, brought up in the doctrine of the twelve Imams (Imamee), and I formed an acquaintance with an Ismailite Refeeck, named Emire-ed-Dharab, with whom I knitted the bond of friendship. My opinion was, that the doctrine of the Ismailites was like that of the philosophers, and that the sovereign of Egypt was a man who was initiated in it. As often as Emire spoke in support of his doctrine, I fell into a controversy with him, and many an argument on points of faith arose between us. I never gave way to the charges which Emire brought against my sect, though secretly they made a strong impression on my mind. Meanwhile Emire departed from me, and I fell into a severe sickness, during which time I frequently reproached myself that although I knew the doctrine of the Ismailites to be the true one, out of mere stiff-neckedness I hesitated to acknowledge it; and that if, which God avert, death should surprize me, I should die without having attained to the truth. At length I recovered from that sickness, and met with another Ismailite, named Abou Nejm Zeraj, of whom I inquired concerning the truth of his doctrine. Abou Nejm explained it to me in the most circumstantial manner, until I saw fully into the depths of it. At last I met a Dai, called Moomeem, whom the Sheikh Abd-al-melek Ben Attash, the director of the missions of Irak, had authorized to execute this office. I besought him to accept my homage in the name of the Fatemite Caliph; he at first refused, because I had been in a higher rank than himself; but when I pressed him thereto out of all measure, he at length consented. When now the Sheikh Abd-al-melek came to Rei, and by his intercourse with me came to know me, my deportment was pleasing to him, and he immediately conferred on me the office of a Dai. He said to me, 'thou must go into Egypt, and become a partaker of the happiness of serving the Imaum Moustansar,' the then reigning Caliph. When the Sheikh Abd-al-melek went from Rei to Isfahan I departed for Egypt."

Hassan, whose fame had preceded him, was received in Egypt with the highest honours; the Dai-al-doat and other distinguished personages were sent to the frontiers to meet him, and the Caliph assigned him a residence, and loaded him with favours. But happening to take an active part in the dispute concerning the succession, his enemies prevailed against him; he was thrown into prison, and afterwards forced on board a ship bound for the coast of Africa. A storm drove the vessel to the coast of Syria, where Hassan disembarked; he then passed some years in travelling through different countries of the East, zealously spreading his doctrines, and acquiring proselytes. He had observed that during the space of two hundred years that had elapsed since Abdallah first introduced the secret doctrine into Islam, though the missionaries had been indefatigable, and the disciples numerous, except in the instance of the establishment of the Fatemite dynasty in Egypt, no temporal dominion, the attainment of which was the leading object of the society, had been acquired. He saw moreover that the Seljucides, as protectors of the phantom of a Caliph who sat at Bagdad, had risen to the highest power; and he conceived that as he was now strengthened by numerous disciples, he might, as the champion of the rights of the descendants of Ismail, take his rank with princes, when possessed of dominion and power. To attain this object, all he required was some strong position, from which as a centre he might gradually extend his possessions; and he fixed his eye upon the hill-fort of Alamoot, (that is—the Vulture's Nest, so named from its lofty and impregnable site,) situated in the district of Roodbar, to the north of Kasveen. Alamoot was gained partly by force and partly by stratagem; he first sent thither one of his most trusty Dais, who converted a great number of the inhabitants, and with their aid expelled the governor. Historians say, that he employed the same stratagem that Dido had used to gain the soil on which she built Carthage, but stories of that kind are common in the East; and Sir John Malcolm informs us, that the person with whom he read this piece of history told him, that it was in this manner the English obtained Calcutta of the poor Emperor of Delhi.

In possession of a strong fortress, Hassan turned his mind to the organization of that band of followers whose daggers were to spread the dread and the terror of his power throughout Asia. Experience and reflection had shown him that the many could never be governed by the few, without the salutary curb of religion and morality; that a system of impiety, though it might serve to overturn, was not calculated to maintain and support a throne; and his object was now to establish a fixed and lasting dominion. Though as an adept, initiated in the highest degree of the lodge at Cairo,

he had been long satisfied of the nothingness of all religion, he determined to maintain among his followers the religion of Islam in all its rigour. The most exact and minute observance of even its most trivial ordinances was to be exacted from those who, generally unknown to themselves, were banded for its destruction; and the veil of mystery, within which few were permitted to enter, shrouded the secret doctrine from the eyes of the major part of the society. The claims of Ismail, the purity of religion, were ostensively advanced; but the rise of Hassan Sabah, and the downfall of all religion, were the real objects of those who directed the machinery.

The Ismailite doctrine had hitherto been disseminated by missionaries and companions alone. Heads without hands were of no avail in the eyes of Hassan; it was necessary to have a third class, which, ignorant of the secret doctrine, would be the blind and willing instruments of the designs of their superiors. This class were named the Fedavee or Devoted, were clothed in white, with red bonnets or girdles, and armed with daggers; these were the men, who reckless of their lives, executed the bloody mandates of the Sheikh-el-Jebel, the title assumed by Hassan. As a proof of the fanaticism that Hassan contrived to instil into his followers, we give the following instance. In the year 1126, Kasim-ed-devlet Absoncor, the brave prince of Mosul, was, as he entered the mosque, attacked by eight assassins disguised as dervises; he killed three, and the rest, with the exception of one young man, were massacred by the people; but the prince had received his death wound. When the news spread that Kasim-ed-devlet had fallen by the daggers of the assassins, the mother of the young man who had escaped painted and adorned herself, rejoicing that her son had been found worthy to offer up his life in support of the good cause; but when he came back the only survivor, she cut off her hair and blackened her face, through grief that he had not shared the death of glory. "Such," observes M. Hammer, "was the Spartanism of the Assassins."

A display of the means by which the chief of the Assassins succeeded in infusing this spirit of strong faith and devotion into his followers forms an interesting chapter in the history of man. It might seem incredible, did not experience abundantly prove it, that the human mind could ever be brought to believe, or act on the most unfounded and irrational opinions; but those who reflect on the follies of the disciples of the various fanatics and impostors who have deluded mankind, will cease to be surprized at the blind devotion of the Fedavee. Even in our own days the chief of the Wahabees contrived to instil into his followers the persua-

sion that he could dispose of the mansions of eternal bliss.* It is not undeserving of remark that the two powers that waged war simultaneously against Islam, the Christians of the West, and the Assassins of the East, were both stimulated by their spiritual heads with the same motives. Those who fell in the crusade were pronounced by the Pope to be martyrs, and entitled to the kingdom of Heaven; and to the Fedavee who fell in executing the mandates of his superior, the gates of Paradise unfolded, and he entered into the enjoyment of the ivory palace, the silken robe, and the black-eyed houries. This known quality of the human mind might suffice to account for the blind devotion and the contempt of life of the Ismailite Fedavee; but Marco Polo, whose fidelity and veracity, like those of Herodotus, become every day more apparent, as we become better acquainted with the history and manners of the East, gives a particular description of the mode in which the Ismailite chief instilled into the minds of those whom he deemed fit subjects, the longing after the joys of Paradise, and the disregard of earthly existence. As Marco Polo's narrative is confirmed by oriental writers, M. Von Hammer is disposed to regard it as true in the main circumstances; but De Sacy and Wilken seem inclined to suppose that the description applies to the visions excited in the mind of the votary by the intoxicating draught which he had swallowed, and not to any scenes of reality.

According to the Venetian traveller and the Arabian author of the "*Sireh Hakem-biemr-illah*," there was at Alamoot, and also at Masiat in Syria, a delicious garden, encompassed with lofty walls, adorned with trees and flowers of every kind—with murmuring brooks and translucent lakes—with bowers of roses and trellices of the vine—airy halls and splendid kiosks, furnished with the carpets of Persia and the silks of Byzantium. Beautiful maidens and blooming boys were the inhabitants of this delicious spot, which ever resounded with the melody of birds, the murmur of streams, and the ravishing tones of voices and instruments—all breathed contentment and pleasure. When the chief had noticed any youth to be distinguished for strength and resolution, he invited him to a banquet, where he placed him beside himself, conversed with him on the happiness reserved for the faithful, and contrived to administer to him an intoxicating draught prepared

* A follower of the modern Wahabee, who a few years ago stabbed an Arabian chief, near Bassora, not only refused to save his life, but anxiously courted death, grasping in his hand a paper, which he seemed to prize far beyond his existence. This, when examined, proved to be an order from the Wahabee chief for an emerald palace and a number of beautiful female slaves, in the delightful regions of eternal bliss.—*Sir John Malcolm, from a Persian MS.*

from the hyoscyamus. While insensible, he was conveyed into the garden of delight, and there awakened by the application of vinegar. On opening his eyes all Paradise met his view; the black-eyed and green-robed houries surrounded him, obedient to his wishes; sweet music filled his ears; the richest viands were served up in the most costly vessels; and the choicest wines sparkled in golden cups. The fortunate youth believed himself really in the Paradise of the prophet, and the language of his attendants confirmed the delusion. When he had had his fill of enjoyment, and nature was yielding to exhaustion, the opiate was again administered, and the sleeper transported back to the side of the chief, to whom he communicated what had passed, and who assured him of the truth and reality of all he had experienced, telling him such was the bliss reserved for the obedient servants of the Imaum, and enjoining at the same time the strictest secrecy. Ever after the rapturous vision possessed the imagination of the deluded enthusiast, and he panted for the hour when death, received in obeying the commands of his superior, should dismiss him to the bowers of Paradise. Can it be possible that all this is true; or is it purely the invention of the orthodox to throw odium on the sect?

We will observe *en passant*, that we have here, according to De Sacy, the true origin of the name Assassin. Hyde derived it from Hassa, to kill; others from the Jewish Essenes; the prevailing derivation, which is even the one given by Sir John Malcolm, is from Hassan the first chief; but M. de Sacy thinks that Lemoine was near the truth when he deduced it from a word signifying *herbage*, and consequently *gardens*; the word *Hashish*, which signifies the bang or opiate of hemp-leaves, is, according to M. de Sacy, whose opinion is adopted by Hammer, the true root, and they obtained their appellation from the use they made of the opiate prepared from that plant.

Let us now take a view of the society as constituted by Hassan Sabah. The mystic number *seven* appeared everywhere. They acknowledged *seven* Imaums; the degrees were *seven*, viz. the Sheikh, the Dai-al-kebir, or chief of the Dais, the Dai, the Re-feek, the Fedavee, the Laseek, or aspirants, and the Prophane, or the common people. For the use of the Dais, Hassan drew up a particular rule consisting of *seven* heads, which our author regards as the proper breviary of the Order. The *first* head, called Ashinai-risk, or knowledge of their calling, contained the maxims of the requisite knowledge of human nature for the selection of fit subjects for initiation, and to this belonged the numerous proverbs and dark sayings which were current among the Dais, as formerly among the Pythagoreans, and since among the Jesuits. The *second* rule, called Teënees, gaining of confidence, taught to gain

the candidates by flattering their passions and inclinations. The *third* instructed to puzzle them by doubts and questions on the precepts of religion and the absurdities of the Koran. The *fourth* imposed the Ahd, the oath of silence and obedience; and the candidate swore most solemnly never to impart his doubts to any but his superior, and blindly to obey him in all things. The *fifth* rule, Tedlees, taught the candidates that their opinions coincided with those of the greatest men in church and state. This was done to entice them by the example of the great and powerful. The *sixth*, Tesees, merely went over again what had preceded, to confirm and strengthen the pupil therein. The *seventh* and last, Teëvil, the allegorical instructions, closed the course. This taught to neglect the plain sense, and seek an allegorical one in the Koran; and it formed the essence of the *secret doctrine*. Hence the assassins were named Batenee, the internal. This system has frequently been applied to the Bible as well as to the Koran, and its powers in explaining away articles of faith and precepts of moral duty, and establishing the principle of every thing being permitted to the chosen, can easily be conceived. This higher knowledge was confined to a very few; the great majority of the members were straitly curbed by the positive precepts of Islam.

Thus constituted, the power of the Order began to display itself. By force or by treachery, the castles or hill-forts of Persia fell one after another into their hands. A bloody period ensued; the Doctors of the Law excommunicated the adherents of Hassan, and the Sultan, Melek Shah, directed his generals to reduce their fortresses; the daggers of the Assassins were displayed against the swords of the orthodox, and the first victim to Hassan's revenge was the great and good Nizam-ul-mulk, who fell by the dagger of a Fedavee. His death was followed by that of his master, not without strong suspicion of poison. "The governments were arrayed in open enmity against the Order, and heads fell like an abundant harvest beneath the two-fold sickle of the dagger of assassination and the sword of justice."

Simultaneously with the Crusaders, the Assassins appeared in Syria, and by means of Riswan, Prince of Haleb, or Aleppo, acquired fortresses in that country. In Syria, as in Persia, they were persecuted and massacred; and there also the dagger amply avenged those who fell by the sword. In Persia, after a protracted contest, a dagger planted opportunely on the ground at Sultan Sanjer's head, reminded him of the danger of continued enmity, and peace was established between the Seljuic Sultan and the Sheikh of Alamoot. The Ismailites agreed on their part to add no more works to their forts, to purchase no arms or military machines, and to make no more proselytes; and the Sultan re-

leased them from all taxes in the district of Kirdkoo, and assigned them a portion of the revenues of the territory of Koomees as an annual pension.

After a reign of five-and-thirty years, Hassan Sabah saw his power extended over a great portion of the Mohammedan world. Three grand missionaries (Dai-al-kebir) presided over the three provinces of Jebal, Cubistan, and Syria; while from his chamber at Alamoot, (which apartment he left but twice during his long reign,) Hassan directed the operations of his followers, and occupied his leisure in drawing up rules and regulations for the Order. He died at a very great age, leaving no children; for he had put his two sons to death, one for the crime of murder, the other for the transgression of some trifling precept of the Koran. When he felt the approach of death, he summoned to Alamoot the Dai Keah Buzoorg Oomeid from Lamseer, and Aboo Ali from Casveen, and divided the government between them, so that Aboo Ali should direct the external operations and the internal administration of the society; Keah should, as the proper chief, possess the highest spiritual power and guidance of the Order. Sir John Malcolm, it therefore appears, was wrong in stating that Keah Buzoorg Oomeid was the son of Hassan Sabah.

Keah Buzoorg trod in the footsteps of the founder of the Order. Hostilities were renewed between him and the Seljucides, and Alamoot fell for a time into the hands of Sultan Mahmood. But the power of the Order had struck root too deeply to be easily overthrown, and it speedily recovered from its temporary disasters. In Syria too, though violently opposed, it extended its influence. It was at this period that the first connection occurred between the Assassins and the crusaders. Abool-Wefa, the Ismailite Dai-al-kebir, was also Hakem or Chief Judge of Damascus, and he entered into a treaty with Baldwin II. King of Jerusalem, by which he engaged to deliver on a Friday, when the Emir and his court were at prayer in the mosque, the gates of the city into the hands of the Christians, on the condition of the city of Tyre being given to him as a reward. Baldwin's chief adviser in this compact with the secret enemies of Islam was Hugo de Payens, the first Grand Master of the Templars, which order had now been established about ten years. M. Von Hammer traces a great, though perhaps in some points a fanciful resemblance, between the Asiatic and the European orders. The Templars were divided into Knights, Esquires, and Lay Brethren, which answer to the Refeek, Fedavee, and Laseek of the Assassins, as the Prior, Grand Prior, and Grand Master of the former correspond with the Dai, Dai-al-kebir, and Sheikh of the Mountain of the latter. As the Ismailite Refeek was clad in white, with a red mark of distinction, so

the Knight of the Temple wore a white mantle adorned with the red cross; and the preceptories of the Templars in Europe corresponded to the castles of the Assassins in Asia; and as these last held a secret doctrine destructive of all religion, the accusations of their enemies, and the extorted confessions of their members, cast similar imputations on the Knights of the Temple. M. von Hammer is so satisfied of the correspondence, that throughout his work he uses the terms Grand Master and Grand Prior as synonymous with Sheikh-al-jebel and Dai-al-kebir.*

The enterprize against Damascus failed; the prince of that city got timely information of the plot; the Vizier, the great friend and protector of the Assassins, was put to death; and an indiscriminate massacre of these fanatics ordered, to which six thousand fell victims. The Christian army, on its march to Damascus, was assailed by a valiant band of the Damascene warriors, as well as overtaken by one of those awful storms of thunder, rain, and snow that at times occur in the regions of the East. Their superstitious minds ascribed this to the vengeance of Heaven, justly incensed at their unhallowed union with treachery and murder, and they fled in dismay before their enemies. All that they acquired was the castle of Banias, the strongest hold at that time of the Assassins in Syria, which the governor, dreading to share the fate of his brethren in Damascus, delivered up to the Christians. This event occurred at the same time that Alamoot was gained by Mahmood, and the Ismailite power in Persia and in Syria was thus shaken to its foundation. But the hydra was not thus to be slain; the house of Seljuk was soon glad to agree to terms of peace; the Syrian fortresses were again recovered; in the reign of Keah Buzoorg the daggers of the Order were first imbued in the sacred blood of the successors of the Prophet; and a Caliph of Bagdad and, notwithstanding his descent from Ismail, another of Cairo, were the victims.

Keah Buzoorg departed from the maxims of the founder, and appointed his son Mohammed as his successor, perhaps with paternal partiality esteeming him the person best adapted to govern the Order. Mohammed was, however, weak and inefficient, but his son and successor, Hassan II., merits particular attention.

Hassan was distinguished for his learning and talents, and the people, despising the weakness and incapacity of Mohammed, attached themselves to his son, who, during the lifetime of his

* M. de Sacy, though admitting the resemblance between the Templars and the Assassins, does not think him sufficiently authorized in this transference of appellations. M. Von Hammer has embodied the accusations against the Templars in a long and curious dissertation inserted in the *Mines de l'Orient*, in which, according to the opinion of the same learned and judicious critic, he has allowed his imagination to lead him too far astray.

father, countenanced the opinion which was spread abroad, that he was the Imaum promised by Hassan Sabah. The members of the Order attached themselves to him more and more every day, until at length Mohammed was roused from his apathy, and assembling the people, he declared publicly, "Hassan is my son. I am not the Imaum, but one of his missionaries. Whoever maintains the contrary is an infidel;" and in the true spirit of the Order he confirmed his words by instant action. Two hundred and fifty of Hassan's adherents were executed, and two hundred and fifty more expelled from the fortress; and it was only by publicly cursing, and writing treatises against the Illuminators, as he and his adherents were called, that Hassan escaped the vengeance of the incensed Grand Master. But when Hassan had succeeded to the supreme authority, he could not resist the vanity of becoming a teacher and Illuminator; forgetful of the prudent counsels of the founder to the initiated, to conceal under the mask of religious zeal the ambition and infidelity which were to be their secret guides, he, by his mad disclosures of the mysteries, justified the curses of the people, the excommunications of the church, and the death-warrants of kings against the Order.

In the month Ramazan, the Mohammedan Lent, Hassan convoked all the inhabitants of Roodbar to Alamoot. A pulpit was erected in an open place before the fort, and turned towards Mecca; and on the 17th of the month, when the people were all assembled, the Grand Master ascended the pulpit, and commenced his discourse, by raising doubts and confusion in the minds of his hearers. He informed them that a messenger had come, bearing to him a letter from the Imaum (the Egyptian Caliph), directed to all the Ismailites, by which the fundamental doctrines of the sect were renewed and strengthened. He declared to them, that by this letter the gates of favour and mercy were opened to all who should obey and hearken to him; that they were the true elect, released from all the obligations of the Law, and from the burden of commands and prohibitions; and that he had now conducted them to the Day of the Resurrection, that is, the Revelation of the Imaum. He then read the forged missive of the Imaum, which declared Hassan to be his Caliph, Dai and Hujet, or evidence, and enjoined all the followers of the Ismailite doctrine to yield obedience to him, in all points. The conclusion of it was, "They shall know that our Lord hath had compassion on them, and hath conducted them to the most High God." Hassan then descended from the pulpit, caused the tables to be spread, commanded the people to break their fast, and, with music and dancing, as on festival days, to abandon themselves to every species of enjoyment; for this, said he, this is

the Day of the Resurrection. How similar are the workings of human nature, and how closely does this scene resemble the wild extravagances which have been occasionally acted by fanatics in the Christian world!*

Hassan, the Illuminator, was, after a short reign, murdered by his brother-in-law and his son Mohammed, who succeeded him, and who rivalled him in knowledge, and in the open disregard of morality and religion.

At this period the history of the Assassins in Persia presents little to interest; but the Syrian branch was involved in friendship and enmity with the great Saladin, and the Christian sovereigns of Jerusalem. The life of the former was assailed more than once by their daggers, and but for the intercession of the prince of Hamar, he would have completely extirpated them. The Grand Prior engaged that no more attempts should be made on the life of the gallant Sultan, and he faithfully kept his engagement, for, during the remaining fifteen years of Saladin's reign, he was never approached by an Assassin. The name of this Grand Prior was Sinan, one of those personages who have at various times in the East, by an extraordinary appearance of austerity and devotion, gained, in the eyes of the credulous multitude, the reputation of divinity. He gave himself out to be an incarnation of the Deity; he wore no clothing but sackcloth; no one ever saw him eat, drink, or sleep; and from sunrise to sunset he preached, from the top of a lofty rock, to the assembled multitude, who listened to his words as to those of a God. But the popular idea of divinity is loose and unsettled; a lameness which Sinan had contracted by a wound from a stone, in the great earthquake of A. D. 1157, having proved him a mere mortal in the eyes of the multitude, they were on the point of conferring on him the glory of martyrdom, when he descended from his rock and invited them to eat; and such was the power of his eloquence that they unanimously swore obedience and fidelity to him, as their superior. His influence continued unimpaired during his life, and at the present day his writings are held in high veneration by the remnant of the sect which still lingers in the mountains of Syria.

Sinan had read the books of the Christians, as well as those of his own religion; and whether from conviction or (what is much more probable) from a wish for peace and exemption from tribute, he sent an ambassador to Almeric, king of Jerusalem, offering, in his own name and that of his people, to submit to baptism, if the Templars, their near neighbours, would remit the

* This was precisely one of the heretical notions which St. Paul combated.

annual tribute of two thousand ducats, which they had imposed on them, and live with them hereafter in peace and brotherly concord. The king received the embassy with joy, agreed to all the conditions, offered to reimburse the Templars from his treasury, and after detaining the envoys a few days, dismissed them with guides and an escort to their own borders. But as they approached their castles, they were assaulted by an ambush of the Templars, led by Walter of Dumesnil, and the ambassador was murdered. The king, incensed at this treacherous and cruel deed, assembled the princes, and, by their advice, sent two of their number to demand satisfaction from the Grand Master, Odo de St. Amando. But the haughty and impious priest replied that he had already imposed penance on brother Dumesnil, and would send him to the Holy Father, by whom it was forbidden to lay violent hands on him, and more to the same effect. The king, however, had the murderer dragged from the habitation of the Templars, and thrown into prison at Tyre; and the perfidious Grand Master, having been taken by Saladin in the battle of Sidon, the loss of which was laid to his charge, died the same year, unlamented, in a dungeon. The king was justified in the eyes of Sinan, but all hopes of the conversion of the Assassins were at an end, and the dagger, after a truce of forty-two years, was again brandished against the crusaders. Its most illustrious victim was Conrad, marquis of Montferrat; and as both oriental and occidental writers agree in laying the guilt of it on Richard Cœur de Lion, we shall examine the evidence with some attention.

Conrad, marquis of Tyre and Montferrat, was attacked and murdered, in the market-place of Tyre, by two of the Assassins. On this point all writers are agreed; but who the real author and promoter of the murder was, is still contested. At the time, both Christians and Mohammedans joined in imputing it to Richard, king of England, who was known to be on ill terms with the marquis. Albericus Trium Fontium says expressly that the murderers were hired by that prince. Bohadin, the Arabic biographer of Saladin, says that the Assassins, when tortured, confessed they had been employed by the English king; and Mr. Von Hammer gives the following passage from the Arabic History of Jerusalem and Hebron, which he considers quite decisive on the subject. "The marquis went, on the 13th of the month Ribce-ul-ewal, to visit the bishop of Tyre. As he was going out, he was attacked by two Assassins, who slew him with their daggers. When taken and stretched on the rack, they confessed that they had been employed by the king of England. They died under the torture." He adds that the same work contains

instances of the treachery and perfidy of Richard, which stain his character, and confirm the charge of his participation in this murder. We think that Mr. Von Hammer is not justified in making so strong an assertion. We have looked over the extracts from that work, given by himself, in the *Fundgruben des Orients*, (*Mines de l'Orient*), where it is to be supposed he would omit nothing of the kind, and we could find nothing but an accusation of having put some Moslem prisoners to death, and a passionate assertion of the zealous Mussulman writer, that nothing could be settled with Richard, "because he always broke off what he had arranged, by continually retracting what he had said. May God curse him." Mr. Von Hammer, too, seems forgetful of the other and most probably the real cause of the enmity of the duke of Austria to Richard, when he regards the assassination of the marquis Conrad, who was a kinsman of Leopold, as the cause of the arrest and imprisonment of the king of England, and thus endeavours to remove the stigma which has hitherto adhered to the character of the Austrian duke. But our author, be it recollected, is a subject of Austria, and may, therefore, be desirous of vindicating the fame of that house; in our eyes, even were Richard guilty, Leopold was treacherous and unmanly.

Cœur de Lion, unfortunately, cannot be fully acquitted. The defence set up for him by his zealous subjects only tends to confirm his guilt in the eyes of posterity. Nicholas de Treveth, and Bromton have, indeed, given letters said to be written by the Old Man of the Mountain to the duke of Austria, and to the princes and people of Christendom, in exculpation of Richard; but modern writers have, almost without exception, concurred in regarding them as forgeries. In these the Chief of the Assassins warmly undertakes the defence of Richard, and asserts that the marquis was slain by his direction, because some of his people, who had been shipwrecked near Tyre, had been robbed and murdered; and when he sent to demand satisfaction of the marquis, the latter threatened to throw the messengers into the sea; that he had therefore determined on immolating the marquis, and had his decree executed by two brethren, in the view of the people. Against these documents it is objected by Mr. Von Hammer, that the one commences with swearing by the Law, at the very time that the Assassins openly trod the Law under foot, and is dated by the æra of the Seleucidæ, when the Assassins had commenced a new æra, that of the removal of the Law by Hassan the Illuminator; that the superscriptions are contrary to the oriental mode; and that it is incredible the Chief of the Assassins would draw on himself the vengeance of the Christians for the sake of a monarch of whom he had no knowledge. Yet

we see not but that some defence might still be set up for this "absurd and palpable forgery," as it is called by Gibbon. Sinan was the Syrian Grand Prior, and he was not the contemner of the Law that Hassan was. The æra of the Seleucidæ was the one in common use in Syria, and therefore it is more probable he would use that than one only known to the Assassins themselves; Sinan might, like Saladin, have felt an esteem for the chivalrous king of England, and have written the letter at his request; and as for the vengeance of the Christian princes, the Order had, on more occasions than one, shown how little they regarded it. The objection to the superscription is, however, hardly to be got over. The Dai-el-kebir of Syria would scarcely style himself Sheikh-el-jebel, of which the Latin *Vetus de Monte* is a fair translation. Yet a translator might have taken upon him to substitute the title best known in Europe. At all events, the weakness of the defence set up by an injudicious advocate does not necessarily infer the guilt of the accused. There is also an oriental witness, at least negatively, in favour of Richard; the continuator of Tabari (see Michaud's *Histoire des Croisades*) says that the murderers, when about to be executed, refused to confess by whom they had been employed; and, lastly, Mr. Falconet and others, with whom we agree, argue, from the generosity and magnanimity of the Plantagenet, the impossibility of his being concerned in a base and treacherous assassination. Mr. Falconet is of opinion that the true author of the murder was Humphrey, lord of Thoron, the first husband of Isabella, daughter of Almeric, and heiress of the kingdom of Jerusalem, who, provoked at the annulling of his marriage, and at seeing his wife and the crown passing to Conrad, employed the Assassins to avenge him. *See further inf. 647.*

The reign of Jellal-ed-deen, the son of Mohammed, was a period of repose for Asia. He directed all his efforts to the restoration of religion and piety; sent circular letters, to that effect, to the Caliph and Sultan, and other princes; was dignified by the doctors of the Law, whom he succeeded in convincing of his sincerity, with the appellation of New Mussulman; and obtained from the Caliph the title of prince, which had never been conceded to any of his predecessors. His Harem made the great pilgrimage to Mecca, and the Caliph gave precedence to the banners of the pilgrims from Alamoot over those of the mighty Sultan of Khowaresm. The Grand Master, also, with the consent of the Caliph, espoused the daughter of Kai Kawas, prince of Ghilan. But the reign of Jellal-ed-deen was too short to undo the evil introduced by his two predecessors; and on his death, occasioned by poison, the dagger again raged among his

kindred, to avenge him, at the command of his son and successor, Ala-ed-deen, a boy of nine years. For such was the idea of the Ismailites concerning the Imaum, that they obeyed his commands, as proceeding from one inspired by the Deity, with cheerful submission, satisfied that the ignorance or imbecility of the Vicar of God could not extend to his inspired dictates.

Ala-ed-deen, after a blood-stained reign, was, like several of those who had preceded him, murdered; and the direction of the society devolved on his son, Roken-ed-deen, who had conspired against him. In the time of this last, the entreaties of the feeble Caliph of Bagdad, and of the Judge of Casveen, invoked the mighty Mangoo Kaan, to free the earth from this murderous band, who made existence a misery to those who dared to provoke their resentment; and the conqueror of the world issued his mandate to his brother, Hulagoo, to exterminate the dangerous race. His mandate was obeyed; the treachery of Nasseer-ed-deen, the great astronomer and vizier of the Assassin prince, facilitated the operations of the Tartars; Alamoot surrendered; Roken-ed-deen entered the camp of Hulagoo as a prisoner; the other fortresses followed the example of Alamoot; Kirdcoo alone, for three years, resisted the efforts of the Tartar troops; orders for the indiscriminate massacre of the Assassins, wherever found, were given by Mangoo; and, without distinction of age or sex, they fell by thousands beneath the sword of justice and of vengeance. Fourteen years after, the Syrian branch was destroyed by Bibars, the great Mameluke sultan; and though the sect, like the Jesuits, still clung together, in hopes of once more attaining to power, the opportunity never offered; and the merchants and peasants, who still hold the speculative tenets of the Order, have scarcely a recollection of the bloody part it once enacted on the theatre of the world.

We have thus endeavoured to convey to our readers a sketch of the history and constitution of the Order of the Assassins; but it is only in M. Hammer's book that full and satisfactory information can be obtained, and that not concerning the Ismailites alone, but on many most important points of Oriental history and manners; for, from time to time, he makes a pause, and casts a glance over the then state of the Mohammedan world, and numerous are the details, anecdotes, and reflections we have been obliged, unwillingly, to leave unnoticed.

In the opinion of competent judges, M. Von Hammer's work is complete; it contains all that is, or can be, known in the East or West respecting the Order. The correspondence, too, which he is at all times anxious to trace out between them, the Templars, Jesuits, and Illuminati, is often striking, but frequently, to our

apprehension, merely fanciful. Slight analogies should have less influence on a powerful mind! and it is to be regretted that he should indulge in such a remark as this: "The *Ancient of the Mountain* resided in the hill-fort of Alamoot, clad in white, like the *Ancient of Days* in Daniel." The following, however, is remarkable:—

"The first and last of the monarchs of the western and eastern Roman empires, of the Seljuicides, of the rulers of Taberistan, the Prophet of the Moslems, and the last of his successors of the house of Abbas, bore the same appellation. The names of Augustus, Constantine, Mohammed, Togrul, Kaiumers, commence and close the series of the Roman, Byzantine, Arabian, Seljuicide, and Persian royal lines; and perhaps the Turkish empire in Europe will end with an Osman as it began with an Osman.*"

M. von Hammer, we doubt not, worships truth with sincerity, but he writes too much in the spirit of a partisan; and he curses and hates the Hassans and Mohammeds of Alamoot as sincerely as if he were a contemporary dreading the visit of a Fedavee. But he is, we should remember, a subject of the sworn foe of secret institutions, and, we doubt not, was in part stimulated to trace thus minutely the history of the great Eastern society, as in its destructive career he conceived he saw an exemplification of the evils to be dreaded from secret associations, and a justification of the measures of the cabinet of Vienna. But his censures are too indiscriminate; even the Ismailites were perhaps not so ruthless and abandoned as they are painted; their historians are the orthodox, and the subjects of legitimate autocrats. We know how groundless were many of the charges made against the Templars and the Jesuits; and had Christianity, which was in its origin a secret society, been crushed, all its genuine records, like those of the Assassins, destroyed, and only those of its triumphant enemies preserved, what would be now our idea of its doctrines, and of the characters of its Divine Founder and his missionaries?

Few, very few, of M. Von Hammer's countrymen have as yet attained to the true style of historic composition; and we shall look in vain among them for the elegant simplicity of Hume, or

* In spite of philosophy, even the strongest minds will be affected by, and dwell on, these casual coincidences. Niebuhr devotes more than a page of his immortal work to showing how the twelve *Sæcula*, which, according to Tuscan augury, the twelve vakturs seen by Romulus, portended as the duration of Rome, ended in the Pontificate of Gregory the Great, and remarks, that the six portended by the legitimate Augurium of Remus, terminated with liberty in the days of Sulla or Caesar. He farther mentions, from Servius, that, according to one tradition, 360 years intervened between the taking of Troy and the building of Rome; and adds, that from thence to the taking by the Gauls was 360; and, in his note, points out the strange sport of chance, in there being 360 years from that time to the taking of Alexandria, and founding of the monarchy; and 360 more to the building of Constantinople.

the sober dignity of Robertson. In their writings we are either perplexed and disgusted with tiresome circumlocation and mile-long sentences, couched in the obscure dialect of their national metaphysics, or we encounter the metaphors and similes of poetry and extravagant eloquence. The present work is, in the last particular, eminently faulty. It is completely oriental in every respect but language; its style and its subject are so in an equal degree. Another fault is, that the writer takes for granted too great a proportion of knowledge in the reader. Eastern history, romance, poetry, manners and customs, are as frequently and as concisely alluded to, as those of Greece and Italy in the works of other authors. We know not how this may answer with the learned Germans, but with us, should the work be, as it deserves, added to our literature, a copious selection of notes would be absolutely indispensable to make it perfectly intelligible.

The *History of the Assassins* is, in every point of view, a valuable work. It contains, as we have already observed, all that is or can be known of them; for all the books and records of the society were destroyed at the taking of Alamoot, and that is matter, for the most part, hitherto totally unknown in Europe. It fills up an important chasm in the history of the world, and of the human mind; and it is not among the least important benefits which the genius and the industry of its author have bestowed upon literature. The libraries of the East, by M. Von Hammer's account, contain immense treasures hitherto little known and little used; and we trust that his example will stimulate many an Orientalist to make communications from them to the West. From the present work, we may, in the concluding words of our author, "easily estimate what hidden rarities and precious pearls still lie on the unexplored bottom of the ocean of Oriental history. Success attend the diver!"

Mr. Von Hammer has recently published the first volume of his *History of the Ottoman Empire*; (see the notice of it in our last Number, page 292,) of this work we propose giving an account in an early Number.

ART. IX. *Forces Productives et Commerciales de la France*, par le Baron Charles Dupin. 2 tom. 4to. Paris, 1827.

M. DUPIN holds a high rank among the French writers of the present day. It would not be easy to name one, who is generally better informed or more unprejudiced, who treats grave subjects in so attractive a style, or whose object is so uniformly useful and patriotic. He has been the zealous advocate of popular education; and it is mainly, we believe, to his efforts that France owes

her numerous Mechanics' Institutions, for the use of which he wrote an excellent manual,—his "Course of Geometry and Mechanics applied to the Arts."

In his elaborate works on the military, naval, and commercial force of Great Britain, his aim was to reveal to his countrymen the sources of our wealth and power, that our experience might supply lessons of policy and wisdom to the statesmen of his own country. As great acquirements rarely help a person into place, public men are often deficient in the information which their station requires; and solicited as they are on all sides, by private or sinister interests, they often want firmness to act up to the knowledge they possess. To remedy the first evil, it is necessary to spread just ideas among the great mass of functionaries by whom the government is conducted; and to remedy the second, it is requisite to enlighten the people at large, and especially those classes whose feelings and opinions operate more immediately as a check on the conduct of men in power. The very number of the persons connected with an administration insures a considerable influence to sound and practicable doctrines, if they are not presented in an offensive shape. On the other hand, though ministers of state are seldom the best informed men in a country, they cannot remain stationary while knowledge is progressive all around them; and the most overpowering majorities in the chambers cannot protect them against the ridicule which a Frenchman dreads so much, when there are persons in every saloon who can expose their blunders and laugh at their ignorance.

M. Dupin's works are excellently calculated to produce good effects upon men in office, as well as the public at large. He is an oppositionist, but of a rational and temperate class. He praises the acts of the government liberally where he can; he endeavours to gain his end by exciting its self-love, and its love of glory; and his censures are rather appeals to the reason of the ministers and their national pride, than harsh or contemptuous denunciations of their system. M. Dupin's opposition is of that description which the French government, if it takes correct views of its own interest, ought to cherish. It is temperate and practical in its character; not passionate and declamatory, as the opposition in the Chambers is described to be by the ministerial orators. Instead of tending to subvert the government, it contributes to preserve and strengthen it; first, because it serves to purify the system of those abuses which bring odium upon it; and secondly, because it opens a safety-valve for popular discontent, by fixing attention on practical ameliorations, and withdrawing it from revolutionary schemes.

The title of the work before us does not convey a very accurate

idea of its contents. It does, indeed, present an estimate of the productive and commercial powers of France; but we should characterize the work more correctly if we termed it a *Description of the North of France*, for the instruction and improvement of the inhabitants of the South. In his works on Britain, the author points out to his countrymen, by our example, the vast increase of wealth and prosperity that is within their reach; and in the present volumes, his object is to show to the people of the southern provinces, how backward their situation is, compared with that of their brethren of the north, and how much they have neglected their natural advantages.

Within the limits of an article like this, we can give but an imperfect sketch of the contents of a work abounding so much in details. We shall endeavour, however, to lay before our readers a portion of those general results which are most interesting or least known, confining our own remarks to a very limited space.

France expended much more blood than Britain in the late wars, but much less treasure; and she has come out of the contest burdened with only one third part of the debt which presses upon her rival. According to M. Dupin, the twelve campaigns, from 1803 to 1815, cost France one million of men, and 240* millions sterling of money, or 20 millions per annum. The loss she sustained by the two invasions of 1814 and 1815, with the penalty imposed upon her at the peace, he estimates at 120 millions more. Applying the same scale to the twelve years from 1792 to 1803, we have 240 millions additional; and for the whole revolutionary wars, an expenditure of 600 millions of English money, and a million and a half, or two millions of men. The estimate, of course, applies to the extra expenditure caused by the war beyond what would have been required in time of peace; but even thus restricted, it is very low so far as regards money. Though Britain was rarely a principal in the contest, the extra charges which she incurred in it are estimated by Mr. Lowe at 1100 millions sterling, or nearly twice the sum expended by France. Of blood, on the other hand, we were much less prodigal; for our loss in men certainly did not exceed one fourth of that of our enemy. The true account of the pecuniary losses of the two countries, however, is this. France laid out, comparatively speaking, little money; but she sustained a grievous injury in the destruction of her foreign trade, and the check given to industry and the spirit of improvement, by the want of raw materials, and the exhausting drafts of the conscription on her active

* Except in the tables towards the end of this article, we have generally converted the French money and measures into English.

population. The rapid advances she has made since the peace, show how heavy was the load that previously shackled her powers, and arrested her progress. In Britain, on the contrary, the march of improvement seemed rather to be quickened than retarded by the war; and hence, the peace, which has produced such a harvest of benefits to France, rather lessened the apparent prosperity of this country. France made an immense sacrifice of human life, and had the developement of her powers prevented: Britain suffered little immediate injury, but has accumulated a load of debt, which will press on her resources for some generations.

It must not be understood that the state of French industry was absolutely stationary during the war. The facts collected by Chaptal, in his work "*De L'Industrie Française*," (1819) show that the ameliorations produced by the revolution carried it forward in spite of prodigious impediments; but its progress was trifling, compared with the amazing strides it has made since the peace.

In 1812 the quantity of wool worked up in the manufactories was 77,000,000 pounds, (English weight,) and in 1826 it was 110,000,000 pounds, of which 17,600,000 were foreign. In 1812 there were 22,800,000 pounds of cotton spun; in 1825 there were 61,600,000 pounds; and at the latter period the yarn was made of much finer qualities, and was converted into various elegant fabrics, the manufacture of which was scarcely known in 1812.

In 1814 there were 100,000 tons of cast iron made in France, and in 1825 there were 160,000 tons. At the former period 1,000,000 tons of coal were extracted from the French mines, and at the latter period 1,500,000*. The gunpowder consumed in mining and other works of industry has risen since 1818 from 200,000 to 1,000,000 of pounds. In pottery-ware, outlery, jewellery, and glass, France has made vast improvements since the peace. The French jewellers worked up 3300 pounds of gold, and 83,600 pounds of silver in 1818, and in 1825 no less than 9020 pounds of gold and 153,000 pounds of silver.

In the seven years between 1818 and 1825, the number of barge-masters (entrepreneurs) who convey goods on the rivers, has risen from 105 to 286. In the same period the number of licensed voitures for the transportation of passengers and goods by land has increased from 6670 to 14,255.

The stamp duties and the taxes on consumption have risen in the same period of seven years 25 per cent., and the *octrois*, or duties levied on commodities at the gates of towns, have increased 40 per cent., though the number of towns subjected to the im-

* Hence it appears that London alone consumes as much coal as all France.

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post has been reduced from 2276 to 1349. The produce of the Customs was 4,400,000*l.* in 1819, and 5,920,000*l.* in 1825. The revenue of the posts increased in the same period from 952,000*l.* to 1,100,000*l.* On the other hand, the lottery, which is the deceitful resource of the thoughtless and the wretched, yielded 872,000*l.* in 1820, and only 476,000*l.* in 1826.

But the most marvellous advances have been made in that art which ministers to the wants of our moral nature, and which affords the best index to the progress of knowledge, education, and mental activity. The following table, showing the number of sheets printed in different years, (exclusive of periodicals,) is the result of researches made with much care and accuracy by Count Daru. It is to be observed that the column for 1812 includes all the works printed in what was then the French empire, which comprehended, besides France itself, Holland, Belgium, the Hanse Towns, Piedmont, Tuscany, and the Roman States.

Printed Sheets published in the years 1812, 1814, 1820, and 1826.

	IN 1814.	IN 1820.	IN 1826.	IN 1812. (WHOLE EMPIRE.)
Theology	4,974,788	7,867,609	23,268,420	13,815,861
Legislation	1,371,568	6,326,652	18,605,495	7,893,205
Sciences	2,546,270	5,327,174	12,160,381	8,175,114
Philosophy	753,185	1,185,429	3,032,191	1,263,729
Social and Adminis- trative Economy }	1,634,485	1,744,246	2,097,390	1,340,993
Military Affairs . .	441,510	1,026,027	1,445,982	662,830
Fine Arts	773,099	1,202,599	1,999,560	1,218,496
Belles Lettres . . .	13,352,920	20,436,803	27,704,971	15,755,904
History, Voyages, &c.	16,226,566	23,149,157	46,545,727	12,934,481
Miscellaneous Alma- nacks, &c. . . }	3,600,648	2,121,251	7,699,977	9,079,629
TOTAL	45,675,039	80,921,302	144,561,094	72,080,642

In the 375 years from the invention of printing to 1814, the productions of the press in France, M. Dupin remarks, had grown up to 45,600,000 sheets per annum, and in the 12 years from 1814 to 1826 they had increased from 45,600,000 to 144,500,000; in other words, the advance made has been twice as great in these 12 years as in the preceding 375. The superior rate of increase too in legislation, science and philosophy, and other grave and useful branches of knowledge, indicates a favourable change in the national taste. In the provinces, agri-

cultural memoirs and essays on practical subjects have taken the place of the mediocre poems and jejune declamations of former times, which were laughed at in the capital. The moral spirit of the press too is ameliorated. The works of the most distinguished French writers of the present day are free from that impurity which tainted so large a portion of French literature before the revolution.

Since the restoration, a good deal has been done for the spread of education in France, but much yet remains to be achieved. In the interval between 1817 and 1820 the number of children attending the primary schools increased from 856,712 to 1,116,777; but since 1820 the progress of education has been retarded by the struggles between the Lancasterian system, and that of the *Freres de la doctrine Chretienne*. The party of the latter, aided by the powerful patronage of the government, has got a great number of the Lancasterian schools shut up. Of 996, which existed in 1821, only 254 remained open in 1826. The *Freres*, M. Dupin says, are forbidden to introduce improvements, and use modes of teaching which are intentionally operose and tedious. But even with such education as they supply, France is still very ill provided; for, out of 40,000 communes*, there are 15,000 entirely destitute of teachers; and of twenty-five millions of inhabitants who have reached or passed the age at which instruction should be communicated, only ten millions are able to read. In countries where every person is educated, the children at school compose about $\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ of the population. This is nearly the proportion in Scotland, and in some of the Swiss Cantons. In England, according to M. Dupin, it is about $\frac{1}{10}$, in Bohemia $\frac{1}{11}$, in Holland $\frac{1}{12}$, in Austria $\frac{1}{13}$, in Prussia $\frac{1}{14}$, while in France it is only $\frac{1}{15}$. France, as M. Dupin observes, is, in point of education, below Austria and Ireland—below every country in Europe, except the Peninsula, Russia, and Turkey.

He complains with justice, that while the government makes great efforts otherwise to excite the national industry, it neglects the powerful means which education puts into its hands, and is so much a slave to prejudice as to dread the dissemination of knowledge. It devotes but a small part of the public funds to the purposes of education, compared with what it lavishes on objects of inferior importance; and what it gives is preposterously bestowed. About three millions of francs (120,000*l.*) are expended on the Royal Colleges, which educate about 15,000 pupils, while the miserable dribble of 2000*l.* is all that the state grants to the primary schools, which educate one million, and

* The word *Commune* in France is nearly equivalent to *Parish* in England, quod secular objects; the word *paroisie* having reference merely to ecclesiastical matters.

ought to educate three millions. No assistance is given to the poor, who really need it, to obtain the means of instruction; but the country at large is taxed to put education within the reach of the wealthy, who can procure it for themselves.

The government has, apparently with some reluctance, extended its patronage to Mechanics' Institutions, of which France has now 100. These afford instruction to 10,000 master and journeymen artisans, but six times the number in M. Dupin's opinion would be required. To forty of the existing institutions the government has given collections of mechanical models, and of naval models to four in the principal sea ports. The deficiency of the artisans in elementary education is found to be one great obstacle to the success of these institutions; and another arises from the diversity of language and dialect, which exists in France to an extent of which few persons in this country are fully apprized. Thus in Alsace the German, and in French Flanders the Flemish is spoken both in town and country. In Brittany the country people use no other language than a dialect of Celtic or Welsh; in Bearn the Basque is spoken; and Normandy, Languedoc, Provence, the Limousin, have their several *patois* which are scarcely intelligible beyond the bounds of the respective provinces.

"When I was engaged, (says M. Dupin,) in 1825 and 1826 in promoting the establishment of Mechanics' Schools, I was struck with astonishment to find that one of the greatest obstacles which the Professors encountered, arose from the difficulty of making the clear and expressive language of France intelligible to men who thought habitually in a barbarous dialect."

To the evil of deficient means of education is added that of a great misapplication of time and labour from the faulty system pursued. In France as in England the dead languages are taught too much, and the positive sciences too little. The son of a wealthy manufacturer, M. Dupin observes, may remain from the age of 12 to 20 in one of the Royal Colleges, and leave it perfectly ignorant of chemistry, mechanics, natural history, and every branch of knowledge that might qualify him to conduct with skill the establishment of which he is one day to be the proprietor. He suggests that a statistical return ought to be procured of the number of doctors, advocates, and other persons to whom Latin is really useful; that similar returns should be procured for the sciences; and that upon this basis the public institutions should be framed, provision being made for instruction in each branch of knowledge in proportion to the ascertained wants of society.

The sale of the church lands, and the abolition of tithes, *corvées*, and seigniorial rights, gave a powerful impulse to agriculture in France. Even the wars so injurious to the kingdom

otherwise, tended indirectly to improve the system of husbandry, by returning to the rural districts vast numbers of discharged officers and soldiers, whose minds, in consequence of their long residence in foreign countries, were freed from the influence of local prejudices, and prepared for the adoption of improved modes of culture. French agriculture however is still far from having reached the perfection of which it is capable, even in the northern departments, and in the south it is extremely rude and defective. M. Dupin thinks that the 40,000 ecclesiastics, scattered over the surface of the country, might be usefully employed in giving the rural inhabitants more correct ideas as to the principles on which the health and vigour of the domestic animals and of man himself depend, the proper treatment of infants, the influence of local situation, the means of protection against epidemics, &c. The neglect of vaccination, and the consequent mortality among children from the small pox, show that ignorance and prejudice are still lamentably prevalent in all parts of the kingdom.

In Great Britain, according to the census of 1821, exactly one third of the population, estimated by families, was employed in agriculture,* and two thirds in other occupations. In France these proportions are nearly reversed, about 60 persons in the 100 subsisting by agriculture, according to our author, and 40 by trade, manufactures, and handicrafts, including a small number who live idle. The preponderance of the agricultural class however in numbers becomes less every year. This is clearly proved by the increase in the octrois, the rapid extension of manufactures, and the enlargement of towns. The population of the seaport of Havre has risen in ten years from 20,000 to 30,000; that of Rouen in six years from 87,000 to 100,000; and Lyons, which had only 100,000 inhabitants in 1812, has now 150,000. And while the towns have been thus rapidly enlarging their population, the increase in the kingdom taken collectively has been less than in any other of the improving states of Europe. The numerical amount of a population however is of less importance than its condition; and it is gratifying to find from the facts which M. Dupin supplies, that the state of the labouring classes has been, and still is, progressively improving.

* The numbers exhibited by the census were :

	Families.
In Agriculture	978,656
Trade, Manufactures, &c.	1,350,239
All others	612,488
	<hr/> 2,941,383

This is however exclusive of Ireland, in which the agricultural class greatly predominates.

"The division of landed property, which has taken place within the last thirty years, has produced a more general diffusion of prosperity; it has extended the means of comfort and of health to many families which did not before possess them. While the progress of industry has increased the demand for labour, and raised wages, the improvements made in arts and manufactures have reduced the price of a multitude of useful or agreeable productions, and thus a double amelioration has taken place in the condition of the labourer. He is now able to procure better food, better clothes, and better lodging. In most of the provinces of France, those shapeless hovels, which afflicted the eye of the traveller, have been replaced by substantial houses, well built, well covered, and supplied with better furniture. Thirty years ago there were in various parts of France a vast number of habitations which received no other light than by holes in the wall, which were either left entirely open, or stuffed with straw. At present, there are few of these openings which have not been converted into sashed and glazed windows; and the more constant supply of light thus obtained has contributed to cleanliness, and of course to health."

The favourable change which has taken place in the rate of mortality, affords another proof of a great improvement in the condition of the population. Though the number of inhabitants has increased 27 per cent. within the last forty years, the annual number of deaths is less than it was in 1780; and though the births are also less numerous than at that period, the annual addition made to the population is greater at this day by 44,000 souls, than it was in 1780. The diminished number of births shews, that the people have become more provident in their habits; and the smaller waste of life indicates, that there is much less privation and misery now than formerly. Accordingly, the mean duration of life has increased from 28 to 36 years; and as the periods of infancy and youth remain always the same, the addition made goes entirely to increase the productive powers of the population. Taking this increased value of life, and the augmented numbers of the people together, M. Dupin calculates, that France has gained 36 per cent. in the amount of her productive power since the commencement of the revolution, without reckoning the saving of labour by improved machinery and increased skill; and after allowing 12 per cent. for the losses occasioned by the bloody wars she has carried on. The evidence of this favourable change would be incomplete if we could not add, that crime has diminished. That this is the case, appears from the following statement, showing the number of persons convicted of grave offences, and condemned to forced labour in different years:—

1817.	1818.	1819.	1825.
3329	2569	2015	1622

The number of rural day-labourers in France is extremely small, four-fifths of the peasantry having become the proprietors

of the land they occupy. M. Dupin estimates the wages of a labourer at 1 fr. 27 c. in the south of France, 1 fr. 47 c. in the north, and the mean for the whole kingdom at 1 fr. 38 c. These converted into English money, give 1s. 0½ d. and 1s. 2½ d. for the extremes, and 1s. 1½ d. for the mean. Judging by the price of corn, the last-mentioned sum should give the French labourer a command over the necessaries of life equivalent to what 2s. would give in England; but the price of his clothes and domestic utensils is higher than with us.

M. Dupin assures us, that the changes induced by the revolution have raised the standard of morals among the French, besides banishing much of the frivolity for which they were formerly distinguished. The current literature, which reflects the state of popular sentiment, is free of the impurity which disfigured the works published before the revolution. The royal palaces, and the mansions of the great, are no longer disgraced by ostentatious prostitutes, assuming the rank and consequence due to the highest and best of the sex. Conjugal love has ceased to be an object of ridicule; and ladies of the highest rank now take upon themselves those tender duties to their offspring which were formerly delegated to menials. But the most striking reform is visible in the character of the clergy. The race of effeminate and corrupt abbés who flourished under the old monarchy has disappeared; and the existing clergy, though unpolished, repulsive, and fanatical, preserve at least an irreproachable austerity of manners. It must be confessed, however, that in what relates to the intercourse of the sexes, the state of morals in France still admits of great improvement. About 1-13th part of all the children born in France are illegitimate, a greater proportion, as M. Dupin observes, than is known in any other European state. It is remarkable, that fewer illegitimate children were born about 1798, when Mr. Burke and others supposed morals to be in the most relaxed state, than either before or since. The number has been increasing rapidly since the epoch of the restoration; and in the capital at present, one third of the births are illegitimate. "En voyant trois petits Parisiens," says M. Dupin, "valeur moyenne, on doit voir un bâtard au milieu d'eux."

Though the revolution has improved the moral, it has, in one respect, deteriorated the physical condition of the French people in a very marked degree. From returns presented by the minister of war in 1826, it appears, that of 1,033,422 young men who had been called before the Council of Revision for military service, no less than 380,213 were rejected because they did not reach the low stature of 4 feet 10 inches French, or 5 feet 1½ inches English. And although more than one-third of all the

youths of military age are thus set aside, it is found, that among the men actually serving in the army, 37 in the 100 are below 5 feet 5 inches English, and only 45 in the 100 above 5 feet 6½ inches. This dwarfishness is more prevalent among the inhabitants of the south of France, than among the German, Flemish, and Norman races, that people the northern provinces. M. Dupin thinks that it has been produced, or at least aggravated, by the conscription. It cannot be doubted, that the laws which govern the breeding of animals apply, to a certain extent, to the human species; and that if the best formed and most healthy males among the domestic animals were sent abroad or slaughtered, and the race continued by the less perfect specimens, the breed would degenerate. Now the conscription operates in this way; for the most robust and vigorous of the young men being drafted off and destroyed in the wars, an unusual proportion of marriages were made, and families reared, by the feeble, the old, and the deformed. Perhaps it may be in the order of nature, that the warlike spirit, when it predominates excessively in a nation, should, in the long run, counteract and wear out itself, by destroying the physical vigour without which it cannot be permanently sustained. We know at any rate, that the ancient Romans, almost the only civilized nation which made war a profession, were, in the later periods of their history, dwarfish like the French; for Cæsar tells us, that the Gauls ridiculed their diminutive size, calling them "*homines tantulæ stature.*"* We might carry this idea farther, and account for the final subversion of the empire by the extreme physical deterioration of the Romans in the last periods of its existence. But where so many concurring causes were hastening the dissolution of the state, it is not easy to say how much is due to each, and speculations on a point like this are, besides, foreign to our purpose.

In investigating the causes of the superiority in wealth which England has attained over France, and which the north of France has attained over the south, M. Dupin comes to the conclusion, that the first place is due to the vast amount of animal and mechanical power which is employed in the former as subsidiary to human strength. Wealth consists of nothing else than an abundance of those commodities which minister to the wants of human life. Now, since the production of every commodity, from a needle up to a ship of the line, requires the expenditure of a certain amount of physical force, it follows that the commodities produced, or in other words the wealth created, must be, *ceteris paribus*, in proportion to the amount of physical force employed. In the rudest state of society man performs every species of

* De Bello Gallico, Lib. ii. cap. 30.

labour by the expenditure of his own muscular energy. The first step he makes beyond this, is to call in the aid of the weight or force of the lower animals. By and by, he makes the idle winds and the running waters labour in his service, and by a last and happy effort of ingenuity, he has formed a new and wonderful agent out of the elasticity of steam. These various forces are applicable to the transportation as well as the production of commodities. The subsidiary powers thus called in to reinforce human strength, have multiplied the number and reduced the price, in an astonishing degree, of all those productions which minister to the wants of man, and constitute the wealth of civilised society. M. Dupin has placed this subject in a new and interesting light, by showing the proportions which the powers derived from these sources bear to one another in France and England. We shall explain his method of computation, and give the results, as briefly as possible.

Considering the population of France with reference to the labour it is capable of performing, M. Dupin divides it into four classes—the male youths from 12 to 17, the male adults from 17 to 54, the old men from 54 to 60 (setting aside those above 60 as effete), and the females from 12 to 60. He assumes the muscular power of an adult from 17 to 54 to be equal on an average to that of two youths, or two old men, or three women. Then having ascertained the approximate number of persons in each class, and multiplying that number by the ratio of its force, he finds that the useful or productive force of the 31,600,000 inhabitants of France of both sexes and all ages, is equal to that of 12,609,057 male labourers in the vigour of their age. Of this amount of *human* force, he estimates that *two-thirds* are employed in agriculture, and *one-third* in manufactures, handicrafts, commerce, &c. He converts the power of the horses, oxen, &c. into terms of the same denomination, that is to say, he puts down their force as equivalent to that of a certain number of adult labourers, and gives the following estimate of the *living* force employed in French agriculture.

Living Force employed in the Agriculture of France.

	Number.		Effective labourers.
Human species	21,056,667	equivalent to	8,406,037
Horses	1,600,000		11,200,000
Oxen and cows	6,973,000		17,432,500
Asses	240,000		240,000
Total			37,278,537

Thus, little more than one-fifth of the force applied to agriculture is furnished by human strength.

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Assuming that the population of Britain is at present 15,000,000, and taking the number of horses, oxen, &c. as given by our statistical writers, he finds the amount of force employed in British agriculture to be as follows:—

	Number.	Effective labourers.
Human species	5,000,000	equivalent to 2,132,446
Horses	1,250,000	8,750,000
Oxen, cows, &c.	5,500,000	13,750,000
		<hr/> 24,632,446

In these tables the number of oxen and cows, considered as beasts of draught or burden, is probably too great in both countries. Supposing however that it is correct, we see that the animals, which furnish only about four-fifths of the force employed in agriculture in France, furnish in Britain eleven-twelfths. In France a force equal to that of 37,278,537 labourers is applied to the cultivation of 114 millions of acres (46,000,000 hectares); in Britain 53,000,000 of acres are cultivated by a force equal to that of 24,632,446 labourers. In France the proportion is 330 labourers, and in Britain 460 to 1,000 acres. And thus, although we expend a much greater portion of labour on our soil than the French do, and of course obtain a larger produce, yet by making a more abundant use of animal power, we employ a smaller proportion of men in its cultivation. M. Dupin makes a conjectural estimate for Ireland:—

	Effective labourers.
Great Britain	24,632,446
Ireland	7,455,701
	<hr/> Total 32,088,147

In valuing the amount of force employed in the arts, commerce and manufactures, the power of machinery comes in as an important element. We cannot spare room to develop the data on which M. Dupin proceeds, but we shall present his results. He divides the moving power employed in this department into *living force*, comprehending that of men and animals; and *inanimate force*, which includes that of water, and wind, and of steam engines.

1. LIVING FORCE employed in Arts, Manufactures and Commerce.

	FRANCE. Number.	Effective Labourers.
Human species	10,533,333	equal to 4,203,019
Horses	300,000	2,100,000
		<hr/> 6,303,019

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GREAT BRITAIN.

Human species	10,000,000	equal to	4,264,893
Horses	250,000		1,750,000
			<hr/> 6,014,893
	Add for Ireland		1,260,604
			<hr/> 7,275,497

2. *INANIMATE FORCE employed in Arts, Manufactures and Commerce.*

	FRANCE. Effective Labourers.	BRITAIN. Effective Labourers.
Water mills and hydraulic machines	equal to 1,500,000	1,200,000
Wind Mills	253,333	240,000
Wind, as a moving power for ships	3,000,000	12,000,000
Steam engines	480,000	6,400,000
	<hr/> 5,233,333	<hr/> 19,840,000

Hence, it appears that the amount of *inanimate* moving power employed in the workshops and manufactories of Great Britain, or in impelling her ships over the surface of the ocean, is four times as great as in France.

Force of both kinds applied to Arts, Commerce, &c.

	FRANCE.	BRITAIN.
Living force	6,303,019	7,275,497
Inanimate ditto	5,233,333	19,840,000
	<hr/> 11,536,352	<hr/> 27,115,497
	IRELAND	1,002,667
		<hr/> 28,118,164

Thus we find that the total amount of force applied to arts, trade, and manufactures in Great Britain, is almost triple of what is so applied in France.

General Statement.

	FRANCE.	BRITISH ISLES.
In agriculture	37,278,537	32,088,147
In arts, trade, &c.	11,536,352	28,118,164
	<hr/> 48,814,889	<hr/> 60,206,311
Living force	43,581,556	39,363,644
Inanimate ditto	5,233,333	20,842,667
	<hr/> 48,814,889	<hr/> 60,206,311

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It is needless to inform our readers that these statements, being founded on data which are partly hypothetical, are to be considered merely as approximations to the truth. Supposing them to be substantially correct, they display, in a striking light, the superior powers of production which Britain possesses. It is evident that were the skill and capital of the two nations otherwise on a level, the produce of labour would be in proportion to the amount of moving power, and thus the value created annually by the industry of twenty-one millions of Britons in commodities made or transported, would be one-fourth part greater than that created by the industry of thirty-one millions of Frenchmen. But even this statement gives an incomplete view of our superiority; for it does not include the advantages we derive from our more perfect division of labour, our vast amount of fixed capital not invested in machinery, but in drains, fences, and other agricultural improvements, in roads, canals, wharfs, and harbours, in stamps, moulds, and other apparatus, which abridge labour, though they do not produce mechanical power, &c. According to M. Dupin's table, the produce of each individual's labour is about twice as great in Britain as in France, or as 60 to 32; but assuming his estimate to be correct as far as it goes, we think it is evident that if our other advantages were fairly estimated, the proportion would not be less than that of 5 to 2.

In 1786 France had a greater absolute amount of productive power than Britain, though a smaller amount in proportion to her population. Our great superiority has been chiefly the growth of the last half century.

Productive and Commercial Force in 1780.

	FRANCE. Effective Labourers.	BRITISH ISLES. Effective Labourers.
Living force	34,583,106	27,126,572
Water and wind mills . .	1,209,560	1,064,460
Marine force (wind) . . .	3,000,000	3,000,000
	<hr/> 38,792,666	<hr/> 31,281,032

Comparison of 1826 and 1780.

	FRANCE.	BRITISH ISLES.
1826	48,814,889	60,206,311
1780	38,792,666	31,281,032
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Augmentation in 46 years	10,022,223	28,925,279
Annual augmentation . .	217,092	628,010

We may place the subject in a different light, by showing what the entire population of France and Britain would have required

to be at the two periods, supposing the whole extra labour performed by wind, water, steam, and horse-power were performed by human strength.

	FRANCE. Population.	BRITISH ISLES. Population.
In 1826	109,207,032	134,405,604
In 1780	86,883,638	70,059,997
Augmentation in 46 years	22,323,394	64,345,607
Annual augmentation .	485,291	1,398,817

It will be seen from the preceding tables, that the progress of industry and population together have added to the productive powers of France a force equal to that of 217,092 effective labourers annually, and of 628,010 to those of the British Isles. If we had not multiplied our domestic animals, and improved our machinery, it would have required an annual increase of 485,291 persons in France, and 1,398,817 persons in Britain, to enable us to make the same progress in productive power—that is, in opulence. And were the aid we derive from animals and machinery withdrawn, Britain would, at this moment, require an additional population of 113 millions to give her the same powers of production which she now possesses.

Since the peace, M. Dupin observes, the annual augmentation of the productive and commercial powers, both in France and Britain, has greatly surpassed what has been stated. In France, it is nearly equal to the labour of a million of persons of all ages and both sexes, though the actual increase of the population is only 200,000 souls per annum; and in Britain it is equal to that of two millions.

The following table, showing the rate of increase in the population of the principal states in Europe, is highly curious.

Annual Increase upon each Million of Inhabitants, and Period in which the Population would double itself, if the Increase continued uniform.

	Increase on One Million. Individuals.	Period of Doubling.
Prussia	27,027	26 years
Britain*	16,667	42
Netherlands	12,372	56½
Two Sicilies	11,111	63
Russia	10,527	66
Austria	10,114	69
France	6,536	105

Thus, France is at the bottom of the scale among the principal powers, as regards the increase of population; and M. Dupin

* His estimate for Britain is rather high. From 1811 to 1831 the increase was about 13,700 for Britain; for Ireland it might be about 20,000; and for both, 15,800; and the period of doubling, 45 years.

is so ill informed as to consider this a disadvantage. How it affects the well-being of the nation will, however, be better understood from the following table, which he gives in the introduction.

Annual Increase in France.

	Per Cent.
Of the population	$\frac{1}{2}$
Of the number of horses	1
Of the number of sheep	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Of consumption, as indicated by the indirect taxes	3
Ditto, by the octrois	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Of industry, as indicated by the revenue of patents*	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Of circulation, as indicated by the posts	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Of commerce, as indicated by the customs	4
Of manufactures, as indicated by the consumption of coal	4
Ditto, as indicated by the iron fabricated	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Of publications, including periodicals	9 $\frac{1}{2}$

We have little doubt of the accuracy of this table, and it speaks volumes for the prosperity of France.

The first element of a nation's happiness is the general and abundant diffusion of the means of subsistence among its population; and the most unequivocal symptom of improvement is, when the food which sustains, and the capital which employs the labouring classes, is increasing in quantity faster than they are increasing in numbers. This appears to be decidedly the case in France at present. Wages, if estimated according to the value of the necessaries of life, are fully as high in that country as in England, and at least twice as high as in Ireland; and they must still experience a farther rise, if population, food, and capital, preserve their present proportions in the rate of increase.

It is strange that M. Dupin, who is generally well informed, should be so imperfectly acquainted with the principles of political science, as to mistake the most healthy symptom in the state of France, the *slow* increase of her population, for an indication of weakness. Every enlightened statesman in Europe is now aware, that the evil most to be dreaded, in any country, is a too rapid increase in the numbers of the people. He knows that when this takes place, it is sure to be accompanied by a deterioration in their habits which it is extremely difficult to remedy, and to be followed by an alarming increase of poverty, misery, and crime. Mankind, as Paley expresses, always breed up to a certain point of distress. The business of the statesman is to keep this point as low as possible; for even in a political view, it

* Every master trader, merchant, and handicraftsman in the French towns pays a certain sum to government annually, for permission to carry on his business. The writing he receives, giving him this permission, is called his *patent*.

is of much less consequence that a people should be numerous, than that they should be comfortable, orderly, industrious, and prosperous.

Money is the sinews of war in modern times; and no state that has its coffers well filled will ever want soldiers. On the other hand, a vast population of paupers is a source of weakness, and not of strength, as the example of Ireland well shows, which, with seven millions of inhabitants, pays no more in taxes than Scotland does with two millions, while the expense of governing it is four times as great. The diminished proportion of births and deaths in France, the decrease of crime, the growing demand for books, the slow increase in the number of inhabitants, compared with the rapid increase of consumption, all indicate that the people are making great advances in habits of providence and self-respect, in intelligence, comfort, industry, and wealth. There is still, indeed, much room for improvement; but upon the whole, we doubt if any large kingdom in Europe is at this moment in a state of such sound and healthy prosperity as France. The prayer of every enlightened Frenchman ought to be, that M. Dupin may not be gratified in his wish for a more rapid increase of the population.

We mentioned that the leading object of M. Dupin's book was to excite a spirit of industry and enterprise in the people of the south of France, by contrasting their apathy, poverty, and backwardness, with the wealthy and improved condition of the people of the north. If a line is drawn from St. Malo to Geneva, it divides the kingdom into two unequal parts, of which the northern contains 32, and the southern 54 departments. The population of these two parts, says M. Dupin, differs more from each other in wealth, industry, and intelligence, than the people of France, taken collectively, differ from the people of the British Isles. After some other preliminary remarks, he proceeds to describe, in detail, the 32 departments of the north. To obtain a standard by which to judge of the state of each department individually, he takes the aggregate amounts of territorial surface, population, taxes, raw produce, manufactures, &c. for all France, from actual or estimated returns, and dividing each of their aggregates by the number of departments, he obtains the area, population, taxes, &c. of an *imaginary mean department*, which represents the average of the whole kingdom, and with this he compares each of the 32 departments in succession. He then brings the results together, and compares the 32 departments of the north collectively with the 54 departments of the south. It is to this general statement that we must confine our attention.

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First, as to the population, it will be seen that it is much more dense in the North (32 departments) than in the South (54 departments).

	Northern France.	Southern.	France entire.
Superficies . . .	18,692,191 hectares*	84,841,235	53,533,426
Population . . .	13,167,166 individ.	17,284,021	30,451,187†
Superficies for each 1000 inhab. . .	1,419 hectares	2,105	1,758
Population for each myriamètre . .	7,044 individ.	4,960	5,688

Thus the same surface which supports 704 inhabitants in the south of France, supports 1000 in the north, although the warmer climate of the former, which ripens the olive, citron, orange, and maize, holds out superior advantages to industry.

	Northern France.	Southern.	France entire.
Territorial Revenue	800,600,000 francs	825,400,000	1626,000,000
Revenue for each inhabitant . .	60 f. 80 c.	47 f. 75 c.	53 f. 39 c.
Do. for each hectare	42 83	23 69	30 38

By Territorial Revenue the French writers mean the clear profits derived from land, after deducting the expense of cultivation. It is not exactly equivalent to Rent with us, because it also includes the farmer's profits. It appears from the above table that the territorial revenue of all France is equal to sixty-five millions sterling. As the kingdom contains 132,100,000 English acres (53,533,426 hectares), this gives an average of 10s. 1d. per acre, for all kinds of soil, good and bad. The statement is entitled to confidence, as the returns made for the Contribution Fonciere enable the government to ascertain the produce of the land with considerable certainty. It will be observed, that in consequence of the superior industry of the people of the north, each hectare there yields very nearly double of what it does in the south; the produce of the hectare in the one being 42 francs, 83 cents (35s. 8d.), and in the other, 23 f. 69 c. (19s. 9d.), taking the franc at ten pence.

The following table is taken by M. Dupin from Chaptal's work, and is fifteen years old. It is said to be founded on returns

* We have not converted the measures, here, into those of England, because we found it difficult to preserve the minute accuracy necessary; but the numbers being all given for the purpose of comparison, it is of no consequence in what denominations they appear. We may state, however, that the hectare is equal to 2.47, or very nearly 2½ English acres; and the square myriamètre, to 38½ English miles.

† M. Dupin explains, in a note, that this is the official amount of the population, which had been used by the government for some years. But the actual amount of the French population was 31,600,000 in 1826, and 31,845,433 on the 1st of January last.

of some kind (recensements) actually made; and it is curious, as indicating the proportions of the different species of crops.

	N. FRANCE. Hectolitres. *	S. FRANCE. Hectol.	ALL FRANCE. Hectol.
Wheat	28,104,444	23,395,756	51,500,200
Rye and mixed corn	11,853,721	18,436,440	30,290,161
Maize	739,900	5,562,416	6,302,316
Buck wheat	2,296,389	6,113,084	8,409,473
Barley	6,412,610	6,163,993	12,576,603
Oats	14,237,277	17,829,310	32,066,587
Potatoes	9,914,025	9,886,716	19,800,741
	<hr/> 73,558,366	<hr/> 87,387,715	<hr/> 160,946,081
Wine	11,147,384	24,201,506	35,358,890

Of this quantity of wine, 5,217,753 hect. are distilled, and produce 459,817 hect. of brandy.

<i>Iron made in 1825.</i>			
	N. France. Kilogrammes.†	S. France. Kilogrammes.	All France. Kilogrammes.
Iron made	122,220,400	38,929,800	161,150,200
Furnaces	256	123	379
Workmen	53,059	16,011	70,000
Iron made for each 1000 inhab. . . .	9,282	2,252	5,292
<i>Number of domestic Animals.</i>			
Horses	1,483,209	939,504	2,422,703
Horses for each 1000 inhabitants	112	54	79
Do. for each myriametre	794	269	452
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Oxen, cows, bulls, calves, &c. . . .	2,771,776	3,913,176	6,684,952

The north of France has three times as many horses in proportion to its surface as the south; but it has not the same superiority in horned cattle. The reason of this difference is, that in the north horses are chiefly employed in agricultural labour, and in the south oxen.

The quantity of wool annually cropped in France is stated to be 36,000,000 kilogrammes (79,000,000 lbs.), of which the north yields 14,000,000, and the south 22,000,000.

M. Dupin thus sums up the amount of "productive force" employed in the north and south.

* The hectolitre is equal to 2.84 Winchester bushels, or 26½ wine gallons. Wine, as well as corn, is measured by hectolitres.

† The kilogramme is equal to 2 and one-fifth English pounds avoirdupois.

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IN AGRICULTURE.			
	N. France.	S. France.	All France.
	Effect. labourers.	Effect. labourers.	Effect. labourers.
Force of men . . .	3,094,564	4,788,778	7,883,342
of horses . . .	6,745,011	4,454,989	11,200,000
of oxen . . .	6,392,437	11,040,073	17,432,500
of asses . . .	100,000	140,000	240,000
	16,332,002	20,373,840	36,705,842
IN ARTS, COMMERCE, &c.			
Force of men . . .	2,068,048	2,082,199	4,145,246
of horses . . .	1,400,000	700,000	2,100,000
of water-mills . . .	700,000	800,000	1,500,000
of wind-mills . . .	200,000	53,333	253,333
of wind in navigation . . .	1,100,000	1,900,000	3,000,000
of steam engines . . .	410,000	70,000	480,000
	5,873,048	5,605,539	11,478,587
Total	22,205,045	25,979,379	48,184,417

Partly from public documents and partly from special enquiries, M. Dupin gives the following approximative estimate of the "gross and neat produce" of agriculture, &c. in the two great divisions of the kingdom, which we exhibit in English money.

	N. France.	S. France.	All France.
Gross produce . . .	98,110,000 <i>l.</i>	114,400,000 <i>l.</i>	212,510,000 <i>l.</i>
Neat produce . . .	82,024,000	83,016,000	65,040,000
Expense of cultivation . . .	66,086,000	81,384,000	147,470,000

He gives a similar estimate of the value of manufactured articles, including the expense of transportation, &c.; but as he admits that it is chiefly conjectural, we shall content ourselves with giving it in an abridged form.

	N. France.	S. France.	All France.
Entire annual value of the products of industry and trade . . .	81,710,000 <i>l.</i>	66,060,000 <i>l.</i>	147,770,000 <i>l.</i>
Profits of capital . . .	6,171,000	6,606,000	12,777,000
Wages of labour, carriage, freight, merchants' profits, &c. . . .	73,539,000	59,454,000	132,993,000
Wages of an artizan per day in British money	1 <i>s.</i> 10 <i>d.</i>	1 <i>s.</i> 7 <i>d.</i>	1 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i>

The entire produce of industry in all its branches he estimates as follows.

	N. France.	S. France.	All France.
Produce	172,360,000 <i>l.</i>	163,720,000 <i>l.</i>	336,080,000 <i>l.</i>
Taxes	22,400,000	16,400,000	38,800,000
Income of the inhabitants . . .	149,960,000	147,320,000	297,280,000

He gives the following estimate of the mean annual revenue of

the inhabitants, calculated for each individual, man, woman and child. We omit his fractional parts of a franc, because they make the statement less distinct, and give an appearance of accuracy which is fallacious.

	N. France.	S. France.	All France.
Agriculturists	258 francs	201	223
Artisans, traders, &c.	260	219	240
Other citizens, including capitalists	314	228	266

The following table he informs us is grounded on details published by the minister of finance. For every 100 francs of revenue, &c. for the whole country, the proportions for the north and the south are—

	N. France.	S. France.	All France.
Private revenue, derived from industry (excluding agriculture)	59½	40½	100
Public revenue, from liquors, tobacco, gunpowder, &c.	60	40	100
Ditto, from stamps and registration	60½	39½	100
Ditto, from patents	61½	38½	100
Ditto, from the posts	61½	38½	100
Scholars at the primary schools	66	34	100
Productive force for equal quantities of ground	66	34	100

One cannot help being struck, as M. Dupin observes, with the very uniform proportion which is here preserved in the two sections of the country, among the various branches of revenue which depend on skill, activity and capital—on every source of wealth in short, except mere amount of territorial surface. It is remarkable, too, that education, and of course knowledge, follows exactly the same law.

The north of France is not only much farther advanced in industry at present than the south, but it is proceeding in the career of improvement with much greater rapidity, as is proved by the following table, which shews the increase on different branches of the public revenue in six years.

Addition to the Public Revenue from 1820 to 1826.

	N. France.	S. France.	All France.
Patents	2,303,225 francs	1,122,945	3,425,470
Registration and stamps	17,612,945	7,524,639	25,137,593
The posts	2,598,488	2,064,465	4,626,953
Customs	17,576,114	10,067,152	27,643,266
Indirect taxes	13,227,815	4,766,083	17,993,898
	<hr/> 53,318,596	<hr/> 25,544,584	<hr/> 78,863,180
Proportional increase of revenue	65	85	100

But when the relative numbers of the population are taken into account, the difference is still more striking, as the following table will shew.

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	N. France.	S. France.	All France.
Each million of inhabitants, in six years,			
have increased the population	57,195	35,182	44,700
have sent to school (children)	56,365	21,751	36,764
have increased the public revenue by their industry, francs	3,902,326	1,424,206	2,495,670

According to the last official account presented by the university of France, the distribution of primary schools was as follows.

	N. France.	S. France.
Communes having primary schools	15,701	8,669
Communes destitute of ditto	4,441	9,668

Thus more than one-half of the communes in the south are destitute of the means of elementary education.

	N. France.	S. France.	All France.
Pupils in the			
Royal colleges	4,636	5,418	10,054
Secondary schools	26,950	24,038	50,988
Primary ditto	740,846	375,981	1,116,777

The greater number of pupils from the south at the royal colleges, M. Dupin attributes to the number of bursaries at the colleges in that part of France. "The people of the south," he observes, "have a prodigious talent for obtaining *des bourses de l'état*!" "Plut a Dieu," he adds, "qu'ils eussent la même ardeur et la même dextérité pour obtenir des écoles primaires!"

The university distributes annually a number of prizes and *accessits** among the colleges of Paris and Versailles, and the almanack of the university contains the names of those who gain them, with the place of their birth. Setting aside the department of Paris, in order that no undue advantage may be given to the north, M. Dupin finds, that the number gained by pupils belonging to the 31 departments of the north, and the 54 of the south, to be as follows:—

North.	South.
107	36

Part of this difference may be ascribed to the greater distance of southern departments from the capital; but of the 143 rewards voted, 37 were prizes and 106 accessits; and of these 37 prizes 33 were carried away by the pupils from the north, and only 4 by those from the south; so that in the colleges, in point of fact, the prizes go to the northern pupils, and the accessits to the southern.

Of the 65 members of the Academy of Sciences (who are impartially chosen from the *savants* of the whole kingdom), the 32

* The pupil who has the highest number of votes next to him who gains a prize, is considered as having obtained a certain distinction, which is called an *accessit*.

departments of the north have afforded 48, and the 54 departments of the south only 17!

The Record of *Brevets*, or as we call them, patents, for new inventions and discoveries in the arts, &c. in the 34 years from 1791 to 1825, presents the following result:—

The North.	The South.
1699	413

Exhibitions of the products of industry are made (every four years we believe) in France, and prizes are given for the most improved or perfect specimens. In the exhibition of 1819, the prizes were awarded as follows:—

	N. France.	S. France.
Medals of gold, silver, or bronze	293	107

“Thus, in whatever point of view we consider the two parts of France, whether in relation to their agriculture or their commerce; at whatever stage of life we contemplate the population, in tender infancy, when the A B C is the encyclopedia, at the colleges, the Polytechnic School, or the Academy of Sciences, or as regards invention in the arts, or the national prizes for industry—every where we find a difference between the two parts, which is analogous, and almost always proportional. In the eyes of men who know how to compare effects with causes, this constant uniformity of results, this superiority of every kind in favour of the part of the kingdom where popular instruction is most developed, demonstrates clearly the advantage of that instruction in promoting trade, the arts, the sciences, and private and public wealth.”

M. Dupin holds the backwardness of the people in the south of France to be entirely the consequence of ignorance, and not to spring from any defect of natural talent. To paint their inferiority, as it were, to the eye, and to affront them into some exertions to wipe away the reproach of ignorance, he has appended to his work a map, representing the state of education in France. In this map the proportion which the children at school bear to the whole population is marked in each department, and the surface of the department is made lighter or darker by varying tints of engraving, in proportion as the amount of education is greater or less. In a well educated nation, the children at school form about one-eighth or ninth part of the whole inhabitants. None of the departments of France reach this point, but those of the north make the nearest approximation. In some of these it is $\frac{1}{10}$, $\frac{1}{12}$, $\frac{1}{14}$, &c. up to $\frac{1}{8}$. In the departments of the south, it varies from $\frac{1}{15}$ up to the fearful proportion of $\frac{1}{30}$, which has been very properly typified in the map by a surface absolutely black, as if knowledge had there suffered a total eclipse. A more entire privation of the means of instruction is probably not to be found in Siberia or Turkey! In some others of these de-

partments, the number of scholars is so small as 117, 113, 117, 110, 110, 113, &c. The darkest departments, however, are not found in the extreme south, but rather in what may be considered the heart of the kingdom. They may be described very correctly as consisting of Brittany, and the countries watered by the Loire. The inspection of this spotted map should call up a blush in the face of every public man in France. When we consider the nursery of ignorance and barbarism which has been thus suffered to grow up in the centre of the kingdom, while its rulers were lavishing millions on works of luxury, vanity, or ostentation, we can scarcely find words to express our indignation at such a profligate neglect of duty on the part of the government, and such a stupid apathy on the part of the people.

We concur with M. Dupin in thinking that the want of primary schools is the first want of the country, but we would not attribute the poverty and apathy of the people of the south entirely to this cause, nor do we anticipate that a better education will raise them completely to a level with the people of the north. We believe that there is an original diversity of character among nations as well as individuals, which produces important effects on their conduct and institutions. The spirit of industry and improvement is more active in England than in any other country; yet the English are by no means so well educated as the people of many other European states. Bohemia has more schools than Rhenish Germany or Northern France, though it is infinitely behind these countries in civilization. And generally speaking, though the most industrious nations of Europe are better educated than the others, the degree of industry is seldom in proportion to the amount of instruction; and diffused systems of education, where they do exist, are perhaps as often the consequence as the cause of the mental and bodily activity which accompanies them. Now with regard to France, it is worthy of remark that the northern departments, which are the great seats of intelligence and industry, are exactly the districts which are inhabited by a people of German and Norman extraction, that is, by a branch of the great Gothic family which occupies Germany, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, England, and the Lowlands of Scotland,—the states which are confessedly at the head of modern civilization. The Gothic race has less vivacity and sensibility than some of the southern races, but it greatly surpasses them all in habits of order, rectitude of judgment, perseverance, and decision of character. On the other hand, the departments in the centre of France, where ignorance and rudeness are most prevalent, were exactly the ancient seat of the Celts. In the western part of this tract the Celtic race preserves its original language; and throughout the whole of its extent, we have every reason to believe that the basis of the popu-

lation is Celtic still. The inhabitants of these districts in short, are at bottom, of the same family with the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scots Highlanders, tribes which, even at this day, are much inferior to the Gothic race in aptitude for civilization. Education however, with a free press, good institutions, and continued peace, will do much to improve the people of the south, though it may not raise them to an equality with their brethren of the north.

M. Dupin discusses a plan which has been recently started for making Paris a seaport, by cutting a canal from that city to Havre. It is proposed that the canal should be of such a size as to admit sea vessels of large tonnage. Its dimensions are not stated; but a survey has been made, and the expense is estimated at 160,000,000 francs, or £6,400,000. With this it is proposed to combine another canal of smaller dimensions, extending from Paris to the Rhine, which has been estimated to cost 70,000,000 francs, or £2,800,000. It is assumed that these two canals would enable France to monopolise the trade of supplying Upper Germany with colonial produce. In consequence of the absurd multiplicity of tolls upon the Rhine, commodities carried by that river from the sea to Strasburgh, cost 200 francs (£8,) per ton for conveyance, while it is computed that their transportation by the projected canals would not cost more than £2 10s. The revenue which both canals would yield is estimated at one million sterling. Such magnificent undertakings, however, rarely yield any adequate returns, as the Caledonian canal, and that of Languedoc, amply demonstrate. In England it is well known that canals of small section are almost the only ones that have afforded a liberal remuneration to their proprietors.

We must now, however, bring our remarks to a close. M. Dupin's work is clearly and ably written, and abounds in interesting matter. As a statistical work it is less elaborate, and probably less correct, than Colquhoun's *Treatise on the Wealth and Resources of Britain*; but its form is more popular, and in reference to the objects which the author had in view, it is extremely well calculated to be useful. It throws considerable light on the sources of national wealth, while Colquhoun's book is little else than a mass of facts collected with much research and industry. In one point, however, of no small consequence, M. Dupin has left us entirely in the dark. He has not said a word on the important subject of pauperism. This appears to us a singular omission, the cause of which we are unable to divine. Some of his numerical statements besides, are not accompanied with the necessary explanations; and in a few cases they are not perfectly consistent with one another. Some errors and omissions, however, are unavoidable in a work embracing such a mass of details; and as a whole the work is creditable to its celebrated author.

ART. X.—*I Promessi Sposi, Storia Milanese del Secolo XVII.*
 Scoperta e rifatta da Alessandro Manzoni. 3 tom. 8vo.
 Milano, 1825-26.—Terza edizione, 3 tom. 12mo. Parigi,
 1827.

It is a common remark, that good novelists frequently make but indifferent dramatists; and it is not difficult to see that the power of compression and concentration, necessary to exalt the materials furnished by the imagination into the more sublimated and essential form required for tragedy, is a power of a high and distinct order, superadded to the ordinary capacity of framing a series of incidents, or furnishing a set of characters with appropriate language. It requires the application of a judgment, matured by the study of dramatic effect, to the mass of materials which the mind has invented or collected; a power of separating and combining, of judiciously excluding or slightly passing over some features, and of bringing others prominently forward before the eyes of the spectator. To a certain extent, it is true, this faculty must be exercised even by the novelist; without the application of some such modifying power, the tale would be but a revival of the rude chronicle of former ages; and the mind would be distracted amidst a series of incidents, arranged only according to priority in time, and all detailed with equal minuteness and circumstance, without reference to their capability of affecting the fancy or the heart. But it is in the more limited sphere of the drama, that the exercise of this faculty is peculiarly necessary; where the intensity of the effect must be proportioned to the narrow circle within which it operates, and where every power which the human mind possesses, (scarcely even excepting that of close and accurate reasoning itself,) is called into action in its most concentrated and efficient form.

But though we think it sufficiently obvious, why a successful novelist should fail in his dramatic attempts, we really do not understand how an able dramatist should be an indifferent novelist. Some difficulties of a mechanical nature no doubt must be overcome. Like a musician, who lays down the instrument to which he has been accustomed, to take up another, he may require some time to master the keys, and to become acquainted with the range and compass of the new instrument; but these difficulties regard only the technicalities of the art, and, in a mind of ordinary activity and observation, can never long impede the power of "discoursing eloquent music." When, therefore, the *mechanique* of novel-writing is once attained, no farther difficulty would appear to remain. The dramatist, it would seem, has but to dilute his essences, so as to spread them over the wider surface.

allowed to the novelist: to restore his materials to the state in which they were, before the process of dramatic selection and classification took place.

And yet here is an example of what we must consider, on the whole, as an indifferent novel, written by a highly respectable dramatist. We are not disposed, however, to think that the case of Manzoni forms any actual anomaly, or exception, to the general position to which we have alluded. For, possessing, as he certainly does, in a high degree, some of the elements of a great dramatist, Manzoni appears singularly deficient in others. With much pathetic power, and no inconsiderable eloquence, particularly where the language of passion approaches the lyrical, he is defective in one point of equal importance to the dramatist and the novelist, that of weaving an ingenious, complicated, yet not confused chain of incidents. To the novelist this power is peculiarly necessary. On the stage, where so much is omitted in representation, and gathered only by narrative or incidental allusion, nothing is more dangerous than the attempt to lead the spectators through the labyrinth of an intricate story. But in the novel, where everything may be introduced; where the author has room and verge enough for all those éclaircissements, which are necessary to furnish the clue to the mazy windings of the tale, and to stimulate without satisfying curiosity, it is the great triumph of art to weave an artful tissue of incidents, which shall rivet attention by their novelty without violating probability, and delight the fancy without doing violence to reason. If even in his dramatic works, therefore, Manzoni's plots were dry, meagre, and uninteresting, it is scarcely surprising that in his novel he has been equally unfortunate, as far as the construction of his story is concerned.

It was our intention to have devoted an article in this number to a general review of the Modern Italian Novelists, but the extent of the task renders it impossible for us to fulfil our original design; and in the mean time, we think we may as well clear the way a little, by exhibiting a few specimens of Manzoni's powers in that character. We mention this as a reason for abstaining, at present, from all general speculation on the characteristics of the Italian novelists, or the peculiarities by which their compositions are distinguished from our own. These are points which can only be fully or fairly investigated, when viewed in connection with a variety of names, and which we trust will form the subject of a future article. In the mean time our intention is merely to lay before our readers some scenes from "*THE BETROTHED*," accompanied by such notices of the plot, as to render their connection intelligible.

Manzoni resorts to the device of an old manuscript, as the source of his story; an expedient of which we are pretty well tired at home; having varied the incident in every possible way, since the days of Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, and Sterne's *Parisian Fragment*, which he found wrapped round his butter, to the present time. The scene of the tale is laid in the Milanese, in the seventeenth century; and the story may be said, in a few words, to relate to the fortunes of two lovers in a humble walk of life, whose intended nuptials are for a time interrupted, by the persecution of one of those feudal despots, who at that time ruled, with an iron hand, over the unfortunate peasantry within their domains.

The introduction has the merit of arresting attention. One evening, in November, 1628, Don Abbondio, the curate of one of the villages near the lake of Como, is proceeding homeward, in the twilight, beguiling his way with his breviary, when he suddenly encounters two individuals, whose suspicious appearance at once convinces him that they formed part of that class of society against which the Spanish governors of the Milanese had, for some fifty years back, been fulminating ineffectual decrees of banishment; bravoos, who were generally in the service of some of the turbulent and rapacious nobles in the neighbourhood, and ready to execute any deed of violence in return for the protection they received. Accosting the bewildered curate, these ruffians, in the name of their master, Don Rodrigo, threaten him with the severest punishment if he should proceed to celebrate the marriage between Lorenzo (or Renzo) Tramaglino and Lucia Mondella, two peasants of his parish, who were already betrothed to each other, and whose nuptials were to take place the next day. Confounded at this interdict, terrified at the idea of offending Rodrigo, and yet unable to devise any means of evading the performance of the marriage ceremony, the curate, after a variety of miserable excuses, at last flatly refuses to unite the lovers. Lorenzo is at first in despair; but, contrary to the advice of the amiable priest Father Christopher, whose advice he had requested on this occasion, he at last resolves to adopt the plan recommended by Agnes, the mother of Lucia. By the law of the Milanese, at that time, it seems that an acknowledgement of marriage in presence of a priest was held sufficient without the performance of the formal ceremony; and the project of the lovers, to which the timid and gentle Lucia consents with reluctance, is, to steal suddenly into the house of the curate, (who being aware of the state of the law was generally on his guard against such intrusions,) and repeat the necessary acknowledgements before he should have time to make his escape. Don Rodrigo in the mean

time has concerted a plan for putting an entire stop to the proceedings by carrying off the intended bride; and this scheme, the execution of which is entrusted to his chief bravo, Il Griso, and his followers, is to be carried into effect on the same evening which the lovers had fixed for their visit to the curate. The preparations on both sides, and the mutual anxieties of the parties are well wrought up. Renzo, attended by two peasants whom he had brought with him as witnesses, knocks, in the twilight, at the door of his intended bride, who descends at the signal.

"With silent and measured steps they stole along in the darkness, and took the path that led into the country. They might have cut across to the house of the curate, but they chose this road to escape observation. They wound along through fields and gardens till they reached it, and the party then divided. The betrothed pair remained concealed at one corner, Agnes (the mother of Lucia) stood a little in advance that she might meet the servant Perpetua, and occupy her attention, while Tonio, with the booby Gervase, who could do nothing of himself, but without whom, unfortunately, nothing could be done, marched boldly up and knocked at the door.

"'Who knocks at this time of night?' cried the voice of Perpetua, from a window. 'There are no sick persons in the village that I know of; has any accident happened?'

"'It is I, and my brother,' said Tonio; 'we wish to speak to the curate.' 'Is this an hour for a Christian?' cried Perpetua, roughly:—return to-morrow.'

"'Hark ye,' said Tonio, 'I have got some money in my pocket; I come to pay a small debt of mine to the curate; here are five-and-twenty good coins at least; but if he won't take them now, 'tis no matter, I shall find a use for them, and call again when I meet with another supply.'

"'Stop, stop,' exclaimed Perpetua, 'I will be with you immediately; and instantly closed the window.'—vol. i. cap. vii.

Agnes immediately left the side of the lovers, and hastened to join the brothers before the door, beginning to converse with them, so as to lead Perpetua to suppose that she had been passing that way, and had stopped to talk to them.

In the mean time Perpetua had entered her master's study to announce the visit of Tonio.

"'At such an hour as this,' muttered Don Abbondio. 'Aye, very true,' said Perpetua; 'but unless your reverence takes it now—'

"'—I probably may never take it at all. Well, show him up. But are you quite sure it is he?' 'Am I not!' said Perpetua; and, descending the stairs, she opened the door. 'Where are you?' exclaimed she. Tonio came forward, accompanied by Agnes, who saluted Perpetua by name.

"'A fine night this, Agnes,' said Perpetua: 'whither so late?'

"'I am on my way from ' said Agnes, naming a town in the

vicinity ; ‘ and if you must know—why, I have remained principally on your account.’

“ ‘ On mine!’ exclaimed Perpetua; and turning to the brothers,—
‘ Walk in,’ said she, ‘ I will follow you immediately.’

“ ‘ Do you know,’ said Agnes, ‘ that some ignorant woman of the village asserted that the reason why you did not marry Beppo Fuolavecchio or Anselmo Lunghigna, was, that neither of them would have you. I maintained that you refused them both.’

“ ‘ Certainly !—O the lying wretch—who was it?’

“ ‘ Oh don’t ask me, I have no wish to make mischief.’

“ ‘ But you must tell me—indeed you must—the lying jade !’

“ ‘ Well, by and by; but do you know, I was amazingly annoyed at not knowing the whole story, that I might have been able to confound the woman.’

“ ‘ It is a vile falsehood altogether,’ said Perpetua : ‘ as for Beppo, all the world knows—but stay.—Tonio, do you shut the door, and walk up stairs, I will be with you immediately.’ Tonio answered that he would, and Perpetua, with great vehemence, continued her explanation. In front of the curate’s house ran a small path, which, after passing it, turned off into the fields. Agnes turned towards it, as if she wished to speak at greater liberty, and Perpetua followed. When they had got so far that they could no longer see what took place in front of the house, Agnes laughed loudly. This was the signal: Renzo heard it, encouraged Lucia by a pressure of the arm, and both sliding along the wall on tiptoe to the door opened it gently, and entered the passage where the brothers were waiting for them. They let down the latch again with all possible caution, and stole up stairs with noiseless steps. When they reached the landing-place, the brothers advanced to the door of the curate’s room, which was on one side of the stairs; the lovers kept close to the wall.

“ ‘ Deo gratias,’ cried Tonio, in a loud voice : ‘ Tonio, eh ! walk in,’ exclaimed a voice from within the chamber.

“ Tonio now opened the door wide enough to allow himself and his brother to pass one at a time. The ray of light which issued from the half-opened door, and flashed across the obscurity of the landing-place, made poor Lucia tremble as if she had been discovered. The brothers entered, Tonio closed the door behind him, and the betrothed remained motionless in the darkness, with their ears stretched out to listen, and their very breathing suppressed; while the only noise which was heard was the beating of Lucia’s heart.

“ Don Abbondio was seated on an old chair, dressed in an old night-gown, with an old cap on his head, and a small lamp before him. Two thick tufts of hair which issued from beneath his cap, two large eyebrows, two enormous mustachios, and a peaked beard on his chin, thrown into light and shadow by the lamp, resembled the brambles projecting from a rock, when clothed with hoar frost and sparkling in the light of the moon.

“ ‘ Ah ! ah !’ said he, pulling off his spectacles, and depositing them in the book he had been reading.

“ ‘Your reverence will say I have come late,’ said Tonio, making his bow, a movement which was simultaneously imitated by the stupid Gervase.

“ ‘Aye, late enough; late in every sense of the word. Do you know that I am unwell, sir?’

“ ‘Very sorry, indeed!’

“ ‘You were told I was unwell, and did not know when I could see anybody. But why have you brought that . . . son of yours with you?’

“ ‘Merely for company, signor.’

“ ‘Well—let us see.’

“ ‘Here are five-and-twenty new *berlinghe*: those with the figure of St. Ambrose on horseback,’ said Tonio, pulling a small parcel out of his pocket.

“ ‘So,’ replied Don Abbondio; and taking the parcel, he put on his spectacles again, opened it, took out the coins, turned them over and over, counted them, and found them unexceptionable.

“ ‘And now, signor curate, you will return me my Theckla’s necklace.’

“ ‘Certainly,’ said Don Abbondio, going to a chest, and turning the key in the lock, but looking cautiously about him, as if to keep his visitors at a distance, before opening it: then putting in his head and hand, he pulled out the pledge, shut the chest, unwrapped the necklace, and handed it to Tonio.

“ ‘Now,’ said he, ‘signor curate, you will be good enough to give me a little black on white, just to show.’

“ ‘What—that too!’ said Don Abbondio. ‘How suspicious the world grows! So you won’t trust me, eh?’

“ ‘Not trust the signor! Far from it. Only, you know, my name stands in your books; and as you have taken the trouble to write it there once, I should like . . .’

“ ‘Well, well,’ interrupted Don Abbondio; and grumbling all the time, he pulled out a drawer in the table, took the pen and ink, and began to write, repeating the words aloud as he wrote them down. Meantime, Tonio and Gervase placed themselves at the table in such a way as to intercept the view of the door, and, as if in pure idleness, began to beat the floor with their feet, in order to give the signal for entrance to those who were without, and at the same time conceal the noise of their footsteps. Don Abbondio, occupied with his writing, was attending to nothing else. No sooner did the lovers hear the signal, than Renzo took Lucia’s arm, pressed it encouragingly, and moved forward, leading her behind him, trembling and unable to move without support. They slid in on tiptoe, without drawing their breath, and placed themselves behind the brothers. In the mean time Don Abbondio, having finished his discharge, was reading it over attentively, without lifting his eyes from the paper. He then folded it up, exclaiming, ‘Will this satisfy you?’ and pulling off his spectacles with one hand, he stretched out the paper to Tonio with the other. Tonio, extending his arm to take it, drew back on one side, and Gervase, on a signal from him, on the other; and in the midst, as if a scene had been drawn back, appeared Renzo and Lucia. Don Abbondio looked for-

ward, saw them, was terrified, confounded, enraged; but at once adopted his resolution. Scarcely had Renzo ceased uttering the words, 'Signor curate, in presence of these witnesses I declare this woman to be my wife,' when Don Abbondio, dropping the paper, and seizing the lamp in one hand and the table-cover with the other, overturned the table with its contents, and leaping between it and the chair, stood close to Lucia's side. The poor girl, her sweet voice trembling with agitation, had uttered 'And this,' when the curate, throwing the cloth over her head, stopped the further utterance of the formula; then dropping the lamp which he held in the other hand, he made use of both to draw the cloth tighter about the face of Lucia, who was nearly suffocated by the pressure; all the time howling out like a madman, 'Perpetua! Perpetua! treachery, help!'

"The dying flash of the lamp on the floor flickered on the motionless figure of Lucia, who, confounded by the attack, made no attempt to escape, but stood fixed as a statue over which the artist had thrown a wet drapery. The light expired, and Don Abbondio, loosing his hold, went groping for the door of a chamber that opened out of the room, and finding it at last, hurried into it, closing the door behind him. All was confusion in the outer chamber. Renzo, feeling about with his hands, like a person blindfolded, in search of the curate, found the door by which he had escaped, and knocking loudly, advised him to open it without farther disturbance. Lucia was calling on Renzo, in a weak voice, 'Let us go, let us go, in God's name.' Tonio was scrambling about on the floor in search of his receipt; and Gervase, confounded at the unexpected sally of the curate, was making the best of his way towards the outer door, with a view to escape.

"The besieged curate, finding that the enemy were not inclined to move, opened a window which looked out upon the church-yard, and began to call aloud, 'Help! help!' The moon was shining brilliantly; the shadow of the church, and the long and pointed shade of the steeple, lay dark, motionless, and clearly defined, on the soft and velvet grass of the church-yard: every object without seemed as bright as day. But, far as his eye could reach, no one was to be seen. Near the side wall of the church, however, next to the parsonage, was a little hut, inhabited by the sacristan. The cries of the curate at last awoke that functionary, who, jumping out of bed, and throwing up the window, put out his head, with his eyes still half shut, and called out, 'What's the matter?'

"'Haste, Ambrose! Help! People in the house!' cried Don Abbondio. 'In an instant,' replied the sacristan; and stupified and sleepy as he was, he bethought himself quickly of an expedient by which he might afford his master the assistance he wanted, without involving himself in the scuffle. Snatching up his lower garments, which he clapped under his arm, and hurrying down the wooden staircase of his dwelling, he ran to the belfry, laid hold of the rope of the largest bell, and began to ring.

"The bell tolled; the peasants started up in bed; the young men, extended on their hay pallets, stretched their ears and jumped upon

their feet. 'What now? What has happened? The bell ringing! Fire? Robbers? Thieves?' The women advised their husbands not to move, but to let others go: some flew to the window; some downwards, as if yielding to the persuasions of the softer sex; laid themselves back on their pillows; the more curious, and the more resolute, seized their pitchforks and arquebusses, and ran towards the scene of tumult."—vol. i. cap. viii.

Meantime the intended attempt of Don Rodrigo and his band to carry off Lucia from her cottage, has of course miscarried: but, suspecting the direction she had taken, an active pursuit is commenced by the bravoës. Thus, while the peasantry are crowding into the parsonage in one direction, Renzo, Lucia, Agnes, and their party, are flying in another; and the band of Don Rodrigo pursuing them in a third. The whole of this scene of confusion is admirably got up, and among the most dramatic and effective passages in the book. The fugitives have the good fortune to reach in safety the monastery in which their faithful friend, Father Christopher, resides; by his assistance a boat is procured to carry them across the lake. Lucia and her mother are recommended to the care of a monk in the adjoining town of ———; Renzo himself is to direct his course to Milan, and is furnished with letters of introduction to Father Buonaventura da Lodi, at the convent of the eastern gate. The party embark, amidst the loveliness of an Italian night.

"Not a breath of air was stirring: the lake lay calm, level, almost motionless, but for the light and trembling glitter of the moon upon the waters, as she rode high in heaven. Nothing was heard but the gentle ripple of the waves on the pebbly shore they had left behind, or the more distant murmur of those that broke upon the piles of the bridge, and the measured beat of the oars, as they skimmed the azure surface of the lake. The boat, as it moved along, left behind it a long line of foam, that stretched far towards the bank. The passengers sat in deep silence, with their faces turned towards the shore, watching the dim outline of the distant mountains, or the broad expanse of country behind them, lighted up by the clear beams of the moon, and chequered with broad and massy shadows. They saw the villages, the houses, the cottages; the palace of Don Rodrigo, with its tower rising far above the group of huts that were clustered together at the base of the promontory, and looking like some gigantic and evil being, standing over his prostrate victims, and meditating some dark and fearful crime. Lucia saw and shuddered: she glanced her eyes along the slope of the hill; she saw her own humble and happy cottage; she saw even the thickly braided boughs of the fig tree that shadowed the porch, the little window of her chamber; and leaning her arm on the side of the boat, she laid down her head, as if to sleep, and wept in secret and in silence.

"Adieu, ye mountains, rising from the waters and pointing to the sky; adieu, ye rugged peaks, familiar as household faces to him who

was born amidst your solitudes ; ye torrents, whose murmur is to his ear like the sound of beloved voices ; ye villages, whitening the far receding plains, like flocks upon the mountain side : how sad is the hour of parting to him who has spent his life among you ! Even to him who, lured by the prospect of fortune, voluntarily quits your still recesses, the dreams of riches and grandeur for a moment lose their power ; he wonders how he could summon resolution to leave you, and would return, were it not for the thought, that he shall at last revisit you in a happier hour. As he moves on his way, his eye turns with weariness from the scenes of grandeur that surround him ; the loaded air weighs heavily on his bosom ; the tumult of the city, the crowded houses, the edifices at which the stranger gazes with admiration, to him are stale, flat, and unprofitable : his thoughts revert to his own sequestered village ; to the cottage to which he has long looked with an anxious eye, and which he is to purchase, at last, when he returns rich and honoured to his native hills.

“ How much deeper must be her feelings, whose thoughts had never wandered beyond the sphere of those still recesses, till she was driven from them by the rude hand of violence and crime ! Who, snatched at once from all her accustomed habits and dearest hopes, leaves those mountains in search of strangers whom she knows not, and seeks not to know, without knowing how or when she may return. Farewell to her native cottage, where, seated in the dim twilight, and occupied with one loved idea, her ear had learned by the prophetic tremor of her heart, to distinguish the expected step from that of others ! Farewell to that cottage which she often gazed at with a passing look and a blush upon her countenance ; and where her mind delighted to picture the peaceful happiness of her married life ! Farewell to the little church, where, raising her voice to heaven, she has so often felt its calm descend upon her bosom ; where the solemn rite had been promised and prepared ; where the wish of her heart was to be sanctioned by the benediction of religion, and the love which she already felt, to be commanded and consecrated ! But that Divine Being, who rendered you thus attractive, is every where present ; and he troubles not the happiness of his children, even for a time, save to bestow upon them a felicity more extatic and enduring.”—cap. viii.

The apparent escape of the lovers, however, is but the commencement of a series of troubles. Lorenzo enters Milan during a popular insurrection, excited by the high price of bread, and incautiously conducts himself in so equivocal a manner, that he is supposed to have been the author of the tumult, and obliged a second time to fly from the Milanese into the territory of Bergamo. If we had not already exhibited a specimen of Manzoni's powers in “ raising the waters,” and depicting a scene of confusion, we should be strongly tempted to extract some passages from the riot in Milan, which is given with much of the same graphic truth that distinguishes the corresponding scenes among the Liegeois in Quentin Durward. Renzo has the good fortune

to find a temporary refuge in the house of his cousin Bartolo, in the vicinity of Bergamo.

Meantime Lucia, who had, in consequence of Father Christopher's introduction, been received into a convent in ———, is exposed to new dangers from her persecutor, Don Rodrigo. Having gained over to his purposes a powerful outlaw of the neighbourhood, whom Manzoni absurdly enough designates by no other title but that of "*the Unknown*," she is treacherously decoyed from her asylum in the convent, and forcibly conveyed to the mountain fastness of the outlaw. There is considerable interest in observing how differently the banditti scenes are managed in a real Italian novel, and in our own romances of the Radcliffe school. In the still life, as it may be called, of romance; in all that regards the accompaniments, in the general conception and arrangement of the landscape, and the scenery, in the art of exciting the imagination by indistinct, vague, and shadowy delineations, our own novelist is far superior to the Italian; but when she comes to the introduction of the figures into her romantic landscapes, the want of characteristic truth is evident. In the banditti of Manzoni, on the contrary, the whole manner, language, and turn of thought are felt to be natural, and irresistibly recal the picturesque robber groupes of Salvator. *The Unknown* himself is a fine portrait. Moved by the beauty, innocence, and helplessness of his victim, the man of blood and outrage relents; his heart is softened; like Charles Moor, he recalls the impressions of his days of innocence; and converted at once from the persecutor to the protector of Lucia, he hastens to acknowledge his repentance to the illustrious and amiable Cardinal Borromeo, who was at that time paying his periodical visit to the Milanese, and to intreat his powerful support for his protégé. The interview between the cardinal and the outlaw is full of eloquence and lofty feeling, and imbued throughout with that sincere, but not bigoted sense of religion which pervades all Manzoni's writings.

But an enemy is at hand more fearful than Don Rodrigo, and against which the protection, even of the cardinal, can afford no security. The course of true love has been hitherto disturbed by persecution only, but now "death and sickness have laid siege to it." The prolonged famine of the Milanese terminates in a pestilence: a favourite subject of delineation with the Italian novelists, since the illustrious example given by Boccaccio. Hacknied as the subject now is, from the successive pictures of Thucydides, Boccaccio, and Defoe, we must do Manzoni the justice to say, that he has varied his represen-

tation by many new and striking traits, and that, notwithstanding the number of his predecessors, his picture of the plague is both original and interesting.

A letter from Agnes, the mother of Lucia, conveys to Renzo in his retreat near Bergamo, the intelligence of her danger, her escape, and the new peril by which she is threatened. Renzo has himself been attacked by the plague, but the goodness of his constitution has triumphed over the disorder. He now sets out towards Milan in search of Lucia, and at evening reaches his native village. By the road side he finds Tonio, the companion of his unfortunate expedition to the house of the curate, breathing his last: Don Abbondio, whom he next meets, saddens his heart still farther by a long catalogue of friends all removed by death. At last he reaches Milan. This "city of the plague" now exhibits a sad contrast to its aspect when Renzo had last traversed its magnificent streets during the riot. Silence and desolation have succeeded to the stir and tumult of those peopled squares. Here and there only some starved and pallid being is seen flitting like a spectre across a path. A sudden noise is heard which attracts Renzo's attention.

"From the side of one of the churches a man came forward with a bell in his hand: behind him two horses, apparently wearied out by the heavy load which they drew. It was the death-cart, and behind it came another, and another, and another; while, on each side walked the *monatti*,* driving on the horses with blows and execrations. The bodies were chiefly naked, or covered with rags, heaped and twisted together, like a coil of snakes: while, at every shaking of the vehicle, those funeral heaps trembled and quivered; while the heads hung down, and the long tresses of hair waved in the breeze, and the dependant arms knocked against the wheels; deepening the horror of a spectacle at all times melancholy and revolting."

* * * * *

"As he walked on, a woman came forward, in whom the bloom of youth seemed matured but not withered; her beauty obscured, yet not effaced, by a mortal languor;—that soft and melancholy beauty that distinguishes the race of Lombardy. Her walk was slow, yet she tottered not; her eyes were tearless, yet they looked as if they had shed many. But it was not her aspect, merely, which, amid these scenes of misery marked her out peculiarly as an object of compassion, and revived in her behalf a feeling which habitual sorrow had deadened in the hearts of the multitude. In her arms she held a daughter of about nine years of age, dead, but decently composed,—her hair divided on her forehead,—dressed in a robe of the purest white, as if her mother's hand had attired her for some long-promised festival. She held the child, as if yet alive, seated on her arm, and leaning upon her bosom; save that one white and little hand hung down with too inanimate a heaviness,

* The persons employed in burying the dead.

and the head drooped upon the mother's shoulder with a deeper languor than that of sleep.

"And now one of those fearful wretches approached, as if to take from her the load she bore in her arms, yet with an appearance of unwonted respect, of involuntary hesitation. She drew back with an air that manifested no anger, and said—'Nay, touch her not now—I myself will place her upon the car. There——.' So saying, she opened her hand, and placed a purse in the hand of the monatto. 'Promise me,' she continued, 'not to touch those humble weeds, but to bury her—as she lies.'

"The monatto placed his hand upon his heart, and bending low, as if beneath the influence of some new sentiment, he tried to clear a small space upon the cart for the reception of the body. The mother kissed the child's forehead, laid her gently down as if to sleep, spread over her a white linen cloth, and uttered these parting words—'Adieu, Cecilia, sleep in peace. To-morrow we meet again, to part no more. Meantime, pray for us, as I shall do for thee.' Then turning to the monatto again, she said—'When ye return in the evening, ye will come to take me too—and perchance—another—'

"So saying she re-entered the house, and a moment afterwards re-appeared at the window, holding in her arms another, and a younger child, still living, but with the signs of death imprinted on its countenance. She stood gazing from the window on the last obsequies of her first-born, till the car moved out of sight, and then disappeared. And what then remained for her to do, but to lay down her last and dearest one upon the couch, to stretch herself on the same bed, and to die by her side? Even as the flower in its full maturity falls by the side of that which was but opening to the day, beneath the edge of the relentless scythe that levels the whole field."—vol. iii. chap. xxxiv.

Renzo at last reaches the house which had been pointed out to him as the temporary retreat of Lucia; with horror and consternation he learns that she had some time before been removed to the Lazzaretto. While he is endeavouring to ascertain in what quarter of the town it lies, he is assailed by the shouts of some of the populace, by whom he is taken for one of those "Untori," or anointers, who were supposed, by the effect of charms and poisoned drugs, to have produced the plague, and were fancied to be still going about, propagating the contagion among the inhabitants.

"Renzo saw in an instant that his only chance of escape lay in flight, and not in justification: he looked around him on all sides to ascertain on which side the coast was clearest, and ran forward in that direction. He overset with a sudden push one man who attempted to intercept his flight; with a violent blow on the chest he sent another to the distance of eight or nine paces, and dashed on, with his clenched fist raised in the air, and prepared for any one who should obstruct his passage. The way before him was clear, but behind him he heard the increasing shouts of his pursuers. 'Seize him, seize him, the anointer—'while the

sound of their footsteps seemed to approach nearer and nearer. His anger rose into actual rage; his rage into desperation; a mist seemed to come over his eyes; he drew his dagger—wheeled round, and gazing on his pursuers with a canine ferocity of aspect, exclaimed, ‘come on, ye wretches,—I will anoint you with this.’

“But, to his astonishment, he saw that his pursuers had already stopped, and, with loud shouts, were making signs, as if to some people at a distance before him. He turned, and saw quite close to him, a car, or rather a file of cars, approaching with their usual accompaniments, and behind them a crowd of people ready to fall upon him as soon as this impediment should have passed. Seeing himself thus placed between two fires, the idea occurred to him that what was to them a source of terror might be to himself the means of safety. There was not a moment left for delay. He sheathed his dagger, stepped aside, passed the first car, and perceiving that there was a large space yet vacant upon the second, he ran towards it, sprung up, and alighted among the bodies.

“‘Bravo! bravo!’ cried the monatti, some of whom accompanied the procession on foot, while others were seated in the car; and some of these sitting among the dead bodies were quietly drinking from a flask which was circulating with great rapidity. ‘Bravo! a fine leap!’—‘So you are come to take refuge among the monatti,’ said another—‘well, you are as safe as if you were in a church.’

“As the car drew near, the multitude turned their backs and hurried off: one or two, however, retired slowly, turning round with menacing gestures, and grinding their teeth at Renzo, who, from the car in which he was seated, returned the salutation by brandishing his arm aloft.

“‘Let me manage them,’ said one of the monatti, and pulling off a torn jacket from one of the bodies, he bundled it up in a heap, and raising it in his hand took aim at these obstinate enemies. But at the sight of this missile they instantly fled in terror, and Renzo soon saw nothing but the backs of his foes, and their heels raised in the air with all possible rapidity.

“A shout of triumph, and a peal of laughter from the monatti accompanied their flight.

“‘Ah! you see we know how to protect a good fellow at a pinch,’ said one of them; ‘one of us is worth twenty of these poltroons.’

“‘Certainly,’ said Renzo, ‘to you I owe my life, and I thank you with all my heart!’

“‘Not at all,’ said the monatto, ‘you deserve it. I see you are a brave youth. You are right in anointing that cursed rabble: anoint them—extirpate them—they are worth nothing till they are dead. The vile wretches, who reward us with curses for our labours, and swear they will hang us all as soon as the plague is over; but they themselves will be out of the way before that happens; and the monatti alone will be left alive to drink and revel in Milan.’

“‘Long live the pestilence, and death to the rabble,’ exclaimed another; and with this toast he put the flask to his mouth, and holding it steady with both his hands, took a long draught, and then offered it to Renzo.”—vol. iii. cap. xxxiv.

This horrible scene concludes with a song sung in chorus by these wretches, in the course of which Renzo, shocked by their brutality, and recognizing, as he thinks, the street leading to the lazaretto, leaps from the cart, and makes his way towards that edifice. All around the dreary building the scene is of a corresponding character. The murmur of an immense multitude first arrests his ear; his eye then discovers the streams of people moving to or issuing from its doors; some falling by the way side, unable to reach their place of refuge; some wandering about as if in stupor; some partially recovered, greedily imbibing the loaded and sickly atmosphere near the gate; some recounting the progress of the disease to others; while amidst this scene of horrors, even the jest and song are heard; thus confirming a trait which has been introduced both by Thucydides and Boccaccio, and which, improbable as it may seem at first, is borne out by melancholy experience,—that the selfishness, the indifference, and reckless jollity of man increase on such occasions, the nearer he seems to approach to the end of his career.

“Let the reader figure to himself the square of a lazaretto, inhabited by 16,000 sick; the whole space covered with huts and tents, with carts and people; the long and almost interminable porticos, on the right and left lined with the sick or dead, stretched upon mattresses, or on straw; all along this immense den a loud and murmuring sound, echoing like the waves of the sea; people going and coming, halting, running, bending, rising; some in a state of convalescence, some in the wild delirium of fever.

“From the gate by which Renzo had entered, towards the centre of the square, and also from the gate on the opposite side, there ran as it were a path through the lines of huts and tents, which the officers of the lazaretto kept clear of carts and other impediments, ordering off all those who were not engaged in any necessary operation.”

Renzo, afraid of being himself ordered off, stole cautiously along by the side of the path, gazing into the tents, and watching the features of the wretched inmates as he passed. He ventured not to ask questions lest his examination should be interrupted at once, but determined to move on till he should reach the spot where the women were placed.

“The air itself, and the appearance of the sky, increased, if possible, the horror of the spectacle. The clouds gradually gathering and darkening, gave to the noon almost the appearance of a tempestuous evening; save that fitfully amidst the black and lurid sky the disk of the sun shone out, pallid and obscured, as if from behind a veil, scattering a weak and misty light, and a suffocating heat around the square. At times, above the constant din of the multitude, was heard the roll of thunder, sharp, sudden, and near, though the ear in vain attempted to discover from what quarter of the heavens it came. Not a leaf was seen to tremble on

the trees around, not a bird flitted across or lighted on the fatal building, save the swallow, that, with her head bent down as if to settle on the square, sat hesitating for a moment on the roof, and then, terrified at the din, flapped her wings and fled. It was one of those moments in which wayfaring travellers are hushed to silence, when the huntsman walks on thoughtful with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the cheerful peasant girl as she moves to the field insensibly ceases her song, one of those moments, the heralds of the tempest, in which nature, herself agitated by an internal convulsion, lays upon man and animal life a similar oppression."—vol. iii. cap. xxxv.

As Renzo moves along this dreary file of invalids, he meets his friend and benefactor, Father Christopher, engaged as usual in acts of kindness and beneficence. The recognition is attended with mutual delight, but the monk can give him no information as to Lucia. He agrees however to accompany and assist him in his search. Before doing so, he leads him to one of the wretched huts in the neighbourhood, and shews him the pallid countenance of his old enemy, Don Rodrigo, now distorted with pain and the agonies of approaching death.

Undismayed by the fate of his companions in debauchery and guilt, this man had steadily pursued his course of crime, till he suddenly felt himself oppressed by a languid and feverish sensation, as he returned from one of his carousals at the house of a friend. He at first endeavoured to persuade himself that this feeling was the temporary effect of the wine he had drank, though a horrible presentiment oppressed his mind that he had been seized with the pestilence. Amidst these dismal ideas he went to bed.

"But the covering weighed on him like a mountain. He threw it off, and endeavoured in vain to compose himself to sleep; he felt the heat and languor of his limbs increase. He thought of the wine he had drank, of the long debauch; to these he would fain have attributed his sensations; but still the idea which he had in vain attempted to dispel or to laugh at, that of the plague, mingled itself with all.

"After a long struggle he fell asleep at last, but his dreams were of the darkest and most disordered texture. He thought he was in the midst of a large church, and surrounded by a crowd, without knowing how or from what motive he had come there. He looked around him; the faces of the spectators were all livid, or speckled with earth; their eyes dim and glazed, their lips swollen and pendulous, their dresses ragged and dishevelled, while spots and swellings were visible through the openings. 'Away wretches,' he cried, looking towards the distant door, and accompanying the cry with menacing looks, though without moving, but rather shrinking into himself, to avoid coming in contact with the hideous multitude. But the crowd heeded not his cries; they stood motionless for a moment, and then began to press closer and closer around him, while one advancing touched him with his elbow, or something else, on the left side, between the heart and the arm, when he instantly felt a shooting pang. When he moved to avoid

this person, another instantly came forward and touched him in the same spot. Enraged, he tried to draw his sword, when a confused notion occurred to him, that it must have been the handle of that weapon which had struck him on the place where he felt the pain, but, laying his hand on the spot, he felt that his sword was gone, while the pain became more intense beneath his pressure. He groaned; he endeavoured to speak; when suddenly all the faces of that multitude were turned to one quarter of the church. He looked, and saw a pulpit, from which a figure gradually arose; first a bald forehead, then the eyes, the whole face, a long and white beard, till he recognized the features of Father Christopher. Glancing around the audience, the monk at last fixed his eyes on Don Rodrigo, raising his hand in the same attitude he had lately used in the palace. Rodrigo sprang forward, as if in desperation, to grasp the hand thus extended; the sound, which was almost stifled in his throat, burst forth in a wild cry, and he awoke. The arm which he had actually raised in his sleep dropped by his side; it was some time before his wandering senses returned, or he could open his eyes, for the light of day seemed to glare upon them more fiercely than the lamp had done the night before. Gradually he recognized his bed and his chamber; he perceived that all was a dream; the church, the ghastly crowd, the preacher, all were gone; all—but that fearful pain in the left side. At his heart too he felt a quick and painful beating, a noise and hissing in his ears, a fever within, a heaviness in all his limbs, more painful than when he had gone to bed. He hesitated a moment before he ventured to examine the place where he felt the pain; at last he looked, and, shuddering, perceived a swollen and livid spot upon his side.

“He saw that his hour was come; the fear of death seized him; and with that, the dismal apprehension of being carried off by the monatti, and thrown into the lazzaretto. He rang the bell with violence, and Griso appeared, taking care to stand at a cautious distance.

“‘Griso,’ said Don Rodrigo, rising and seating himself with difficulty, ‘you have always been faithful to me.’

“‘I hope so, signor.’

“‘I have been kind to thee.’

“‘Most true, signor.’

“‘Griso! I am very ill.’

“‘So I observed, signor.’

“‘If I recover I will be kinder to thee than I have yet been.’

“Griso made no answer, but seemed watching to what this preamble would lead.

“‘I can trust none but thee,’ said Don Rodrigo—‘thou wilt do me this favour.’

“‘Command me,’ said Griso, with his usual submissive formula.

“‘You know the house of Chiedo, the surgeon.’

“‘Perfectly.’

“‘He is an honest fellow, who, if well paid, will keep an invalid concealed in his own house; seek him; tell him I will pay him four—six scudi a visit; nay, more if he requires it; and bid him come quickly—but be cautious—let no one know of it.’

“ ‘ Well thought of,’ said Griso, ‘ I shall return immediately.’ ”

“ ‘ Stay, Griso—a draught of water—I am parched—I cannot speak.’ ”

“ ‘ Not a drop, signor, till the doctor comes. There is not a moment to lose. I shall be at Chiodo’s in the twinkling of an eye.’ ”

So saying he went out, closing the door behind him.

Don Rodrigo, wrapped up in the bed clothes, accompanied him in thought to the house of Chiodo, numbering his steps, and calculating the moments of his stay; occasionally he glanced a look at his side, but turned away again with shuddering. After a time he raised himself up, straining his eye to catch the sound of the physician’s steps, and the anxiety of expectation seemed for a moment to relieve the pangs of disease. At last a distant murmur smote upon his ear, but it seemed to come from the room beneath, not from the street. He strained his ear more intently; the sound was repeated, accompanied by the rustling of feet. A horrible suspicion flashed across his mind. He sat up with pain and difficulty; again the sound was heard from the adjoining chamber, as of some heavy weight carefully laid down upon the floor. He flung himself from his bed—the door opened, and he saw before him two beings in worn and dirty red dresses, with wild and savage countenances—in a word two of the monatti, while at a little distance behind stood Griso, cautiously looking in at the door, but taking care not to mingle in the tumult.”—vol. iii. cap. xxxiii.

After a desperate struggle, Rodrigo had been overpowered and conveyed to that cell in the lazzaretto in which he had been found by Renzo and Father Christopher.

We need not pursue farther the melancholy search through this place of tombs; suffice it to say, that Renzo at last discovers Lucia, weak indeed and languid, from the effects of the disease which she too has undergone, but convalescent. With the nuptials of this long-persecuted pair the tale concludes.

We have already said, that it was not our intention in the present notice to enter into general remarks on the character of Manzoni’s novel, and we believe we may compress almost into a sentence, the very few observations we have yet to make. The powerful and eloquent passages we have quoted, it must be kept in view, exhibit too favourable a picture of the novel considered as a whole. Its main defect consists in the inartificial management of the plot, and the unnecessary and tedious minuteness of the historical notices with which it is interspersed. Nothing for instance can be more tiresome, than the long episode of the history of Gertrude, the abbess of the convent in which Lucia first takes refuge, a personage whose story, tiresome enough in itself, is totally unconnected with the main thread of the narrative; while the long and tedious historical details as to the famine in the Milanese, and the commencement of the pestilence, are at once misplaced and uninteresting. In his characters Manzoni is tolerably successful. Both Lucia and Renzo are well drawn; and the

peasantry in general are characteristic and natural. Father Christopher, though he at first attracts our attention and our sympathy, is a failure on the whole. We are led to entertain the greatest expectations from his zeal and his fervent piety, yet he does really nothing in the course of the narrative. Besides this, he bears too close a resemblance, in some points, to Cardinal Borromeo; and we think that his character should either have been omitted entirely, or materially varied. But we take leave of Manzoni on the whole in great good humour; not disposed certainly to think his powers as a novelist at all equal to his ability as a dramatist; but willing to allow, that even in this tale he displays no inconsiderable portion of talent, always excepting his attempts at humour, which we cannot help considering as "very tragical mirth."

ART. XI. *Die katholische Kirche, besonders in Schlesien, in ihren Gebrechen dargestellt von einem katholischen Geistlichen. Zweite, verm. Auflage. 8vo.* Altenburg, 1827.*

THE history of the Roman Church appears to us to furnish a valuable commentary on the common adage—that honesty is the best policy. History, indeed, itself can present few pictures more striking than the former power of Rome, in contrast with her present weakness. Down to the very period of the Reformation, the spiritual sway of the Pope was extended through nearly the whole of Europe. The distant possessions of the Greek Church, and the narrow sphere of the dominion of the Crescent, form, indeed, an actual, but a trifling exception. The mighty empires of France, of Germany, the Britannic islands, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, owned in a greater or less degree the authority of the Papal See. We need not enlarge on the alteration. Yet that this alteration need never have taken place, that the Bishop of Rome might at this day have been recognised as the Head of the whole Western Church, and that its present division into countless sects might have been spared, is very probable. The Protestant, indeed, will deny, with justice, that *right* to Church dominion which the Roman Bishop challenges; but the reasonable Protestant will also grant the high dignity of that prelate, and (in the *proper* sense of the words) the *potentior principalitas*† of that ancient and venerable see. He would not, perhaps, dispute the propriety

* The Imperfections of the Catholic Church, particularly in Silesia, exhibited by a Catholic Clergyman. Second edition, enlarged, 8vo.

† See Laud's Conference with Fisher, p. 279.

of the selection of the Bishop of Rome to preside in the Council of the Church, with the full understanding that his power is only an executive one, and subordinate to that of the Council itself. Nor might he be unwilling to acknowledge the advantages which would accrue to the Christian Church from being at unity within herself, and from having a settled source for the regulation of her discipline. He will remember, too, with respect and gratitude, the many undoubted and undeniable blessings which actually did accrue to the earlier ages, from the power of a See which controlled all oppression and all injustice but its own.

But as such a pre-eminence as we have alluded to would have been founded on expediency, not on right, as the submission to it would have been wholly voluntary, so nothing but a perfect and entire purity of intention and action in its possessors, worthy of their high station, could preserve it. When it was once seen that they had their own interest alone at heart, when they began to claim as a right what they only possessed as a gift, when they attempted to extend the privileges of their prerogative, and still more, when they attempted to confound the limits of spiritual and temporal power, their downfall became certain. Brute force, or superstition, might preserve their dominion for a time, nay, for a time it might be preserved by a feeling founded in truth, that the evils arising from the dominion of Rome were, in those times, either remedies or palliatives of still more fearful evils. But the Bishops of Rome had sown the seeds of their own destruction, and the harvest was sure to ripen in its own season.

The experience of ages has justified the philosopher's assertion, that "*nihil simulatum potest esse diuturnum*;" and if to falsehood in the title to power, its possessor adds oppression and violence in its exercise, he yet farther abridges the term of its existence. These palpable truths were never the guides of the Roman See. Its first claim of a *right* to spiritual authority was unfounded; its second pretence of a right to interfere in temporal business was monstrous. But these claims, evil in themselves, were supported by means yet more pernicious. Perhaps, indeed, they could only be so supported. The possession of power and wealth was absolutely necessary, and means the most iniquitous were unscrupulously used to obtain them. The discipline and doctrines of the Church were altered and corrupted, in order to increase the power of the priesthood, to give it an unlimited sway over the consciences of an ignorant and superstitious people, and consequently an unlimited command of their fortunes.

It is lamentable to remember that the pure doctrines of Christianity were once taught at Rome, and that it is owing to the avarice and ambition of her pontiffs that they have not been

taught throughout the Christian world to the present day. As it was, those Christian truths which were still taught by the Church of Rome though buried in corruption, were a blessing of unspeakable magnitude to the European world; but their light might have shone bright and unsullied through those dark ages, which they might have rescued from the blindness of ignorance, but on which the miserable corruptions too often substituted in their room tended; in many points, to imprint a character of darkness and of evil yet more revolting than its own. Is there any thing indeed more pitiable, more melancholy to a true lover of his kind, than to see (what he must see in every page of the history of the middle ages), noble natures so enslaved by a wretched superstition, so duped by hypocrites, so absolutely tricked and gulled by juggling and foolery, of which the very name calls up a blush on the cheek of the candid Romanist of modern times? Is there any thing more grievous than to see the best and noblest feelings of human nature polluted and perverted to the basest of purposes? Yet such is the history of the domination of the Roman See.

The veneration for the departed great and good, the love for the lost friend, the enthusiasm which dictates the sacrifice of every thing in the service of the Saviour, the fear which the penitent entertains of the anger of the righteous God whom he has offended, were the sources of the odious trade and traffic in bones and relics,* of the mass for the dead paid for with money, of the forced celibacy of the clergy, and of indulgences, which ultimately tended alike to the disgrace and the injury of the papal power. If reason had not pointed out these things to the Heads of the Church, if the best and holiest prelates had not often repeated and enforced them, it would yet have appeared, prior to experience, that the practical lesson gained at the Reformation could not have been thrown away. And no doubt it did produce great good to the Church of Rome, by setting it on its guard as to many faults and many errors. Since that time, for example, we have no doubt that the lives of the Romanist clergy have been, in general,† more decorous than those of their licentious

* Let not the sincere and enlightened Roman Catholic imagine that we speak of this as a necessary adjunct to his system. But we speak of things that he, as well as we, must admit did exist and do exist; and which he, doubtless, as well as we, must deeply lament.

† The author of the work before us gives, however, some painful facts leading to a contrary opinion, (p. 79, 80, & seq.) especially facts resting on the authority of the Council of Brixen (in 1603), the letter of Bishop Stephen of Freisingen, in 1615, of the Synods of Veletri (1673), Faenza (1674), &c. The bulls, too, of Pope Pius IV. (16 April, 1561) and of Gregory XV. (20 Aug. 1622), are certainly very strong. See also some citations below. But in France we believe the country clergy, previous to the Revolution, to have been a most admirable and excellent body of men; and the same was true, we hope, in the Tyrol and southern Germany. See also Mosheim, cent. xvi. sect. 3. part 1. ch. 1. s. 15.

predecessors. But still the lesson was not effectual. There still remained, there still remains, the same evil love of unjust and improper authority over men's consciences, and the same absurd methods for acquiring it are retained with a firm and tenacious grasp. The paid mass is still said, the relics and the indulgences are still vended, though less openly where Protestantism is in great force. And it would seem that the Papal See, rather than renounce these practices, alike repugnant to Revelation and to Reason, is contented to see the decay of its sway over individuals and over nations.

These remarks have been suggested by the perusal of the very singular work before us. It is a minute account of the practice of the Roman Catholic Religion in Silesia, written with the express purpose of exposing its errors and deficiencies. It professes to be written by a Roman Catholic Priest, and from the intimate knowledge of Church matters displayed, we have little doubt that it is the work of such a person. It is written, indeed, with a spirit of the most acrimonious bitterness, both against the Roman See and against the practices which it authorises; but this bitterness appears to us only the effect of a deep and abiding conviction of the evils inflicted by these practices on the cause of Christianity, of the necessity of reforming them, and of the hopelessness of expecting such a reform from Rome. After this statement, we need not say that the book is founded on positions wholly inadmissible by strict Catholics, and most offensive to them; but at the same time, we must do the author the justice of declaring, that we discover no tendency in him to renounce a belief in certain leading doctrines of the Roman Church, nor any wish to lower the real and just authority of the priesthood.

His work appears to us well worthy of attention for more reasons than one. An exposure of the errors of the Roman Church by one of its ministers, the movements which, as we know from other sources, have existed in Silesia, the rapid sale of a first, and the demand for a second edition of his work on the one hand, and on the other the very curious facts which he states as to the *present* practices of the Roman Church, combine to give peculiar interest to this work, and we shall therefore make no apology for presenting to our readers a somewhat lengthened account of it.

The work commences with reciting the well known steps, by which the popes attained their superiority over other bishops, to the destruction of all episcopal power; and with complaining of the various abuses, usurpations, and corruptions of Christianity commonly and justly attributed to the See of Rome. After noticing the many attempts among Roman Catholics to obtain

remedies for these evils, he notices also the hopes entertained, that after the late war, the monarchs of the Continent would at length free the German churches from the yoke of Rome, and erect, not a Roman Catholic, but a German Catholic church, under a common primate, after the example of the best ages of antiquity. Those hopes were at once disappointed by the arrangements made between one of these high personages and the Roman See.* The exertions made by so many excellent men for the procuring a new and better order of things were thus rendered fruitless; and they had the mortification not only of seeing the German Catholic churches firmly fixed under the yoke of Rome; but of seeing Rome resort to all her ancient follies; of witnessing the restoration of the Jesuits, the creation of fresh saints; and, especially on occasion of the year of Jubilee, a resort to the old and disgusting system of granting indulgences, from what the Roman See calls the superabundant merits of Jesus and the saints.† Prussia among other states made a treaty with Rome, and the very fact that one article of it settled that every bishop was to be confirmed in his see by the Pope, was sufficient to show that all hopes of reformation were gone. A man of learning and zeal could seldom be expected where the influence of Rome extends; and accordingly the Church saw men of the highest character, such as Wessenberg, Drey, Wanker and others, rejected, and mere bigots consecrated; while some who at an early period had spoken a better language were compelled to retract, or resign all hopes of promotion. To show the absolute necessity of a reformation, becomes then the duty of a good Catholic; and the writer, in a spirit of earnest love to the cause of Christianity and the true Catholic church, offers this volume as his contribution to the pious work. His object is to show in a particular case, (the diocese of Breslau‡), by a detail of particulars, the present state of Catholicism, as it respects the education and the lives of the clergy, the instruction of the

* See the end of this article.

† There is a common and popular tract in Italy on this point called 'Raccolta di orazioni, e pie opere per le quali sono state concesse dai Sommi Pontefici le S. Indulgenze,' printed at Rome, 'con licenza de' Superiori,' and dedicated to the 'Sante anime del Purgatorio.' Our edition (the 5th) was printed in 1818, and it is well worth the attention of those who wish to know somewhat of the present practice of the Church of Rome under the very eyes of its spiritual head, and guided by his authority.

‡ This diocese, roughly speaking, extends over the whole of Silesia. It is described in the Papal Bull of 1821, as consisting of 621 parishes, and as subject immediately to the apostolical See. It derives great importance from the fact that the Catholic parishes in Berlin, Potsdam, Spandau, Frankfort (on the Oder), Stettin, and Stralsund are by that Bull assigned to it. The population of Silesia is reckoned by recent authorities at two millions, and the Protestants and Catholics are supposed to be about equal in number. There is an university at Breslau, and we have seen the number of students attending it stated at four or five hundred.

people, and the worship of God.* The immediate cause of his directing himself to this especial quarter was the appearance of two pastoral letters from the prince bishop of Breslau to his clergy in the year 1825. One of these was in Latin; the other in German, for the benefit of that part of the clergy, as the writer suggests, who are not acquainted with Latin! They were written in a kind and truly pastoral tone of feeling to the clergy, and in a spirit of the most sincere and ardent zeal for the Christian cause. They sounded like the voice in the desert to the Silesian clergy, accustomed to hear from the cathedral nothing but circular orders for fasts, or for collections, and injunctions to adhere closely to the diocesan service, &c.

Yet while this is freely admitted, while it is also admitted that such pastorals would have been all that could be required, had the diocese been in the state it ought to be, they could do little good under existing circumstances. Common-places on the excellence of Christianity, however eloquently expressed, and general exhortations to the clergy to be vigilant and zealous, are quite out of place where all is corrupt and disorderly. The right-minded Christian looked with deep anxiety to the long expected bishop for a declaration of his clear perception of the wants of his diocese, and his resolution to supply them; and for a call to the most learned and active of his clergy to rally round him and assist him in his endeavours. They remembered the pastoral letter of the archbishop of Salzburg, as well as the ordinances of the meritorious Von Wessenberg for the bishopric of Constance, and hoped to hear a similar address to themselves. The disappointment of this last hope, says the writer, is his inducement to come forward and state the miserable deficiencies and errors of the existing practices, errors and deficiencies which are lamented by all sincere Christians, but which cannot be amended except by the interference of the higher powers.†

First among the evils of the diocese of Breslau, is the plan of education for the clergy. After leaving the university where he prosecutes his theological studies, (and where the author hints at great imperfections), the student removes to the clerical semi-

* Perhaps one proof that the complaints of the writer are founded in truth is, that the very points he complains of are those which have uniformly excited the regret of zealous Catholics. An index to the subjects treated of in the Synod of Pistoja would indeed almost serve as an index to this volume.

† The writer here introduces (though not very seasonably) a just complaint against modern Catholic bishops for their idleness. They rarely preach, and rarely even sing mass, but are contented to exhibit their pomp on grand festivals, while the early bishops were ever at the altar engaged in the public offices of the church and in preaching the Gospel.

nary.* The examination previous to his entrance is so contemptible, as to be considered a degradation by every person who has made the least use of his time in the university. It lasts half an hour and is wholly oral. The spirit of the institution is completely monastic. The first discipline is a series of heartless exercises continued for fourteen days, to destroy the spirit of the world in the future priest! Morning, noon, and night, what is called devotion is practised in the chapel; legends of saints are read in Latin, litanies, meditations, &c. &c. The whole day is frittered away in these heartless exercises, and in attendance on the cathedral service. The only study pursued is the reading a most miserable compound of moral theology, pirated by some rector of the seminary from the Jesuit Voit's treatise.† Notwithstanding the decided condemnation of this wretched book by competent judges, its use is still persevered in, and an examination in it is the only one required previous to entering holy orders. It is written in question and answer, and a specimen or two will suffice to show its nature, and shock every person of common sense. Q. 'How many kinds of attention are there in using the breviary?' A. 'There are three; the least is attention to the words, as containing the word of God, and this suffices, as is proved by the case of nuns (who must use them without knowing their meaning).' Q. 'Can the breviary be used while one is hearing mass?' A. 'According to Cajetan, this is a sin, at least a venial one; and at all events it is a fraud.' Q. 'Where must the breviary be used?' A. 'The place is not fixed; for a reasonable cause it may be used while lying down, sitting, or standing. The council of Treves in 1549 forbade its being used in a walk of amusement.'—With respect to externals, the pupils are merely taught to go through the church service like machines; and as to instruction in the art of catechizing or of teaching others, nothing more is done than sending them for a couple of Sundays to the cathedral school to hear the catechist. The art of preaching is taught by making each student in his turn produce a sermon, which is read on Saturday during dinner, and preached at the early church service the next day; whether it is his own composition or not, whether his action is good or bad, is reckoned a matter of no moment. Any study of the bible, any attention to the higher order of studies, is wholly out of the ques-

* These clerical seminaries are in Roman Catholic countries almost necessary appendages to the episcopal Sees. There is an express article (the 5th) for their conservation or erection in the Concordat with Wurtemberg (June 5, 1817). And so in the Bull for Prussia directly, and indirectly in that for Hanover.

† From the Report of the Commissioners for Irish Education lately printed, it appears that out of eight parts of the course at Maynooth, five consist of Theologia Moralis.

tion. Instead of awakening a spirit of devotion by the use of proper books in German, the students are confined to the Latin breviary, &c. The necessity for such an education as might give the students a proper sense of their station, increased as it is by the rough manners and wild conduct of some of them, is quite forgotten. A scandalous chronicle might indeed be filled with their wild excesses; while smoking, gambling, and singing obscene songs are among their habitual amusements. The internal arrangements of the seminary too are most objectionable; thirteen sleep in each room, which is without a stove, and no one has a private room, however small, for study and retirement; two rooms only are allotted for the whole to live in and receive instructions. In this miserable institution, which, be it remembered, is under the especial management of the bishop and chapter, from six to twelve months are wasted, to the regret of the decent students; to them it is most mischievous; and to the stupid and riotous it can give no instruction, but that of acquiring the art of concealing their vices under the mask of hypocrisy. There is indeed but one voice of disgust raised against this seminary throughout the diocese; yet, notwithstanding the evils produced by an institution sending forth such a wretched priesthood, and notwithstanding the ridicule poured out on the lives of the clergy for the last ten years, there are persons so blindly devoted to the court of Rome, as actually to wish to separate the theological faculty from the university, and place the whole education of the clergy in the hands of this miserable seminary.

But from the system pursued for educating the priesthood let us go on to see its fruits in their lives. While the author allows that amongst the clergy of the diocese of Breslau is to be found a multitude of men who discharge their duties in a true spirit of Christian zeal and piety, he laments that there is also a large mass of priests without any sense of their station or their duty. Ignorant,* and so averse from study, that they rarely or never read even a newspaper; they are miserable preachers, and such negligent instructors of the young, as not to go beyond the letter of the Catechism. Their duty becomes a form, they hate the very truths they teach, and the mysteries they administer; they consider their glebe as the only field they are to labour in, and there they work like their servants,† quarrel with their parishes, and degrade themselves by drunken-

* Many of them (p. 90) have no German Bible in their houses; and many Lutheran peasants have read more of the Bible than many Roman Catholic priests.

† The author repeats this statement, (p. 124,) where, in mentioning the poverty of many incumbents, whose income is from 35*l.* to 45*l.* per annum, he says they increase this by the absolute sweat of their brow, by manual labour in the fields with their servants.

ness and low profligacy! Some, again, who are ashamed of their calling, lay aside all appearance of it, and aim at becoming mere fine gentlemen, and showing the world that they believe nothing which they teach! How absurd is it, while this is the case, to talk of the spirit of the age being contemptuous towards the Clergy and towards Religion! The cloud of superstitious reverence no longer envelopes them, and they must depend on the real dignity of their office and on their own character for obtaining respect.* But the author seems to have little hope that they can ever attain to that respect while the law of celibacy lasts. His statement of the evils arising from this regulation among the Silesian clergy is very painful. One would think, he says, that they acted on Erasmus's axiom, that concubinage, and not marriage, is permitted by Rome. A Silesian priest may be as profligate and have as many children as he pleases, *and no notice is taken of it*, unless the complaints of his parish are too loud to be slighted; then *he is only removed to another cure*, and if he is an incumbent, he

‡ We do not think very highly of the author's wisdom in devising remedies for the evils he complains of. Here, in very properly recommending literature as the means of improving the clergy, he advises that the bishop should give out subjects, at certain times, and insist on all the young clergy writing on them. Then he recommends book-clubs and book collections, and pastoral conferences and visitations, under proper regulations. The two last may, doubtless, excite much zeal and activity; the two former it is quite absurd to reckon on. The first, indeed, is impracticable; and the second, though useful to those inclined to read, can do nothing for those who are not. He mentions, incidentally, a curious fact, that the bishop has lately issued an order to examine all the books in the hands of that part of the clergy called chaplains. Whether this was done to deprive them of *liberal* books, or by making them ashamed of having so few to incite them to purchase more, the author does not know. In the latter case, he suggests that the same examination would be more applicable to the richer class of incumbents; many, very many of whom never buy a new theological work, from one year's end to another. The best of his suggestions are those relating to visitations, which he concludes by wishing for a revival of the primitive practices of the bishop's calling the clergy to council, and of their electing him. His account of the present meetings of the clergy is rather amusing. The arch-priest visits once a year, or rather summons the clergy to his residence, and some of these persons are very fond of showing their grandeur by making a fine procession to church, with crucifix, schools, clergy, &c. Then they go back to breakfast, and to talk of indifferent matters. The respectable ones hold their tongues in disgust. In some of these meetings they have grand dinners, for which they pay four thalers a head, (about twelve shillings); in others, they are not so luxurious. This however, is poor stuff to ground accusations on.—The author's reflections on the want of books among the Silesian clergy, recall our thoughts to the state of their English brethren. They do not appear to us happily situated in this respect; for the incomes of a very large portion of them will not enable them to purchase more than a very scanty number; and, in this boasted age and country of light and reason, there is a lamentable want of public collections. England is behind most countries in this respect; very far behind even Italy, which she considers lost in bigotry and barbarism. Except in three or four great towns there are no public collections in England. And although we presume there will soon be an abundance of Repositories for works on steam engines and circular saws, we fear there is little prospect of any general establishment of collections of standard works and books of reference in the ancient and modern languages. For history, and literature, and poetry, and divinity, can only form men's minds, and we want to form their hands.

receives during his absence whatever share of his income is not required for the payment of the person who does his duty.* The most serious charges, however, as to profligacy, seem to rest on the class called chaplains, who answer nearly to our *assistant curates*. They are appointed, not at the request of the incumbent, (who often knows nothing of their coming till they and their baggage are in his court-yard, and to whom they are often a source of bitter annoyance,) but at the pleasure of the Superiors of the Church. Their conduct is too often openly and unblushingly profligate,† and still oftener only so far moral as not to shock decency. If the incumbent complains, the profligate chaplain is only removed to another station; and if he disgraces himself there, to a third, and a fourth, till he pollutes and poisons a whole district.

But the incumbents themselves are declared, by the author, to be very open to the same charge, if not quite in the same degree; and he instances cases which have come under his own knowledge—one, where the incumbent's profligacy was carried to such a pitch, that the parish stated their resolution to become Lutherans unless he were removed. And what proves the dreadful state of degradation into which too many of these unhappy men are fallen, is, that in their convivial meetings they commonly relate the most profligate stories of others, while some do not hesitate to proclaim their own infamy.

No punishments, no reduction of profligate priests to the class of the laity,‡ are likely to do any good, in the author's opinion,

* The author gives some references to cases, (pp. 57 and 58,) and says, that he is only prevented from giving more by thinking them fitter for a different work from his. The life of Scipio Ricci presents some melancholy details of the profligacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Tuscany. See also note 58 in vol. ii. p. 309. The accounts, again, of the state of the same body in South America, lately given in Ulloa's newly-published work, are even more distressing. Having mentioned the life of Ricci, we cannot but express our hopes that that work will fail in the object which its evil-minded author evidently has in view. He would argue from the abuse to the use, and draw inferences against Christianity from the evil lives of some of its ministers. We should, however, hope that an age which, at least, professes to reason, will not be deceived by such a palpable fallacy.

† Some shameful instances of this profligacy are adduced in the work before us, but no object could be answered by repeating them here. It will be enough to observe that in the preface to the second edition, the writer says that the truth of his statements has not been called into question by any one.

‡ The author here notices the question as to the validity of priestly offices done by those so reduced; and he incidentally mentions a curious anecdote. The arch-priest of N——t, three miles from N——e, lived for many years in open concubinage, had children, &c. Though this was known everywhere, no notice was taken of it. At length the parish-cry was too loud to be silenced, and he was compelled to leave his benefice. He turned brandy-merchant, and accustomed himself to make the most scandalous jokes on every object sacred to Catholics, for the amusement of his customers, who still called him their arch-priest. When he grew old, and could go on in his strange course no longer, he betook himself to flatter and court the authorities at the cathedral, and has been in consequence admitted again to the cure of souls!

Nothing but that permission to marry, which has been recommended by so many excellent prelates of the Church of Rome, can work any real reformation. The history of the origin of celibacy, and of the authorities against it, is given by the author at great length; and must, no doubt, be equally useful and interesting to his brethren. But we shall not weary our readers with a subject on which, in a Protestant country, there can be little difference of opinion. The error of the Romish Church is clearly that of pushing a good principle too far, or rather of carrying it into action in circumstances to which it is inapplicable. They who first propagated Christianity under circumstances of danger and difficulty, should not be allowed, perhaps, 'to give hostages to fortune;' nor will they be sensible of the void which must be left by the expulsion of the natural affections, for it will in them be supplied by the enthusiastic devotion of time, thoughts, hopes, and heart to one great object. But where there is neither danger nor difficulty to require the exertion of enthusiasm—where men are called on to discharge their duties within a narrow sphere, and where those duties, however important, require only sincere piety, and have nothing exciting and nothing stimulating about them—where the same duties are to be discharged for centuries by a very large body of men, and not by a select few, it is as unsafe as it is unwise to deprive them of the exercise of those affections which the God of Nature has implanted in all. Among them there will ever be found some who are devoted, heart and soul, to the cause of their God, and in whom the full force of affection is turned to him; but there will be a larger class well qualified to discharge their duties with profit to others and themselves, who still require to be cheered and protected by the indulgence of the domestic affections. Deprive them of these—give them nothing in their hours of leisure, to interest, to cheer, to preserve them—and it will be fortunate if idleness and vacancy lead them only to those boisterous amusements which, however unfit for the clergy, are not immoral in themselves. Too often, we fear, the fruits of these unnatural regulations will be such as the author of the work before us describes. He hesitates not to reckon perjury, poisoning, abortion, child-murder and suicide, among the fruits of a forced celibacy. And even in cases where such lamentable effects may not follow, the want of a happy home produces effects entirely destructive to moral feeling. The priest becomes too often a mere idler, a sportsman, a gambler, or a drunkard. The writer adds to this latter statement, in which we cannot but fear there is at least much probability, the significant remark, *Exempla sunt odiosa; quocunque te convertas, invenies tales.*

But we must pass on from this subject, however important, and proceed to another also of great importance, not only to the

clergy themselves, but to the Church which they serve, viz. the provision for the ministry. We have already noticed that besides the beneficed clergy, there is a class called *chaplains*, who are sent, at the pleasure of the superiors of the Church, to officiate in parishes already provided with an incumbent. In some cases there is a trifling provision made for them by the State (250 thalers, or about £33 per annum with a house); in others, they are maintained by the incumbent. They frequently take their meals with him, and are waited on by his servants; but very often the incumbent and chaplain live entirely apart, and do not see each other for weeks together. Nay, in some cases, especially where more than one chaplain is appointed, the incumbent leaves the whole cure of souls to them, and gives himself no further trouble. And thus an institution which, by giving the young minister an example and guide in the parish priest, might prepare him for taking the cure of souls himself, is rendered useless. But the question before us relates rather to the provision made for the chaplains and clergy at large.

We cannot, however, give any satisfactory statement on this point, without entering on another question, which our author defers to a later part of his work, the question, we mean, of *Private Masses*, one of the worst corruptions of the Roman Church.

In the mass, says Pope Pius IV.'s creed, there is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead. Nor are the words of the Missal less general or less positive. It could scarcely be credited, then, that the Church which teaches this doctrine should also teach,* or at all events *allow*, that a priest can offer that sacrifice for the exclusive benefit of an individual. And prior to experience it would have been still less credible, that it should allow that holy sacrifice to be absolutely brought to market and vended, bargained and paid for. How has this happened? The answer is easy and clear.

In the primitive Church, they who attended the Eucharist brought oblations† of bread, wine, and other necessities, for the use of the altar, the clergy, and the poor. The ministry then had no other provision, and what was given on these occasions was for the use of the clergy in general. When other arrangements were made for their maintenance, these oblations‡ fell off. But

* We believe that it teaches this doctrine. If it does not, what is the meaning of the phrases, *fructus generalis, specialis, & specialissimus*, as applied to the mass?

† See Bingham, v. 4.

‡ Many efforts were made to renew them, (our author refers to the Concil. Matiscon. II. An. 585, c. 4, the Synod of Ments, An. 813, c. 44, the Capitular. Reg. Franc. Lib. v. c. 219; and he adds, that mention is made of them down to the eleventh century), as they were judged, by some of the most zealous fathers, to be in all respects the best provision for the Church. See the quotation from Chrysostom and Possidius, at the end of Bingham's chapter above cited.

about the eighth century,* it would seem that a custom arose among those who still made oblations, (the richer classes we presume), of offering *money* at the Eucharist, instead of the articles formerly in use. The money, however, was still intended for the same excellent purposes as the original oblations. But, after a time, the officiating priest learned to rob his brethren and the poor, and to appropriate the money to his own use.† These practices were, no doubt, severely reprobated‡ at first, but they continued, and matters stood thus. As the money paid went to the officiating priest, the layman who gave it began to consider that he paid it *for* the celebration of the eucharist. And the richer laity soon wished to have mass said at the most convenient times and places. The Church, to gratify them, ordained priests by wholesale, who were mere mass-readers, ranked no higher than servants, || and officiated when their lord pleased. But where they were not in the houses of nobility, they celebrated mass for money whenever called on. Nay, they soon learned never to do it without money. This went to such lengths that it was found necessary to forbid the perpetual celebrations of mass. One council§ restrained the priests to thrice a-day, and another,¶ with still higher feelings, forbade them to receive money at all. They would say masses of the Trinity, and of the archangel Michael, &c. as they called them, to find where hidden things were to be found, &c. They frequently ordered penitents at confession to have masses said and paid for: and the masses were of very different prices. A *sung* mass naturally cost more than a *said* one. A mass at the altar of a favourite saint, or where a particular relic was kept, was sure to bring a high price.

Then came all the iniquities of masses for the dead. The

* That is the period fixed by Thomassinus (De Vet. et Nov. Disc. Eccl. v. iii. l. 1, c. 71, n. 18), Mabillon (Præf. in sec. iii. O. S. B. n. 62), Van Espen (Jus Eccl. p. 11, Tit. 5, c. 5, n. 2), and others. But some authors refer the practice to an earlier period. It is not very easy to determine the point.

† The author states that the first marks of this custom are to be found in the *Regula Chrodegangi* (c. 32, de Eleemosynis), where a permission is given to every canonical priest to apply the money he receives as he pleases.

‡ At earlier and purer periods of the Church, fathers and Councils were most severe against the taking any money for baptism, confirmation, or the eucharist, lest the clergy should seem to sell the grace of God. See the Concil. Eliber. c. 38, Concil. Bracar. 2, c. 7, (ed. Crab), or 3 Brac. (ed. Labbe), Gelas. Ep. 1, (al. 9) ad Episc. Lucan. c. 7, and other authorities cited by Bingham, *ubi supra*.

|| The archbishop of Lyons, in the ninth century (Agobard), says, that all persons of consideration hire a house priest, not to discharge their conscience, but to be in their service. Some of these lay the table, feed the hounds, hold the horse for the lady, and manage the house and the farm. "The noble," says he, "comes to me, and says, I have got a little parson, who has been brought up among my servants—pray ordain him for me."—Ep. ad Bernard. coepisc. de Jure et Priv. Sacerd.

§ See Concil. Salegunstad., (an. 1022.) c. 5.

¶ The Council of Toledo, (an. 1324), c. 6.

requiem, the service on the thirtieth day after the death, (the Trental), and the anniversary of it, were all fruitful sources of profit. But, most of all, the priests were enriched by the perpetual foundations for masses to release the souls of the departed from purgatory. Then the Popes began the system of granting *privileges* to altars and to priests. A mass, for instance, said at a given privileged altar,* might release a soul from purgatory at once, and not merely shorten its stay there. For such a benefit, it was reasonable that a higher price should be charged, than for gaining an indulgence for a few hundred days or years. The priesthood, in a word, made use of all the means in their hands to excite the hopes and fears of the superstitious; and the fruit of their exertions soon appeared in the numberless *foundations* for masses to be said for the benefit of the departed. They were, indeed, so enormous in number, that notwithstanding it was alike the policy and the wish of the Church of Rome to create large bodies of priests, who were to be maintained principally from this source, it became utterly impossible for them to say all the masses provided for by these pious foundations.

Various means were resorted to by priests and convents thus overburthened. The priest who had received a certain sum for saying a mass, paid a less sum to another not in such good business, to say it for him. Another, who had six masses, for example, to say, began with reciting six different introits, prayers, epistles, and gospels; then from the offertory to the communion he proceeded as directed by the rubric; and after having thus actually offered the sacrifice, he recited six different forms of conclusion. And this passed for six masses.

Then the Court of Rome very ingeniously devised a method for increasing its own revenues. If a religious foundation were charged with more masses than its members could say, it *compounded* with the Court of Rome, and on the payment of a certain sum, was released from the obligation of filling up the vast number of unsaid masses, on condition of saying one or

* These things are so common, that perhaps it is hardly worth while to refer to any authorities. The reader, however, may, if he please, turn to the Life of Ricci, vol. ii. note 51, p. 294, (French edition), where he will find copies of two privileges granted by Gregory XIII. (who, we believe, first devised the plan) to altars at Pistoja and in the Church of the Annunziata at Florence. Under the first was written—"The faithful who wish to have masses celebrated at this altar, must pay three lire for each." There is a similar privilege granted by the same pontiff to an altar in the Church of St. Anthony at Padua, where the priest can free a soul, "o al suo, o all' altrui arbitrio." The master-altar of every parish church is *privileged*. So is the altar of every church of regular monks, where the church has seven altars. In the synod of Pistoja, it was stated, that in the diocese of Florence alone, many hundreds of privileged masses were said every day. Poor Ricci argued in vain, that at this rate there never could be a soul in purgatory for a moment!

two, to which the witty vulgar in Italy gave the name of *Messone*. The people clamoured, no doubt, and argued, with great truth, that if one mass was as good as a thousand, the priests acted but a roguish part in taking the money for so many; and that if one mass was not as good as a thousand, they were then as roguish in not paying back the money which they had received on conditions that they could not fulfil. In the one case, they certainly cheated men in their pockets; in the other, in their souls and their pockets too. These arguments were, no doubt, very strong; but the priests had a far stronger argument in the support of the Popes, and the system went on, and goes on still.

Llorente* mentions a Spanish priest who confessed he had received the money for 11,800 masses which he had never said. And it is upon record† that in one church of the Dominicans at Venice, in 1743, there was an arrear of 16,400 masses; and at another of the Cistercians, in 1744, an arrear of 14,300. The German work before us also mentions it (p. 100) as a common occurrence for priests, at their death, to leave an account of many hundred masses for which they have been paid, but which they have left unsaid. These, however, must pass, says our author, for conscientious, compared with those who openly and justly, though indecently, profess that they must take the money on account of their poverty. It is, indeed, painful to learn from him that the disgraceful trading in masses is carried on to a dreadful extent even now, and that the priests too often confirm the people in their worst superstitions for the sake of it. Nay, he accuses them of absolute roguery, of tricking the people out of more than even the regulation price, of devising all kinds of absurd festivals (on which they grant indulgences) to pick the pockets of the poor, and of saying masses for all sorts of absurd and ridiculous purposes. If the poor man wishes to find what he has lost, there must be a mass said in honour of St. Anthony‡ of Padua, while another to St. Florian will guard his house against being burnt down. If a man or his cow is sick, he gives his priest money for a mass. If he fears that the soul of a friend is in purgatory, he has a good many masses said, and specifies

* English abridged Translation, p. 521.

† Collezione di Scrittare di Regia Giurisdizione, (Florence, 1770—1783), vol. xxiv. p. 36.

‡ This is one of St. Anthony's thirteen privileges. If any of our readers have a curiosity to know all the nonsense which is put forth on this subject, we recommend them to Monsignor Ambrogio Cattarino's book, *De Gloria Sanctorum*, where they will find an express panegyric on this Bow-street attribute of the Saint. They may find enough, too, in the continuation of the Bollandists' work, or in any of the lives of the Saint, especially Arbuti's, printed in 1776.

the number of candles, and the dress which the priest is to wear. He will even beg the priest (as has actually happened to the author) to observe, at the moment of consecrating the elements, whether the soul will be released or not; and then, from the crackling of the lights, or other trifling circumstances, he founds his conjectures as to his friend's fate! The necessity of *paying* for all this has been so well taught, that frequently, when the author has refused the money, it has been pressed on him by the poor devotee, with the remark that the mass would be of no avail unless paid for. The baseness of misleading the people into a belief injurious to their moral habits, for the gain of the priesthood, is touched on with proper indignation. And with equal justice the writer expresses his disgust at the sight constantly before his eyes of the priests haggling with the poorest members of their communion for the nine-pence* which is the fee for the mass! nay, of priests who live in luxury† *exacting* it from wretched creatures who live on potatoes and black bread, and never see meat for weeks together!

Having thus noticed the stain brought on the Roman Church, even at the present day, by this disgraceful traffic, we return to the question which led us to it, the provision for the clergy. Some of the chaplains, as we stated, have a trifle settled on them by the government; others are wholly maintained by the incumbents. Some of this latter class are very poorly endowed, and in order to keep them from want, an addition is made to their incomes from the *foundations for masses* to which we have alluded. But then they and the chaplains so endowed by the Government, have the masses to say. Frequently, says the author, a chaplain has two hundred masses and more to repeat in the course of the year. However, these persons are most fortunate in comparison with many of their brethren who are dependent on the incumbent. They get from 30 to 50 thalers (from £4. 10s. to £7. 10s.) per annum, with part of their board, lodging, and washing, (not such good wages as are given to a footman, bailiff, or cook, in Silesia, for *they* get as much money, their whole board, Christmas-boxes, and linen for shirts); and the whole duty is left to them by the lazy priest, who looks on them as hirelings, puts them under the orders of his landlady, and stints them in their food. And this is the recompense of twelve years education; this is the stipend on which the poor chaplain is to clothe himself, to buy books, and procure

* Six silver groschen. The silver grosch is about 1½d.

† It may be curious to mention, as a proof of the cheapness of living in Silesia, that the income of these *luxurious* priests is 1000 thalers (or about £150.) per annum, and even more! The author mentions subsequently (p. 124) that there is a class of incumbents with only 250 or 300 thalers, i. e. from £37. to £45. per annum.

such accommodations as are proper for him. What wonder can it be, then, that these wretched people drive the most scandalous trade in masses, and are a disgrace to their profession? Nor in better cures are they of much service. In a large parish, where they live with the priest, they are too far from the distant parts of it, they are known only as hirelings, and so often changed that many places have three new chaplains in a year!

But if we pass on to the benefices and the disposal of them in Silesia, the picture is almost equally painful. Reason, duty, and the best church regulations, (as for example, a canon of the Council of Trent,) require merit to be regarded in the choice of incumbents. That canon indeed* requires an examination, and provides for the appointment of examiners of the candidates. But it is disregarded in Silesia, where the patronage is in the hands of the bishop, the government, and individuals. After a person is appointed, the bishop, as a mere form, asks him a few questions in moral theology. Mere interest prevails. Boys are put in, while excellent chaplains, who have been in service for years, are left to starve.† And when an incumbent is presented, he has to pay a fourth part‡ of the real value of the benefice to the ecclesiastical authorities, and is not invested till the last penny is paid. Then he has various and large fees to pay, so that he must begin his incumbency by miserable parsimony to himself and the poor. Besides this, while serving as a chaplain, he could hardly avoid falling into debt, and these debts he has to pay out of his savings. The consequences of such regulations are obvious.

If a parish is under administration, *i. e.* if the incumbent is dead, removed for bad conduct, or debt, and a substitute appointed, the following arrangement takes place. In all cases, the substitute gets 18 thalers (or about £2. 15s.) a month, and 9d. per mass (!) on Sundays and Holidays besides. The remainder of the income goes to the spiritual authorities, where the

* In Austria, under the Imperial Ecclesiastical Law, the same regulation subsists. See Rechenberger's *Enchiridion Juris Eccl.* tom. ii. p. 107.

† The author gives a late case, where, on a vacancy, an excellent chaplain was recommended by the parish, and a priest already beneficed was preferred. He leaves the patron's name blank, but we presume he alludes to the bishop, as he has adopted the same way of designating him before. We need not observe that such an instance might, on examination, afford no real ground for complaint, and that the patron is perfectly right in resisting a petition from the parishioners. Right, we mean, for their sakes; for though at first they would recommend on right grounds, yet if they could dispose of the patronage, in future ill-disposed or careless chaplains would court the parish, or there would be a canvass, attended with all the usual ill consequences of a popular election. The bishop of Breslau, it appears, has resolved in future to give away his patronage according to the canon above alluded to; but the royal and private patronage is still to be distributed in the same way.

‡ It is said that this money goes to the maintenance of the Seminary, but no one knows whether this statement is true.

incumbent is dead, or where from various causes it is **not** thought right to appoint one; to the incumbent himself *when removed for profligate conduct*!—to his creditors in case of debt. What becomes of the money paid to the spiritual authorities is not at all known.—In many cases it amounts to a large sum. The author instances a parish which has been in administration for 20 years, and whence the present administrator has in the last 10 years sent up 2000 thalers. If they go to increase the bishop's or other officers' revenues, this must be considered by all as a perversion of their purpose, which is clearly the maintenance of those who have cure of souls. In Austria and Wurtemberg, under the new regulations, they go into a fund for clerical purposes, and the author strongly recommends the same application in Prussia. The fund* would serve for the augmentation of small livings and chaplaincies, the support of respectable ministers thrown out of employment without any fault of their own, and the aged and infirm clergy. The diocese of Breslau has indeed a house of refuge for those persons; but the author speaks with great feeling and truth of the wretchedness of an old and infirm catholic priest, and of the hardship of so treating men who have spent their lives in the most useful and (where duly discharged,) the most laborious of offices. We fully agree with him. It is indeed cruel to throw into one common receptacle men of different habits and feelings, strangers to one another, and at that time of life when new friendships and new habits cannot be formed; but the infirmities of age require the privacy of home, and the kind attendance and affection of private friends. Let the faithful

* The author recommends giving all the newly consecrated priests a claim for maintenance by this fund; and this is to serve as their title to orders, and to save them from the necessity of begging a title from some magistrate or patron. This latter clause will be explained by a reference to Fra Paolo's History of the Council of Trent, (b. vi. debate of 7th—18th April, 1562). No man could be ordained properly without a title, and in the good times by a title was understood, a *charge or ministry to be exercised*. But when corruptions were introduced, a title was taken for a *revenue to live upon*. Then the old rule, which meant to provide that there should be no idle clergyman, came to signify that no clergyman should be in want or forced to work; and Alex. III. settled that no one should be ordained without a title sufficient to provide for him, unless he had a *patrimony*. Then many showed false proofs of a patrimony, many sold their patrimony as soon as they were ordained, and others *borrowed* a true patrimony till they were ordained, and then restored it.

We cannot help noticing the translation of Fra Paolo which is lying before us. It is by Sir Nathanael Brent, knight, who prefixes to it the following remark. "If the traduction of this story have made itself obscure, by a too near pursuance of a literal sense, wherein the idions of two so different languages, as the Hetruscan and the English, cannot be perfectly reconciled, that ought to be or now must be excused." This being interpreted means, that good Sir Nathanael Brent, knight, knew very little about the *Hetruscan*, for even in the first three pages of the *Life of Father Paul* there are three or four sentences of which we can make no sense in English, for the very obvious reason, that Sir Nathanael could make no sense of them in the *Hetruscan*.

servant of God in his evil days be treated with respect and tenderness. Let the exertions and labours of his youth obtain for his declining years not only rest but tranquillity. Give him whatsoever frugal income your parsimony may be pleased to allot, but do not transplant the aged and decaying tree. Let him live among those whose youth he has endeavoured to purify and to elevate, and who will respect and foster his age. Let his trembling voice still utter the faint accents of prayer and praise within the same walls which have heard from his lips the fervour of adoration, the power of indignant rebuke, the energy of exhortation, or the milder tones of Christian love. Let him decay in the bosom of them that love him, and lay his bones in the midst of those over whose mortal remains he has pronounced the sad farewell and the joyful anticipation.

We pass over a good deal which the author has said as to the idleness of the vicars* of the cathedral, as having very little except local interest, and shall only observe, that the picture he presents both of the inadequacy of the provision for the clergy, and of the means they take to increase their revenues, is a very painful one. More priests than the country requires are obviously ordained, because they can be supported by the traffic in masses, and that traffic will therefore go on. Yet, in most cases it does not maintain the clergy in respectability, but barely keeps them from starvation, like the English poor laws, which give life but not comfort to the poor whom they call into being. The Archduke Leopold described this vicious circle very clearly to Ricci. "*Sono molti altari, dunque ci vogliono molte messe. Ci sono molte messe, dunque ci vogliono molti preti. Ci sono molti preti, ci vogliono molti altari.*" In Tuscany as well as in Silesia, and we fear in other Roman Catholic countries the parish priests are sadly paid. Ricci even declares (*Life*, tome ii. p. 13.) that in Tuscany they almost wanted subsistence. This is a great scandal on the church or the government. For while it is believed that religion is true, or even useful, it is quite clear that they who teach it should receive such a maintenance as will keep them not in luxury but

* The business of these vicars is to read the words of the Breviary in the place of the canons. In many cases dispensations are obtained from reciting the Breviary, which, says Mr. Blanco White, occupies a fast reader an hour and a half every day; and in more still, according to the author, reading the Breviary is omitted without any dispensation (p. 98.) The writer in the *Allg. Lit. Zeitung*, for August, mentions an amusing anecdote:—an old canon, who was particular as to his Breviary, as well as very fond of whist, used to play on till the hour for reading arrived. Then he put down a substitute, stood behind his chair, going over the Breviary, and directing what cards should be played. The author is very severe on the Breviary, which he calls a work of barbarism and superstition—a libel on the Christian religion, &c. &c.

respectability. This part of the author's case against his church we therefore hold fully proved.

We pass from these subjects to one of a very different nature,—the means taken by the Catholic church for educating and instructing the people. The author declares these to be so imperfect and deficient, that hardly one in a hundred knows what religion and Christianity are,—that scarcely one in a hundred (though they can all repeat the catechism,) can explain what are the great doctrines of Christianity. The piety of the multitude consists in getting a great many indulgences, making vows, going on a pilgrimage twice a year, observing the fasts pharisaically, going to processions, hearing many masses, going over the rosary, &c. attending confession and the sacrament, invoking the Romish saints, worshipping their images, &c. The rich can be pious when they please, by sending others to pray, make pilgrimages, and read masses for them. Thus the Roman Catholic population is either superstitious and has none but a mechanical religion, or sinks into indifference and unbelief.

The best means, the author justly says, of instructing the young, are good catechisms, and he complains bitterly of that in use in the diocese of Breslau, as full of mere dry definitions and discussions on remote and speculative points, with nothing addressed to the heart, disgraced by tautologies, assertions without proof, and wretched arrangement. The creed is explained without reference to practice. In the sacraments all is made *opus operatum*. Instead of Christian morality, there is nothing but definitions of sins, the eight beatitudes, fasting, praying, and alms-giving.* This is too often taught in the letter only by the chaplain, while the priest does not, perhaps, come for a year together into the school. In what a state do the young then come to the communion? Can it be surprising that the Catholic population is so far behind-hand—that it depends so much on letters and forms—that it participates only mechanically in the worship of God, is obstinate against all ameliorations, and dependant on blind superstition—that indifference and unbelief on the other hand prevail more among Catholics than among any other class of religionists? Some again, disgusted with all they see and hear in their own church, read the Scriptures, and a book called

* As specimens, the following are curious:—

Q. 'Could no one save us but the Son of God?'—'Could the Son of God not redeem us, as God, without becoming man?'—What questions for children! The Allg. Lit. Zeitung, for August of this year, supplies another curious piece of instruction from the same catechism. 'Whoever has committed fornication ten times must do penance (in purgatory we presume,) seven years; whoever has committed five murders for an hundred years.'

'Hours of Devotion,' in spite of all the remonstrances and the prohibitions and curses of the Priest.

Next to a good catechism, the people should be provided with good books of devotion,* which probably have more effect on them than any other means of instruction. As it is, they have only "The Life of Jesus and Mary," by one Cochem, a Capuchin, full of absurdity and mischief, and disgraced by the most senseless remarks; "The Lives of the Saints," by Dionys of Luxemburg, another Capuchin, in the perusal of which one doubts whether to laugh at the tricks related, or to cry at the wretched monkish morality;—and as prayer-books, "The Golden Key to Heaven," "The Great and Little Garden," "The Christian Catholic Essence of all Prayers," "The Prayer-book of two Sisters, Gertrude and Matilda," &c., which contain the most scandalous lies, and most contradictory views of God and religion, of virtue, &c. Nor are these all: ejaculations and short prayers for a happy death, and other means devised by priests' avarice, to give an expectation of getting God's favour by external means without change of heart, are in all hands. They are bought by the poor, (who are hungry for pure instruction,) especially at the places of pilgrimage, and are given to them by the priests. It is only wonderful that they are not worse and

* We can speak positively as to the wretched books in use among the Roman Catholics of the lower orders in Italy and Flanders. Once, indeed, near Prince Chigi's villa at Ostia, we found one of the labourers on a new road reading a very old thick duodecimo, containing an abridgement of the Bible, with notes; but in general we found amongst the Italian people, only the most wretched lives of some saint, full of absurdity and of revolting falsehood, or books of devotion equally revolting. We have now lying before us a sort of pocket manual used in Flanders, filled with the strangest stuff! A measure of the wound in the side of our Lord, brought by Charlemagne from Constantinople in a gold box! Whoever carries it about with him cannot be hurt by fire, water, or storm. The woman brought to bed on the day she sees it shall live, and have an easy delivery. Whoever carries it from devotion shall beat all his enemies; and the mere carrying it will save him from dying by any bad death.—Another prayer was found on the sepulchre of our Lady, in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Reading it, or having it read thrice a day, will give the same blessings to the devotees as in the last case; and besides, the Virgin Mary will come and comfort them three days before their death. "Item, a woman in labour putting this prayer on her shall be delivered directly." Then comes a letter miraculously found at Aroi, three leagues from St. Marcel, written in letters of gold, by the hand of Jesus Christ himself! The nonsense and wickedness of some parts of this letter, (in which the writer is made to threaten to send wild beasts to devour all who do not believe in it,) we have not patience to transcribe. Then comes a revelation made by Christ to St. Elizabeth, St. Bridget, and St. Melchilda, in which he tells them that he has shed 72,200 tears for them, 97,350 drops of blood, received 6696 blows, &c. &c. With respect to the delivery of women, the superstitions in Italy, nay, in Rome itself, in the very centre of Catholicism, are beyond belief. Circumstances have come, authenticated to us by the fullest evidence, so monstrous, that we are perfectly certain they would not be believed in this country.

more degraded than they are found to be, with such books to corrupt them.

The public church service again must be brought back to the model of the primitive ages, in which the public reading of scripture, earnest exhortation, common prayer and singing, participation in the communion, and the use of the mother-tongue in the Liturgy, were in use. The author is very vehement against the use of instrumental music, which, in his opinion, destroys devotion; and he is equally desirous to promote general singing among the congregation, and to introduce proper hymn books into the diocese.

He then enters on the Roman Catholic Liturgy, and laments most feelingly the corruption of the ancient simplicity and the introduction of things which call up the blush of shame on the cheek of the priest every time he practises them. The use of the Latin tongue, as he justly says, depriving the people of their proper interest in the service, sends them back to *externals* for every thing, and their religion consequently becomes external. The practice of ceremonies is their highest virtue, the breach of them their most dreaded sin. Men of cultivated taste and tender feelings avoid attending; they only, who look to the excitement of the senses by the ceremony and music, maintain the excellence of the Romish ritual; but among enlightened men the cry for an amelioration is becoming daily louder.

The writer goes at great length into the necessity of reverting to the mother-tongue in the church service. He shows how powerfully reason insists on it—how entirely the early church in every nation used the language belonging to it; and cites, on this important point, the authorities of the Fathers so well known to the Protestant divine. In the 3rd century the metropolitan bishops gained great power, and the councils of the 5th and 6th allowed them to regulate the liturgies of their whole province, while, before that period, each bishop was deemed competent to manage his own diocese. Then, as the Popes acquired power, they sought to introduce uniformity, and to suppress the proper liturgies of each province, by force, by sophistry, or by falsehood. We have not space to go through the very interesting and curious detail which the author gives as to the various liturgies and their suppression, nor as to the steps by which the Latin Liturgy was exclusively introduced into Germany. It was in truth an evil deed. A clergy speaking in a tongue in which they were not understood, soon ceased to aim at the edification of the people, and preferred amusing and cheating them by splendid decorations, external show, pictures, miracles and plays; but

such a clergy soon ceases to respect itself, and sinks into ignorance and barbarism.* Miracles, legends, relics, rosaries, &c. were the food for the people, who were shut out from the reading of the Bible; and, for their own amusements, as well as the edification of their flocks, the priests had the Feast of Fools, and the Feast of the Ass. Enough however of this; the author unfortunately knows that it is *his* business to answer the arguments brought in favour of a Latin service, but we need not weary our readers with them. Still we cannot help noticing some of his statements. The Council of Trent orders the priests to explain the sacraments, *if they conveniently can*, in the vernacular language. If not, says the author, is the explanation to be given in Latin? How absurd! Again, why *explain* the service in sermons, and not let it be in German? What should we think of a judge who promulgated his sentence in Latin, and then explained it? But after all, is this decree of the Council followed? Millions of masses are read without the slightest explanation. With what coldness do even bishops administer the sacraments. When the author was ordained, he received not one word of exhortation from the bishop. But in good truth, he asks, how many priests are there who understand what they are thus desired to explain? And would those, who do, like to explain all they find? What would they do as to the notices of witchcraft, &c. &c.? Pracher says, that he trembles to think of the peasantry asking of him and other priests the literal meaning of the prayers they utter, and the benedictions they give.

It may not be uninteresting to mention, in conclusion, that in 1610 Paul V. gave permission for the missionaries in China to have a mass in Chinese; and, that between 1780 and 1790, Pius VI. allowed a German mass every Sunday in the court chapel at Stuttgart. Many bishops and priests in Germany have lately done much for this desirable end, especially the bishops Dalberg and Wessenberg, and the priests Werkmeister, Winter, Selmer, Brunner, and Beda Pracher, the last of whom, if we understand the author rightly, celebrates a German mass in his own parish. And we cannot but add the author's declaration, that the Latin Liturgy is so far from keeping up the knowledge of Latin among the priesthood, that there is a large

* The author mentions some curious stories of the ignorance of the priesthood in those dark ages. They did not know the Latin they prayed in. One Bavarian priest baptised "In nomine patriæ, filia et spiritus sanctæ;" but above all, St. Meinwerk was desired by the Emperor Henry II. to say a mass for his departed ancestors, and the mischievous emperor desired the chaplain to scratch out in the mass-book the first syllables of the words "famulis et famulabus," by which they became "mulis et mulabus"—so the good saint very quietly prayed for the souls of all the he and she mules in Christendom.

mass of them who do not understand either Missal or Breviary—very many, even among the younger ones, who cannot read common Latin, and in order to get through the “*Theologia Moralis*,” must have recourse to Scheller’s *Lexicon*—and that most priests never look into any Latin book besides the Liturgy, and can neither write nor speak Latin at all.

From the language of the liturgy the author passes to a consideration of the Mass-book itself, which he criticises with great severity, but with great justice. We shall take some notice of his charges, not because we suppose that many of our readers can be ignorant of the absurdities which *were* in the Roman Catholic Missals, Rituals, &c. but because it appears to us of some consequence to show that they *are* there still; and that no pains have yet been taken to obviate the fatal consequences to religion, which must ensue from the authorization of ceremonies, at once revolting to taste, to decency, and to common sense.

No one can dispute that the Mass-book contains much that is excellent; but the proportion of what is merely and purely superstitious is very great. It contains a quantity of masses, founded on alleged historical facts, either entirely or wholly false, lying accounts, and fables. Among these we may reckon, especially, the masses in honour of the *heart of Christ*;^{*} of the transportation of the house in which Mary and Jesus lived;† of the imprinting the five wounds of Christ on St. Francis; masses in honour of the five wounds, crown of thorns, spear, nails, and cross of Christ; masses without end to the Virgin, in every possible character. Of these last there are no less than seventeen in the Directory for the diocese of Breslau. Then come the masses to saints, many of whom must be looked on as fanatics, and some of whom never existed. In many masses, allusions to positive falsehoods are introduced; as for example, in a prayer in

* This was invented by one Godwin, an English Socinian. A Jesuit, by name Colombiari, learnt it and took it to France, where the Jesuits pretended that it was revealed to a nun. They tried for a long time in vain to get a sanction of it from Rome, but they did not succeed till 1764. Then they used every possible means to stir up a fanatical devotion. Prints and medals with the *heart*, scapularies to be worn, charms against fever to be swallowed, masses in honour of the *Passion*, *Noonings* in honour of the heart, &c. The writer speaks with due disgust of the monstrous superstitions of the Romanists, as to the various parts of Christ’s body, particularly one relic too filthily blasphemous for notice. If any Roman Catholic wishes to know to what we allude, let him ask what relic is now preserved at Calcata, in the diocese of Civita Castellana—or let him ask for a book published at Rome, in 1802, (!) by order of the Marchese Sinibaldi, to whom Calcata belongs. We have some curious papers relating to it.

† It was rather unlucky, that after the French took away the miraculous image from Loreto, a priest gave out that they had been tricked out of the real image, which remained there. After a time the French sent back their prize, and then came a very awkward contest, as to which was the real Simon Pere. The travelled image at last won the day.

the mass in honour of St. Catherine, (Nov. 25,) "Oh God, who hast given the law to Moses on Mount Sinai, and hast caused the body of the holy virgin and martyr St. Catherine to be carried by thy holy angels to the same place," &c. In the mass on St. Scholastica's day, it is mentioned that she got rain from heaven, and in the *Proprium*, it is added that she flew to heaven in the shape of a dove. In the diocese of Breslau, on the 5th of June, is a mass in honour of Gregory VII. In the prayer in the Breviary, God is asked to inspire the whole clergy with the spirit of Gregory VII.* We say, God forbid! In Austria this was very properly ordered to be erased in 1774, and again in 1782. We seek in vain, in this strange book, for masses in honour of the holiness, the omniscience, and the love of God; for the spreading of the truth, for the attainment of virtue, for the propagation of Christianity, for the good of our country, &c. This might be endured; but how intolerable is it, to every lover of his faith, to see the priests compelled, *at the very altar*, to give currency to falsehood, to read masses founded on the fable of the chapel of Loretto and the wounds of St. Francis!

We hardly know what to say to the author's farther accusations against the Mass-book. He complains that it is unconnected; that it endeavours, in the half-hour which a mass lasts, to give a compendium of all the ancient services of the Christians, *i. e.* prayer, singing, reading, and expounding scripture; offering oblations, commemorating our Lord's death, and making collections for the poor. The consequence of so many unconnected parts being brought together is, he complains, a total want of unity in the service, and consequently a total want of edification, even to those who can understand it. But he complains vehemently, also, of the sentiments contained in many of the collects, of the absurd inappropriateness of many of the psalms to the occasions on which they are used, and of the multiplication of feasts on the same day, by which means prayers with perfectly different objects are brought together, and edification is impaired or destroyed. The discussion of these matters requires more space than we can allot to them.

His complaints are still louder against the ceremonial of the mass. The sign of the cross is made fifty-one times in a grand mass, and the rubrics prescribe an infinity of movements,

* Gregory was canonized in 1584. The reader is, perhaps, aware that the devil's advocate allows no one to be canonized without four unexceptionable miracles. One of those of Gregory was, that the water in which he washed his hands one day turned as white as milk; (we have had the pleasure of knowing some very worthy monks, whose ablutions would not have been quite of that colour), a sick man drank it and recovered instantly.

right and left, with the head, the hands, the feet, and the fingers. How can a priest keep up the spirit of devotion in himself, with all these to attend to? He is in a perpetual fear of going wrong, more especially on great occasions, where there are several priests, the ceremonies are multiplied, and he may put others wrong as well as himself.

How different was the old mass! Till 1200 there was no incensing of the elements; till 1400 no holding the hands over the host, or making genuflexions before it. The people brought their offerings to the altar themselves, and partook of the eucharist with the priest. There was a living intercourse between priest and people, an expression of religious feeling, which penetrated the whole community like one body. Now they sit still and stupid, stare and yawn; without oblations, without gospel, or kiss of salutation, without communion, without singers of hymns, without any answer to the calls of the priest, it is only wonderful that they do not, in a deep feeling of their degraded state, go to the foot of the throne, declare the public service useless, and beg that the pious foundations of their ancestors may be taken from these wretched hirelings, who destroy and pervert religion, are contented with the bodily presence of the people they ought to instruct, and introduce fables and falsehood into the service of God; and that other measures may be carried into effect for the religion of the people.

We have explained above what are private masses, (the subject to which the writer next comes,) and the abuse of them. It may be well, however, to add a brief notice of the practice as to them in Silesia. The writer notices, that in many churches a number of these masses are read in a day, and several at once. Some priests get through as fast as they can, and these stand high in the good graces of the people, who are satisfied with having heard a mass, and wish to get away. How unfavourable again to the well-inclined priest, this daily repetition of the most sacred office of religion is, need not be told. On the other hand, how many are unfit for this serious duty! The vicious layman seldom goes to the communion; the vicious priest goes day by day, without fear. To say nothing of the common sins of forced celibacy in sensual men, what can be said, on this point, with respect to the otherwise dissipated lives of too many? The layman endeavours to prepare himself for a due reception of the eucharist. Is this so with the priests? or are their daily lives so pure as to need no such preparation? Are there not many, who, with Pharisaical precision, drink till twelve o'clock, but think that a *

* This is the express doctrine of the directions prefixed to the *Missale Romanum*, in the part which speaks of defects in the sacraments.

drop after that would prevent them from communicating? Are there not many who laugh, drink, and play, the whole night through; nay, do so in presence of the laity, and go away from gambling and jollity to the altar? Nay the Romish moralists, Sanctius, Baunius, and others, allow priests to say mass a few hours after they have committed the grossest sensual sins. Many excellent priests there are; but alas! too many of a far different kind, who disgrace the altar at which they stand.

With respect to Afternoon Service, it is in Latin,* and consists commonly of the singing of psalms and litanies, the breviary, vespers, and the benediction. The people pray for themselves, or go over the rosary. The priest rarely understands the psalms; for the Latin is bad, and he seldom knows anything of Hebrew. The psalms, too, are wretchedly chosen for the times and seasons to which they are adapted.

But the ritual for the diocese of Breslau, of which the writer next speaks, seems well to deserve all he can say of it. The absurdities of exorcism form no inconsiderable part of it. Water, salt, &c. are exorcised, as containing devils. Men are possessed by devils, and the priest releases them. Storms and tempests are excited by the devils, and these are exorcised. To set the whole of the absurdities contained in this book in their proper light, would require a book as large as itself.†

The following, however, may serve as a specimen, and they require no remark from us! In baptism the priest is to breathe or blow three times on the child (this is called exsufflation), and say, "Go out of him, thou unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Ghost;" and elsewhere, "I conjure thee, thou unclean spirit, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost (making the sign of the cross at each), that thou goest out of this servant of God; for he commands thee who walked on the sea, and gave his right hand to the sinking Peter; therefore, cursed devil, recognise the judgment against thee, and give honour to the true God, to Jesus his Son, and to the Holy Ghost, and depart from this servant of God, since our Lord Jesus Christ hath called him to his grace and benediction, and to baptism.

* This, we apprehend, is a local regulation; for we have heard in England an afternoon service in English.

† The author expresses his wonder that the State does not interfere, to correct the ritual, the more especially as it favours the monstrous pretensions of the church of Rome in the bull, *In Cæna Domini*. Our readers of course remember the nature of this celebrated bull. It is, in fact, a summary of all the ecclesiastical laws tending to impose the despotism of Rome. Its first article anathematizes heretics of all sorts, and all who favour them or read their books without permission; the second anathematizes all who wish to appeal from the pope to a council; the fifth anathematizes all who impose new taxes in their dominions without leave from Rome.

And thou Satan shalt never dare to profane this sign of the cross, with which we sign his forehead, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

This exorcism is repeated again. Then the priest anoints the ears with spittle, and says, "Epphatha! be thou opened!" then the nose, with the words, "For a delightful savour,* but do thou 'devil' flee from it, for it will bring the judgment of God near thee." The meaning of these words is beyond mortal comprehension. But what a ceremony altogether! The author states, indeed, that some priests are so ashamed of their exorcisms as to omit them when baptising the children of instructed persons.†

The following receipt for absolving a person who has died under excommunication, and has shown signs of repentance, is curious. If the body is not buried it is to be whipped, and then absolved and buried in holy ground. If buried in unconsecrated ground it is, if practicable, to be taken up, and whipped, &c. as before; if it cannot be taken up, then the grave is to be whipped, and so if it is buried in consecrated ground. Certain psalms, &c. are repeated during the operation! Gracious heavens!

The ceremony after childbirth is as follows:—The priest sprinkles the woman with holy water, and begins; "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth, &c."—Answer. "She shall receive blessing from the Lord, and mercy from God her Saviour, for this is the lot of them that seek the Lord." And then of all psalms in the world the 24th is chosen; "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates,‡" &c. Then the above antiphony, more verses, a prayer, another besprinkling, and the benediction, with the sign of the cross made three times. The author declares, that many priests perform this ceremony for prostitutes, and wish them fruitfulness of the womb from God! Many women are so afraid that before they can get to church the devil may get possession of them, that they send for holy water to sprinkle themselves. To crown this, the ceremony is performed over women who have died in childbirth, or living substitutes.

* This is explained we believe thus:—By the touch of the spittle on the nose, the nostrils are opened to receive the sweet savour of knowledge and the gospel. We do not very clearly understand it, and may perhaps not translate rightly.

† We think it needless to notice what the author says as to the disorders, and riots, and "nauseous words" of the gens d'armes, and the pushing and shoving, at the confirmations in Breslau; and his complaints as to the mechanical regulation of *confession*, which prevents its utility altogether.

‡ We rather apprehend that the woman stays in the porch, not being admitted to the church till after the purification; but this instead of explaining the matter makes it worse.

But we must proceed to some of the more glorious absurdities of the ritual; * the benedictions of water, &c. Salt and water are prepared. The priest puts on a particular dress, and the service is as follows:—

Priest. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

A. Who made heaven and earth.

Priest. I conjure thee, oh! creature of salt, through the living + God, through the true + God, through the holy + God, through God who by the holy prophet Elisha hath commanded thee to be thrown into water, that the sterility of the earth may be cured, that thou shouldest become an exorcised salt, for the good of the faithful, and all who enjoy thee, that thou shouldest tend to health of soul and body; and let all evil, and all ambush of devilish deceit fly from the place where thou art sprinkled; and let every unclean spirit be exorcised by him who shall come to judge the quick and the dead, and the world with fire. Amen.

Let us pray.

We beseech thee of thine infinite goodness, oh Lord, that thou wilt + bless and + consecrate this creature of salt which thou hast given for the good of mankind, that it may serve all who enjoy it for the welfare of their soul and body; and that whatsoever shall be sprinkled with it may be free from all impurity, and all assaults of devilish wickedness, through Christ our Lord.

Then comes the water.

I conjure thee, oh! creature of water, in the name of God + the Almighty Father, of Jesus Christ + our Lord, and through the power of the Holy + Ghost, that thou shouldst become exorcised water, to drive away all power of our wicked enemy, and to destroy him with his wicked angels, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Then comes a prayer, that God will be pleased to bless + the water +, and that he may be pleased to drive away all sicknesses and devils; and that no uncleanness, no pestilential vapours, no snares of the wicked enemy, may come near the houses where it is sprinkled. Then the priest puts salt into the water in form of a cross, and says, "Let the mixture of salt and water be made in the name of the Father +, Son +, and Holy Ghost +. Amen.† Then another prayer like the former.

* The author is speaking of the "*Rituale Vratislaviense ad usum Romanum accommodatum*." There may be slight differences in those used in other dioceses, but the ground work of all is the same.

† To this is added a notice, that the faithful may take this holy water to sprinkle their lands, fields, &c. and that they ought to have it in their chambers to use daily on themselves. But on the vigil of the Epiphany there is a yet more laboured piece of folly in blessing the salt and water. The priest goes with attendants, cross, incense, &c. to a given place, where is posted a man with water. After some versicles he recites the 26th, 67th, and 90th psalms and the Litany of All Saints, during which he blesses the water five times. Then he breathes on it three times, and says, "I blow at thee, thou whole legion of Satan, in the name of Father +, Son +, and Holy Ghost +." Then the water is conjured to have no company with Satan, and that Satan

The consecration of water for baptism is yet more absurd. But what will the reader think of the blessing of oats? In that service God is begged, on account of the invocation of his holy name, and through the intercession of the blessed virgin Mary the mother, and the merits of the holy arch-martyr Stephen, and all the saints, to bless and consecrate *the oats*, so that all beasts who eat of them may be healthy; and then the blessing is pronounced as before in the name of the Trinity. Then there is a form for blessing *chalk*, with a prayer that whoever uses it to make a sign of the cross, or write the names of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar on his door, may be preserved from all assaults of the devil. There are other forms for blessing wine, gold, frankincense and myrrh, bread and water, the candles at the purification, all houses* on Easter eve, the bridal bed, new ships, victuals, eggs, bread, &c. &c.† If we turn to the *Pontificale Romanum*, we find a ceremony for the baptism of bells, which is to the full as absurd as any of the preceding ones, nay seems to combine in itself all possible absurdities as to benedictions. The bell is so placed that it can be easily got at; and then water, a whisk for sprinkling, salt, white linen cloths, holy oil, chrism, an incensoir with hot coals, &c. and a seat for the bishop are put by it. The bishop comes in state, sits on his faldistorium, and goes through various evolutions of putting on and off his head gear, while he exorcises the salt and the water, and the salt and water together, &c. as before. He washes the bell with the salt and water, and after it has been dried he dips his thumb in holy oil and makes the sign of the cross on the outside of the bell, and

should not abide in it, &c. Then some places of Scripture are recited, and the cross is signed twelve times. Then salt is exorcised as above, and the cross made thirteen times. Then the water and salt are exorcised together with sixteen crosses. Then the water alone again with eight crosses, and it is divided into four parts by the hand of the priest. Then the person who has the cross kneels down, the priest takes it and dips it three times in the water, saying each time, "Thou that madest the bitter water sweet by the wood thrown into it, be pleased to bless + and consecrate + this water, in the name," &c. Then some prayers and ten crosses. Then a Gospel, Te Deum, &c. &c.

* Our readers will doubtless remember an amusing anecdote on this subject in a recent work.

† The writer omits the blessing *the horses, mules, and asses*, a ceremony which takes place annually at Rome (if we remember right on the feast of St. Anthony), and which many of our countrymen have seen. We confess we had not patience to go and see such gross absurdities practised. Bishop Berkeley, in a MS. account of his second tour in 1717, mentions having seen the ceremony on Jan. 17, O.S. It is performed in the Piazza of S. Maria Maggiore. The people come from far and near. They pay a small sum and a wax taper. Bishop Berkeley mentions, that he saw some of the country people who had not money pay in fruit. We mention this the more, because we know that English Catholics often deny that this blessing takes place. Some of them little know what is done at Rome. We remember one of them telling us, after having been at St. John Lateran, and seen the wonders there, that the fables he had heard "made his hair stand on end."

says, "We beseech thee, Oh Lord! who hast commanded Moses to make silver trumpets, that this machine may be consecrated by the Holy Ghost, so that all the snares of the evil one, hail and tempest may be driven away, &c.!"* Next he washes away the cross made with oil, and says, "The voice of the Lord is over the waters," which is repeated by the choir. Then after certain psalms he makes seven crosses outside with holy oil, and four inside with chrism, consecrates the bell to the honour of some Saint, in the name of, &c. Then comes another prayer to the same purpose as before, then an incensing of the bell, and sundry evolutions with the head gear, psalms, antiphony, a gospel, &c. and the whole is concluded with the bishop's kissing the gospel and returning as he came. This ceremony is called baptising the bell, and formerly† says the author, there were sponsors, who held the rope in their hands, answered any questions put to them, and were asked the name of the bell as in the baptism of children, to which the whole ceremony was analogous. We are so tired of this wretched nonsense that we must pass over the forms for blessing holy oil

* There are, we presume, different forms in different rituals; for in another that we have seen, the bishop, while anointing and crossing the bell, prays God will send his Holy Spirit, that the bell may become sanctified for the repelling of all the power, snares, and illusions of the devil, for the souls of the dead, and especially for the averuncation of storms, thunder, and tempests! This, as an old writer says, is precisely the same notion as the ancients had with respect to their trumpets, as we see from Ovid:—

Temesaeque concrepat æra
Et rogat ut tectis exeat umbra suis.

And again, in Tibullus, l. 8.—

Cantus et e curru Lunam deducere tentat,
Et faceret si non Æra repulsa sonent.

† We should be sorry to calumniate any person, more especially any Royal person, but we have strange misgivings that their Royal Highnesses the Duchesses of Angoulême and Berri have been god-mothers to sundry bells since the return of the Bourbons to France; most assuredly in 1782 the King and Queen of France were so. The book before us shews that the ceremony is still practised, for it appears that the chaplain of a Bavarian bishop, who has lately gone through the ceremony, has written in the *Allgemeine Kirchen-Zeitung*, to shew that his master did not really mean to christen the bell! Charlemagne forbade the christening of bells in 789. See *Capitular. Aquisgran.* iii. c. 18.; or *Durantis de Rit. Eccl.* i. 22, 2. Cardinal Boza endeavoured to show that the ceremony was not intended as a real christening; nor can any one suppose that they who invented this impious formulary, could either be blasphemous or absurd enough to entertain such a thought; but in this as in a thousand other cases, the Church of Rome cannot excuse itself for doing what is likely to mislead, and then taking no pains to prevent the people from being misled, nay rather encouraging (by her functionaries,) the most absurd errors. The practice is complained of in the *Centum Gravamina*, No. 51. See *Fascic. Rer. Expet.* tom. 1, p. 366, quoted by Bingham. Who introduced it is not very clear. It is commonly attributed to Pope John XIII, A. D. 968. See the *Weekly Pacquet or Advice from Rome*, for April 8, 1681, (a book in which, in spite of its violence and vulgarity, there is more information than in most works which have since appeared,) and Brand's edition of the *Antiquitates Vulgares*. But there is reason to believe that the practice was earlier than the time here mentioned.

and chrisam, though the latter is an especial piece of mummery, nor can we enter into the details on the forms for the minor orders or the exorcising of those possessed by devils. But the following is too precious a morceau to be neglected. Dr. Slop's form of excommunication, is the only parallel to the latter part of it. It occurs in the exorcism of the devils in the air, and all the bad weather they send.

Oh! God, who hast enabled St. Bridget to vanquish her enemies, grant to us thy servants that through her intercession and merits we may be freed from all the mischiefs of tempest, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The Father uncreate +, the Son uncreate +, the Holy Ghost uncreate +, holy, holy, holy +. See the cross + of the Lord. Fly ye hostile parties. The Lion of the tribe of Juda, the root of David hath conquered. Hallelujah +, hallelujah +, hallelujah +. Lord Jesus Christ deign to bless all the people I see before me, through the power of the Holy Ghost, and the prayers of St. Bridget, and all male and female saints. Amen. In the name of Christ. Amen +. Emmanuel +, Parakletus +, Sabaoth +, Ischyros +, Athanatos +. In the name of the Father +, Son +, and Holy Ghost +.

Then the priest turns to the people, signs the sign of the cross, and says,

"Circundet te nubes Deus Pater +, circundet te nubes Deus Filius +, circundet te nubes Deus Spiritus Sanctus +. Destruat te Deus Pater +, destruat te Deus Filius +, destruat te Deus Spiritus Sanctus. Comprimat te Deus Pater +, &c. Benedicat * te Deus Pater +, &c. Dividat te Deus Pater, &c. Annihilet te Deus Pater, &c. In nomine Patris +, et Filii, + et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Destroy, divide, annihilate, &c. &c. ! There is something no doubt, as Mr. Shandy said, of *hardness* in this style, and, as in Michael Angelo, a want of grace, but then there is such a greatness of *gusto* !

Well, and with good reason, does the author deplore the effect of such practices and doctrines. What can be expected from people who are taught that they are in the power of the devils, and who ascribe all their vices to the devil's agency. The good Roman Catholic supposes that the devil is always standing on the left hand, and trying to trick the guardian angel on the right, and to lead him into every vice. Thus he palliates his crimes, and considers himself as a mere instrument for the devil to try his power. To accuse the common Roman Catholic of superstition is absurd, when the priest is perpetually teaching him the very grossest. It is absurd to say that *the Church* does not teach this. No doubt

* We confess we are at a total loss as to the meaning of this clause. Is it a misprint for maledicat? or do we mistake the whole meaning of the formula? or has it no meaning at all?

the true Catholic Church does not. But the Church Governors, who allow and encourage all this, are fully and entirely answerable for all the evil done. Is it not notorious, that the priests have dealt in amulets, Agnus Dei's,* holy powder, &c. &c.? Is it not notorious, that these things have been permitted by the rulers of the Church; and have they not, then, to answer for all the superstitions, all the errors, all the crimes of the people, whom they thus deceive and mislead?†

The author concludes what he has to say on the liturgy, by mentioning some curious facts. Many priests in Silesia have introduced changes into the service, and even, in some cases, used the German language. Orders have come from the cathedral against this change, and the name of Heterodox is liberally bestowed on its authors. But these cathedral orders are not observed, even in Breslau. And in many parishes the priests have a written ritual of their own, and have laid aside every thing but the Latin mass. The *Asperges* is in many places given up. The sprinkling with holy water is also often abandoned. The benediction is given in German; and, during the service, German hymns are sung. The evening service and administration of the sacraments are, by many priests, changed both in form and language.

We come next to a very curious and interesting subject, that

* Of all the impious mummary belonging to benedictions, the benediction of the Agnus Dei, by the Pope himself, is the grossest. The author before us does not notice it. It is to be found in the Sacred Ceremonies, i. 8. First, water is consecrated; balsam and chrisam being severally poured into it crosswise, and three crosses made each time. Then a prayer to God, that he who sent a ram to Abraham, and made Moses sacrifice lambs without blemish, as types of Christ, will bless these waxen figures, marked with the form of a lamb, so that they may lay thunder, storm, and tempest, and drive away evil spirits. Then two other charms of the same sort. Then the pope baptizes the Agnus Dei's, the prelates carry them in silver basins to be dried. Then there are two more charms, with five crosses each, to enable them to help women in labour, and keep men from all mischief of the devils, and the whole is finished. The pope only makes these the first year of his papacy, and every seventh year afterwards. If the reader has not had enough, let him take a missal, and see the wonderful evolutions and manœuvres gone through in blessing the wax candles, incense, baptismal font, &c. &c. on Easter eve.

† We would beseech good Catholics, who tell us that the superstitions of which Protestants complain are not taught by the Church, to tell us how they explain what thousands of Protestants have seen at Rome. There, under the very eye of the pope, it is folly to argue that any thing would be allowed in the churches which is not approved by him. What, then, can be said of the practices, for example, in the Augustinian church? A few years ago, an image of the Madonna spoke to the sexton, and complained of being in an obscure corner of the church! The tale soon spread; and devotees, without number, came to worship, to beg for cures of disease, and to make the most costly offerings. We did not see the very first fervour of devotion, when, as we learned from others who did, the image was almost besieged; but we saw enough to pain, and grieve, and disgust us, still going on in 1825. If some other folly has now started, and the Madonna of the Augustinians is forgotten, the curious may recognise her by the costly pearl necklace offered to her, we believe, by Princess Chigi. She stands on the left as you go in at the door nearest the Angelica Library.

of pilgrimages to some favourite shrine. The Virgin has many of these in Silesia, as at Oswitz, Wartha, Albendorf, Hochkirch, &c. &c. Then come St. Bartholomew, St. Hedwig at Trebniss, St. Roc, &c. The priests encourage these pilgrimages, and accompany them. There are four public ones from Breslau every year; and, this year, a fifth was made to Oswitz, (half a German mile from Breslau), where the proprietor, a rich Protestant bookseller, has made very pretty walks, new built the chapel, and new dressed the Virgin; all which, no doubt, will well answer his purpose. The pilgrims assemble in a given church; after service they set forth, with trumpets, the cross, banners, &c. A priest, paid by the cathedral, goes with them in a carriage, in which he has also his landlady, "that she may also see a little of the world, and discharge her religious duties."* The whole priesthood go out a little way from the town; and, in like manner, the clergy of the place to which they are going, come out in full dress to meet them. Then the leader exhorts the pilgrims not to regard the jokes passed on them, but to suffer for the sake of their religion, &c. Upper Silesia is most famous for these pilgrimages. At G——z, in the procession to the Annaberg, the first carriage has an image of the Virgin and of Christ; the second has the priest and his chaplain, or his landlady; then come the pilgrims. The reasonable Catholic turns from the window, while this scene is passing, with disgust.

In good truth, who gains by these processions but the priests? They have a pleasant excursion; are well received by their friends; every evening they levy heavy contributions on the pilgrims for masses the next day; and at the place of destination they get still more, in payment for masses. As they receive money for many more masses than they can say, when they have a little conscience, and wish the masses said, they oblige some poor

* These words are printed very significantly in large letters, whether with an allusion to some local history unknown to us, or from a design to convey an insinuation of profligate practices on these occasions, we know not. But, unless the pilgrims are much belied, in the south of Germany such practices are the regular order of the day. In the great procession from Vienna to Marienzell, the numbers who go are enormous; and they must all, men, women, and children, sleep together where they can. The consequences may be imagined. (To give some idea of the numbers who go to Marienzell on the great occasion every year, the prior, or superior of the religious establishment there, told a friend of ours, from whom we heard it in August, 1824, that in the first two days of the solemnity last preceding, 16,000 had received the communion. Coxe mentions that about 100,000 go to Einsiedlin in the course of the year.) The author testifies to the same fact, as to Silesia, and declares that no idea of the licentiousness and profligacy of these pilgrimages can be formed by those who have not been present at them. The *Allg. Lit. Zeitung*, for August, mentions that the number of pilgrims, to the various places in the county of Glatz, is such that, every year, several loads of copper coin (paid in offerings and for masses) are sent to Breslau to be changed.

brother priest, who lives in *partibus infidelium*, (i. e. among Protestants, who do not part with their money so freely), with a few of these masses, he allowing them discount!

To be sure they do not get this for nothing; for, as the author says, it is doubtless hard work to sit for six hours together hearing confessions: but for this they can get deputies, and deputies' deputies; and any blockhead answers for this purpose. Nor are they without refreshment altogether; for, after their work is over, they take good care of themselves; carouse *ad mortem poculi*, and laugh at the expense of the people.*

Now, doubtless, the Church teaches no superstition as to images, nay, councils and prelates condemn it, but the Church allows it daily. A miracle is reported† of an image, and then a pilgrimage takes place to it: and this, instead of being exposed and forbidden, is allowed and encouraged. In the diocese of Breslau, this is so entirely the case, that not the slightest attempt is made to undeceive the people, but new places of pilgrimage are pointed out to them.‡ What are the consequences? Not only is there gross profligacy practised in the pilgrimages; but the people are taught to put faith in the virtue of particular images, and particular places. They fall on their knees before these images, show every sign of veneration to them, approach them with fear and trembling, consider them as alive, apply to them in sickness, and thank them for their cure. They hang up

* At Czenstochowa, where there is a dirty image of the Madonna, a foreign priest, who says mass, must pay one thaler and ten silver groschen. The monks there can absolve right well, says our author; for they have papal license so to do; and they can drink right well also.

† One image cries, another's beard grows, &c. &c. Three or four years ago, at a church in Friuli, the lily in the hand of the Virgin, or St. Catherine, or St. Somebody else, budded. The consequence was a crowd of pilgrims and plenty of money to the priests. The Austrians did rather an amusing thing about it: they let this go on till the treasury was pretty rich; then came an order, "de par l'Empereur," to put an end to this foolery, and not to gull the people any more. But his imperial majesty, as the story goes, (we do not vouch for it), was not only so good as to take care of his people, but of their money too, which he was graciously pleased to put into his own imperial pocket. The author makes one observation, which has, we doubt not, occurred to most travellers; that the dirtiest, ugliest and most misshapen images are always chosen as miracle-workers. The Jesuits were very eager to encourage this trickery, as may be seen in Agricola, or Allgem. Gesch. d. Jesuiten, vol. ii. p. 174—177.

‡ It is somewhat curious that the author does not notice the express direction in the Concordat between the spiritual and temporal estates of Germany in 1530, that the German bishops shall not easily allow of any new places of pilgrimage. See Wolf's Allgem. Gesch. d. Jesuiten, vol. ii. p. 173. Wolf there quotes the words of the synod of Mentz, in 1549, (which are referred to in the work before us), directing the ordinary to take away or change any image, to which they saw the people pay respect, "et quasi quamdam divinitatis opinionem tribuere." (This was the plan pursued by Palli, in the case of a miraculous image at Prato.—See Ricci's Life, tome ii. p. 18—21.) Why has the Roman Catholic Church not uniformly pursued the honest course recommended by these authorities?

offerings, and undertake the most ridiculous penances. For instance, on the Annaberg, multitudes may be seen lying on the ground with feet and arms stretched out; others standing up with their arms stretched out; others on one foot, &c. &c. At Wartha, all who go the first time must, as soon as they see the church, throw themselves on the ground, as by so doing they can save some poor soul from purgatory. Then there is a picture or image to be kissed or touched by the cheek; and the author states, from experience, the dreadful alarm felt by the lower orders at this ceremony, because the story is, that the image turns itself away from those still burthened with their sins. They believe, too, among other absurdities, that parties who vowed to come here, and did not fulfil their engagements, return after death to this place as toads! The poor creatures buy quantities of prayers, hymns, rosaries, &c. to take home with them; and the priests drive the most shameful trade in these articles, and thus extract the last penny from the purses of the poor.

Nor is this all. The sodalities or religious associations are another means of imposing on the simplicity of the people, and substituting mere mechanism and repetition of the rosary, &c. for real and vital religion. The very last year, the preacher in a church at Breslau (the incumbent having been a professor of divinity,) said, in the pulpit, that the scapulary (and the sodality of the scapulary is among the crack ones,) was, according to a pious tradition, brought by the Virgin from heaven.* The bishop is president of one of these sodalities; and when he protects them, and such absurdities are preached within sound of his cathedral bell, what can be expected in the remoter parts of the diocese?

Then, again, every encouragement is given to the people to run over the country after the festivals of patron saints of churches, &c. &c. The priest gives them notice eight days before, and at the appointed time sets off himself with his chaplains. In some parishes the author has known the church left by the priest six times in a year, to the neglect of that wholesome instruction which it is his especial business to give, and in defiance of all church regulations.† The preacher, at the place of

* It was given by her to one Simon Stock, a general of the Carmelites, with a promise that whoever died with a scapulary on should be saved. The author refers to Raynaud's *Scapulare Partheno-Carmeliticum illustratum et defensum*, Colon. 1658, or in the seventh volume of his works, p. 241—304, (Lugd. 1665), and to Launoy's *Dissertatio de Sim. Stochii viso, de Sabbatinsæ bullæ privilegio et de Scapularis Carmelitarum Sodalitate*, in Launoy's works, (Colon. Allob. 1731), vol. ii. part ii. p. 379 and following. These scapularies are still consecrated at Breslau, and sold at the door.

† Ricci took great pains to reform this abuse in his diocese, to the great discontent alike of priests and people. See his *Life*, tome ii. p. 3.

meeting, extols the saint whose festival they are keeping beyond all bounds.

And the mischief is still worse in the case of the meetings for confessions. The people come to confess by hundreds. Their confessions can hardly be *heard*; much less can any thing be *done* to enforce on them the necessity of real repentance and amendment. The author says, he has often been present when the boards have cracked with the weight of the numbers of penitents. Then every one will come first, and nothing can be done with them, unless, as in Poland, the confessor cudgels them well. Some of these confessors get on as fast as possible, and absolve right and left, to the great delight of the priest of the parish, who wishes business to be got through. The people know these confessors well enough, and therefore, not having been better taught, when they wish to confess, chuse one of them on a very full and busy day, as they are quite sure he will gravely listen to any folly, say nothing, but order them to repeat some *Pater Nosters* and *Aves* for a penance. These older confessors always laugh at the young priests, who take pains, and tell them that "new brooms sweep clean," &c. Some of them never *hear* the confessions, but hum a tune all the time, make crosses right and left, and absolve two or three penitents together. The carelessness as to these matters on the part of the priests, and the false notions on the part of the people, who consider the gaining of absolution as the only point to be kept in view, it is not possible, says the author, to describe, nor to know whether you should feel more indignation against the priests or pity for the people. But there is no remedy, except getting rid of these meetings, where it is impossible, from the crowds that attend, that the serious business of confession can be properly attended to, and where the same evils prevail as we have already hinted at under the head of pilgrimages. After the confessions are over, the people go to the pot-houses, drink till evening, and then are guilty of immoralities, for which they trust to get absolution at the next meeting. The priests, too, go to a good dinner: one, perhaps, creeps into the church to evening service, and then returns to sit long and drink deep with his brethren.

The work is concluded with a very sensible and excellent chapter on the invocation of saints, and some general remarks. The author says, with great truth, that in proportion as the devotion to saints increases, devotion to God decreases, and, that with the lower Roman Catholics, God is nothing, the devil and the saints every thing. Every misfortune is directly or indirectly laid at the door of the devil. For every good to be gained, every evil to be warded off, the Catholic runs to the altar of some

saint, and pays for a mass being said. In a fever, it is St. Petronilla; in a pain in the neck, St. Blasius; for bad eyes, St. Lucia; in the tooth-ache, St. Apollonia; in the stone, St. Liborius. Then, St. Wendelin keeps the sheep from harm; St. Gallus takes care of the geese; St. Leonhard of the horses; and St. Eulogius of the pigs!!

What must be the effect of all this? What ideas can the poor ignorant Catholic have of that Good and Gracious Being who created and redeemed him, and whose loving kindness is over all his works, when, in his distress, he directs no prayers to Him, and has no hope of succour from Him, except through the intercession of some saint? Can he believe that God *loves* his earthly children?*. Again, where are those feelings of adoration of his providence in all the changes and chances of life which become the mortal? Where the patience, under his afflicting hand, which becomes the Christian? The more enlightened Catholic will always reply that invocation of the saints is not *necessary*; but we agree with the author that, as the council of Trent declares it to be *useful*, and as the Christian is bound to use *every* means profitable to increase his piety, this distinction is a very absurd one; and when we look to the directory, and see that by church authority almost every day is dedicated to some saint, what can be farther replied to our belief that the Church at least thinks it necessary?

An appendix to the work contains a short memoir by another priest on the same subject as the work before us, and is so far valuable, as it shows how entirely different persons agree in their views as to the present miserable state of the Roman-Catholic Church.

We have given these copious extracts from the work; we will now say a few words of the author. That he is a man of great reading and diligence,† no one who looks at his work can doubt;

* The feeling of these poor people will be illustrated by the following anecdote, for which we believe we can vouch. A friend of ours, long resident in the south of Italy, was in the habit of talking to a very devout old woman in the neighbourhood. One day the old lady, in the course of conversation, said that there was but one thing she wanted to be perfectly happy. On being asked what this one requisite for the *vita beata* was, she said, "If the Virgin could but be made God—for he was so severe—but the Virgin was always kind, and gentle, and compassionate!"

† We have no hesitation in recommending a translation of his book into English, for it is a most convenient summary of all the corruptions of church discipline of Rome, as to the celibacy of the clergy, the use of the Latin tongue, &c. &c. It contains a vast quantity of information; and what is more, it refers to a vast number of books which *ought* to be known, but which we will venture to say, not ten English readers ever heard of. We mean books (to take a single example) relative to the various changes in Austria, as to Catholicism, and the many curious and valuable papers collected and published on that subject—the changes in other countries of Germany, and the writings of Catholics themselves on this important subject. We English live

that he is animated with a sincere indignation against the absurdities of the Romish Church, and by an earnest desire to see a better state of things in it, is equally clear. But in our opinion, he is very little calculated for a practical reformer. His principle is simply "This is wrong, and therefore destroy, extirpate, extinguish. If you can get rid of it by fair means, well; if not, use any means within your grasp." And he seems actually to believe, that there is some chance of his desperate measures being carried into effect. For not only has he given us a sketch of what alterations might be proposed with advantage in certain departments, but his vivid fancy imagines the carpenters and masons already busy in pulling down the altars, and erecting a new one in a different part of every church,* and he gives directions how it should be done! His modest propositions are these. Alter the seminary, destroy the foundation for masses, change all the internal regulations as to the maintenance of the labouring priests, and the provision for the aged and infirm ones, have a new system of visitations and pastoral conferences, get rid of the Latin language, alter the mass-book, send the saints packing with all their relics, abolish the breviary, take away the priests' dresses and the bishops' fortunes, put an end to the trumpery about indulgences, and the merits of the saints, and above all set the Pope at defiance. If the bishops will not do this, go to the state; the state can interfere, and ought to do so.

And all this is to be accomplished by a sort of hocus pocus, heigh! presto! be gone! before a man can count a hundred, with a people, as he tells us, sunk in the lowest superstition, and with a priesthood of which a very large portion, according to his account, is infamously profligate, and the majority shamefully ignorant. In another age we might wonder at his supposing that all he wishes, desirable as it is, can be so accomplished. In another age we might ask him how the people and the priests

far too much in a world of our own—we have too high ideas of the importance of every thing done in England, and are too apt to undervalue the proceedings of other countries. It need not be said, that we know almost nothing of the literature of other countries. A few poets, historians, and scientific writers, come over to us—but of the mass of writings on the great and important subjects of religion, reformation, and of change in opinions on the continent, we absolutely know nothing, however offensive the assertion may be to the reading public, who are persuaded they know every thing. Let any person go to the British Museum, the national library of this great nation, and see what foreign works, published within the last thirty years, he can find there. We are assured that Parliament, in its wisdom, allows barely enough to continue such works as are begun. To blame booksellers for not importing more largely is quite absurd. They would only be too happy to have a larger demand.

* We allude to his wish to return to the primitive state, when there was only one altar in each church. Ricci introduced this alteration into a church assigned him by the Grand Duke, and mentions that Alberti, the architect, recommends this, but that the passage was suppressed in the Roman edition of his works.

in Tuscany received Ricci's far more judicious attempt at reform; but in the present day we feel no surprise, because there is a prevalent belief, that constitutions can be fitted to the body politic as easily as a coat to the body natural. There is in short the belief of the Jacobins in France, that a fine theory is every thing; and that poor human nature, with its wants and habits and wishes, is nothing, but must bend at once before the wind.

Nor is this our only ground of objection to him. His perpetual desire of calling in the king and state to cut every knot, is to us (and how much more will it be to every Roman Catholic) entirely objectionable. He maintains, that all the best Roman Catholic jurists allow the right of these parties to interfere. Into that part of the question we cannot now enter; but we must say, that whether Protestants or Catholics, we should view any but necessary interference in church discipline on the part of the state with great jealousy. Prince Metternich and Monsieur de Villele may be great statesmen, but we should not probably find much to admire in their reformation of the breviary; nor should we be particularly ready to trust any First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chancellor, or Home Secretary, with the improvement of our Communion service. The liturgy drawn up by the aide-de-camp of the excellent and well-intentioned King of Prussia, is not a favourable specimen of the performance of the laity. This is a subject to which "*Ne sutor*" is particularly applicable. The case is different as to *indirect* interference, that is to say, as to calling on the proper ecclesiastical officers to introduce such changes as are alike required by religion, by reason, and by the people themselves. This is the only way, we apprehend, which can be resorted to with advantage either to the church or the people. But "*manum de tabula.*"

We go on to make another remark on the author, and other German Catholics, who, like him, are anxious for reform. As good Protestants we must wish them success, while their endeavours do not carry them too far. But they are in a dangerous neighbourhood; and the propensity of human nature to pass from one extreme to another, is but too likely to lead them to a very undeserved admiration of the liberal Protestants of Germany. We earnestly hope for their own sake, and for the sake of the cause they have in hand, that they will be on their guard—that they will "*keep the faith*"—that they will be Christians in more than name—and that they will not draw the people from the depths of superstition to plunge them into the yet fouler abyss of infidelity.

It may not be without interest to the reader, if we mention some facts with respect to this change of feelings among the

Roman Catholics in Germany. We do not pretend to give any thing like a "List of Conversions," nor even such a history of "the Progress of the Reformation," as adorns the columns of the Morning Herald, or the Morning Post. Much we have reason to believe is going on silently and peaceably. Many things have come to our knowledge of which we have now no trace, and to which, in the dearth of foreign publications in England, we have no means of referring. But what is at hand we give, and it is full of interest.

First, then, we would beg to mention, as we learn from the Allg. Lit. Zeit. for August of this year, that a petition has been presented to the Prince Bishop of Breslau, by certain clergy of his diocese, praying for a reform of the missal, the use of the German language, and a proper hymn-book for the people; and praying, also, that the bishop will issue a commission to inquire into the state of the liturgy, to the members of which the petitioners will submit their liturgical labours. This has been printed, *it is said*, without their knowledge (in Hanover), under the title, "Erster Sieg des Lichts über die Finsterniss in der Katholische Kirche Schlesiens." The bishop in reply, sent a pastoral letter (dated Jan. 18, 1827), in which he speaks with some asperity of the book we have been reviewing, and says, he trusts most of his clergy are elevated *above* the censures it contains. He then, adverting to the petition, complains of the absurdity of asking him for reforms which he has not the power to make; and notices how falsely the petitioners pretend to accost him with respect, when he can prove, that they were trying to get signatures to the petition all over the diocese; and that in fourteen days after it was sent to him, it was publicly avowed, that copies of it were sent to Hanover to be printed. He then mentions, that a hymn-book is in preparation, but that as there are many good ones in use, the need for it is not pressing; that his attention is turned to the diocesan ritual, and that it is not in his power to introduce the German language. He finishes by exhorting the clergy not to listen to these disturbers, by speaking with disapprobation of all changes made by individuals in the service, and by threatening those who persist in them with ecclesiastical punishment. The bishop's circular has been pretty severely handled in a book called "Merkwürdiges umlaufschreiben des Fürstbischofs von Breslau, &c." printed at Hanover; especially his expression, "that the clergy of the diocese held themselves above the censures of the work on the Silesian Church." The writer says, he presumes that a mere adherence to existing rules of conduct in the clergy, in contempt of the censures cast on them, is so highly prized by the bishop, that it atones for all faults and vices. Thus for ex-

ample, the priest who is mentioned in the book on Silesia, as having gone on a pilgrimage from Breslau with his cook, and who has done so since, not troubling himself about what is said, must, of course, be one of the clergy praised by the bishop.

As to the existence of many excellent hymn books, no doubt, says this Reply, there are such,—and yet, close to Breslau, the people sing the wretched stuff they buy at the places of pilgrimage.* If the bishop values unity† so highly, why does he not secure it on so important a point. With respect to the reform of the ritual, on which the bishop professes to be labouring, this is the first time it has been heard of even in Breslau. But if this be true, why blame the petitioners? still more, why punish them? as it is reported has been done in the case of the arch-priest Gálge at Wartha, who has been deprived of his office, and would have been still worse treated had he not been protected by a higher power, (*query* the King of Prussia). Why all this, when the bishop must know that not only the petitioners, but *very many* clergy besides, have altered the service for the good of their flocks? When he allows the need of a reform, does he really mean by this threat of punishment to drive them back to their old and evil line of church services? Again, what is to be hoped from such a course? Does the bishop remember what happened in Bohemia after the burning of Huss and Jerome of Prague, and in France after the revolution? Did not the people renounce their religion? Could that have happened, if the service had had any hold on their hearts? Should any evil spirit get possession of the people of Silesia, might not the same effects be apprehended, when it appears by a late work, that in Upper Silesia the priests never study, but only farm, ride, and hunt, are most exorbitant about their fees, never read beyond the Breslau Gazette, nay that many of them cannot read or write German, but only Polish and bad Latin, and that the people are so unruly in church that they can only be kept in order by whips or ox-goads, and at confession are treated with boxes on the ear and cudgels!

We may next notice the various conversions of Roman Catholic priests, which have taken place, and are taking place daily in Germany. Let not our readers be alarmed,—they have heard enough of the conversion of Mr. Henhofer and half the people at Mühlhausen, with the Seigneur of the parish, and we will not say a word about it. But we may mention that a priest

* The reader is doubtless aware that the use of German hymns is allowed in the Roman Catholic Church in Germany; we believe all through that country, at least we have heard them both in the east and west.

† The author of the work we have been reviewing mentions (p. 155) a variety of hymn books, compiled or written by Silesian priests, and introduced into their churches.

named Gössner, at Munich, published a sermon, called "Primitive Catholicism," which has we believe gone through several editions, and has been published in French, first at Colmar in 1821, and again last year at Paris. It is well adapted, as being written by a Catholic priest, to point out to Catholics the corruptions of their religion.

Then a certain Dr. Klotz* who was a priest at Neuheider, in the diocese of Augsburg, has abjured Catholicism, published his reasons for so doing, and declares that he did not take this serious step without many years consideration and study of scripture.

Again, in 1825 there was published at Paris, a book called "Notice sur la Confession de Foi d'Ignace Lindt, Ex-curé Catholique en Baviere," and another "Notice sur la Conversion de Martin Boos, Ex-curé Catholique, avec une partie de son troupeau."

At a place called Tiefenbron, which is about a league from Mühlhausen, there has been a curious specimen of the way in which Protestantism is working. Some of the inhabitants presented a demand to the priest to be allowed to receive the communion in both kinds, declaring that unless their request was granted, they would separate from the Roman Catholic church.

A few years back, as far as we can ascertain about the year 1806 or 1807, a priest named Koch, in Bavaria, under the authority of the Archbishop of Munich, collected signatures among the German clergy, to a petition for the abolition of celibacy,—of course it did not succeed. Mr. Koch (who was named by the Duke of Nassau a member of the commission of superintendence of the Roman Catholic religion in Germany, sitting at Frankfort,) has since renounced his profession, and was married by the protestant pastor at Wiesbaden.

The new Archbishop of Munich (Gebsüttel,) published about the end of 1821, a pastoral letter, in which he states that in order to re-establish religious principles, and to bring back faith and piety among the laity, a *reform* must take place among the clergy.

Wessenberg, the vicar-general of the diocese of Constance,

* While we are writing this, the Hamburg paper mentions, that a priest named Fischer, professor in the Gymnasium at Landshut, has become a protestant, and that the King of Bavaria with great generosity has appointed him to a professorship in one of the protestant universities. We should hardly have noticed this but for an amusing specimen it affords, as to the singular learning of one of those admirable Crichtons of modern days, the editors of Newspapers, who are pronounced by themselves at least qualified to write "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis?" The Crichton of a morning paper, who had never heard of a Gymnasium in his life, concluded that it must be a misprint, and metamorphosed (oh! ye Gods,) Mr. Fischer into a professor of *Gymnastics*! But Crichton reasoned upon it, for he could not comprehend how a priest could teach *Gymnastics*, and so he left out that part of his description!

about the same time began, in saying mass, to read the gospel in German.

At Warsaw, we learn* that a mass is actually said in Polish in the church of the Canonesses of St. Andrew.

To these facts must be added the extraordinary number of publications by German Catholics, recommending alterations and reforms in the Catholic church.

One priest has published at Breslau a work called "The Bible not for Priests but for Kings and People." It is an 8vo. of 216 pages, which was sold by Messrs. Treuttel and Würtz, at Paris, in 1821 or 1822.

Another incumbent in Bavaria, and a Royal Inspector of Schools to boot, published at Landshut in 1810, a work with this pleasing title to Roman Catholic ears: "The public services of Catholic Christians were originally, and ought again to become, quite different from what they are." We would beg to recommend to the reader's attention, all the Ordinances and Papers of Wessenberg, and the very remarkable controversy to which they gave rise, especially the writings of Huber, and among them his "Vollständige Beleuchtung der Denkschriften über das Verfahren des Römischen Hofes bei der Ernennung des General-Vicars Freiherrn von Wessenberg zum Nachfolger in Bischoffthum Konstanz," published at Rotweil, in 1819; we are almost inclined on some future occasion to give a short sketch of the very interesting history of Wessenberg and his reforms.

On the subject of celibacy also, many works have appeared, and on this subject, as on the last, Huber has been prominent. But on the reformation of the liturgy, there are works without number. We would refer to one by a prebendary of Würzburg, Oberthür, published last year under the title 'Meine Ansichten von der Bestimmung des Dom Capitels und von dem Gottesdienste der Cathedral-Kirchen;' to others by Werkmeister, called 'Beiträge zur Verbesserung der Kath. Liturgie in Deutschland, Ulm 1789;' and by Winter, called 'Versuche zur

* See the Archives du Christianisme, for Feb. 1822, p. 77, a work which belongs to the French Protestants, and has some very able contributors, and occasionally some very canting ones. It is in strict alliance with the English dissenters; but we regret to observe that it is often marked by a most unchristian spirit against the Church of England. Surely foreign Protestants need know nothing of parties in England. We must say the same of the Revue Protestante, even more strongly. As a specimen, our readers will perhaps hardly believe that the Editor took the trouble (in Sept. 1826,) to give one of the annual farragos delivered at the meeting of the Society for the defence of Religious Liberty, and assures his readers that it clearly shows that there is the same persecution carried on by the Church of England against true Christianity, as by the Catholics; whence he sagely infers that Presbyterianism is the only form free from the stain of persecution. We wonder that the ghost of Calvin did not pull his ears in anger, and remind him of the burning of Servetus.

Beisserung der Katholischen Liturgie,' published at Landsbut in 1814; and Pracher's 'Neue Liturgie' with Hirscher's 'Missæ genuinæ notationem eruere tentavit Dr. Hirscher,' Tübingen, 1821. Then come books by Werkmeister, Huber, Pracher, and a shoal of others, on the Catechism; Dereser's 'German Breviary;' and numberless works on the use of the mother tongue, as for example, 'Sendschreiber an den Verf. der Schrift;' 'Über den Entwurf eines neuen Katholischen Rituals, von Beda Pracher,' Ulm, 1807; and Winter's 'Liturgie was sie sein soll,' Munich, 1809. But we are tired of transcribing titles; and what we have produced will be enough to show the spirit which is awakened in Germany. What are the views of the supporters of the Papal See with respect to this spirit, whether they hope to stifle it, or whether they think it may be passed over with contempt, we know not; but in either case we cannot doubt that they err most egregiously. It is obviously yet only in its infancy, but it is a growing and thriving child, and he who casts his eye over the catalogues of every succeeding year, and observes the increase of works by Catholics on the subject of reform, will feel quite confident that ere long the bantling will, unless its nurses interfere and do mischief, feel itself strong enough to throw off its mother's leading-strings, and read her a lesson of a nature not likely to prove pleasant to her feelings. Again then we say to the reforming Catholics, beware of liberal Protestants and of their spirit. Your cause will prosper of itself; it has religion and sense for it, and it rests with you whether it shall succeed or not. If you connect yourselves with those destitute of Christianity, you will furnish your adversaries with a just and an unanswerable argument. The state of Protestantism in Germany has filled the Roman Catholic church with numerous converts,* and the argument which

* Our readers are doubtless aware of the zeal with which the Roman Catholic church is proselytising in Germany, and the successes it has gained. The Jesuits are now especially active in the work of conversion. The following anecdote is current in Germany at present, and though it is not safe to vouch for any private anecdote, we have reason to believe the account correct. The Duke and Duchess of Anhalt-Cöthen have been lately converted; and they set to work most vigorously on converting the court, which very dutifully yielded to the strong arguments of the sovereign, except one maid of honour, who held most resolutely to her Protestant principles. After some time, a young gentleman arrived from Vienna at Anhalt-Cöthen to make some stay there, and an attachment ensued between him and the young lady in question; but when marriage was spoken of, he declared that as he was a Roman Catholic, he could not in conscience unite himself to a heretic. After many struggles, the unfortunate young woman yielded to love what she had denied to argument. We are informed, however, that her scruples were still so strong, that she fainted both in making her recantation, and at the first procession she was compelled to attend. When all was over, the lover came to congratulate her on her better mind, and to assure her that he had paid his addresses to her for the good of her soul, marriage being out of the question, as he was a priest and a Jesuit, a fact of which he convinced her, by

will bring a Protestant into the bosom of a church, still retaining the forms of a true church, though corrupted in many points, will apply with tenfold force to the unhappy people who are already Roman Catholics, and are persuaded by their reforming priests to quit the shelter of such a church, for the cold and comfortless doctrines of Socinianism, or mere nominal Christianity.

In conclusion, we must draw our readers' attention to one very remarkable part of the history of the Roman Catholic church in the present day, which cannot have escaped their observation altogether, but the details of which are assuredly of high interest; we mean the changes which have been produced by the determined conduct of Austria as to the exercise of church power by the Pope in her territory, and the concessions which the See of Rome has in consequence deemed it advisable to make to other governments, in order to save them from the necessity of following so dangerous an example.

We cannot say that the Papal See here makes a very respectable figure. It has not receded from its unjust pretensions from a sense of right, nor has it honestly renounced them. But it has been compelled virtually to renounce them from fear and necessity. The history of the transactions between the Emperor Joseph II. and the Pope, is a most curious and interesting one. We cannot go into it here, but it will be right to mention, with reference to the work before us, that without any regard to the court of Rome, and without any fear of a rupture with it, Joseph proceeded to get rid entirely of the papal dominion in his empire. Such of our readers as have not leisure or inclination to read Rechenberger's larger treatise on the present Ecclesiastical Law of Austria,* may find sufficient information in Dal Pozzo's smaller work, lately published by Mr. Murray. It will suffice here to say, that the ecclesiastical law of Austria emanates from the *civil* power, and that the whole system of church law, by which the Popes attempted to extend and confirm their authority, is set aside; that the chief doctrines of the present Austrian system are,—that the sovereign has a right of interference—that the Pope is *not* infallible—that the supreme power of the church belongs to the college of bishops, and not to the Pope, who is *subject* to the college, and is in fact, though allowed

taking off a smart wig he wore and showing her the tonsure! If this story be false, the Roman Catholics should contradict it as soon as possible. Their bitterest enemy cannot wish such infamy true.

* There is a most valuable work in four volumes, (called 'Vollständige Sammlung aller Schriften die durch Veranlassen der aller höchsten Kais. Toleranz und Reformations Edicte in Wien erscheinen sind,' Vienna, 1784,) which gives all that can be desired on this subject.

to be *Primate*,* only the chief executive officer of the great council of the church; and, what is most important, *not entitled to interfere in the dioceses of other bishops*. But this deposition of the Popes was not confined to words, for the House of Austria, in good earnest, took away all the privileges of the See of Rome within its dominions, as for example, the *annats*, the alternative of months,† &c.—the establishment of any new feasts or exercises of piety—the jurisdiction of the Nuncios in Austria—the power of exempting convents from episcopal jurisdiction—of collating to benefices—of granting dispensations as to marriages—and of commuting pious foundations. All concessions respecting indulgences must now be submitted to the *Placet Royal*. The emperor appoints all the bishops, except the Archbishop of Olmutz, who is elected, and nominates to several canonries. No excommunication can be pronounced without leave of the civil power, nor any public penance enjoined without permission from the provincial government.

The severe lesson given by Austria on matters of jurisdiction has not been lost. The ecclesiastical law of that country says, that the House of Austria does not condescend to solicit from the Pope rights which never belonged to him; and the Pope, in fear of the same uncivil remark from other quarters, has made haste to resign them. Thus, the convention between Pius VII. and the late king of Bavaria, for the arrangement of ecclesiastical matters, after a new arrangement of the dioceses,‡ chapters, revenues of the bishops, seminaries, &c., states in the 9th article, that his Holiness *gives up for ever to the king the right of naming to the vacant archbishoprics and bishoprics*, and settles that there shall be a *new valuation* of the annats, &c. The pope is to name to one dignity (the *Præpositura*,) in each cathedral; the king to the deaneries; to the king *the pope resigns also*

* His power is defined; he is to be the organ of communication between different parts of the church—to convene and preside at councils (whose decrees, however, do not borrow their authority from his sanction)—to represent the church out of any council, but his decrees may be revoked by the college of bishops—to correct faults of bishops—in indispensable cases to pass *provisional* decrees about points of doctrine—and to make similar decrees to judge bishops and general laws of discipline, subject to be annulled by the general council, and refused by each bishop in particular.

† That is, the right which the Pope claimed of presenting to such benefices as became vacant every alternate mouth.

‡ The dioceses of Bavaria, settled by the convention, are Munich, (an archbishopric, with 20,000 florins,) Bamberg, (also an archbishopric, with 15,000 florins,) Augsburg, Ratisbon, and Herbstadt, (bishoprics, with 10,000 florins each,) Passau, Eichstadt, and Spire, (bishoprics, with 8000 florins each.) The dean at Munich has 4000, at Bamberg, 3500, in the first set of bishoprics, 3000, and in the second 2500 florins a year, and the dignitaries called *præpositi*, who rank between the bishop and dean, have the same as the dean. The canons' incomes vary from 1400 to 2000 florins. These salaries are paid by government.

the nominations in the alternate months; the archbishops and bishops are to give all the benefices in their patronage to persons agreeable to the king; and they are to take an oath of strict fidelity to him, containing a promise that they will hold no communication, and be present at no counsel, &c., which can hurt the public peace. By thus yielding to the storm, the church in Bavaria has retained some privileges which it has lost in Austria. The Bavarian bishops have the right of instituting public prayers, and other pious works, (this, of course, means pilgrimages and festivals,) of holding free communication with Rome on spiritual and ecclesiastical affairs, of punishing clergy according to the decrees of the Council of Trent; and inflicting censures on any transgressors of the ecclesiastical laws and sacred canons.

In the Prussian territories a change in the episcopal seats* has taken place, but, strange to say, it seems to us that the pope, although he has lost much, has retained more there than in countries where the sovereigns are Catholics, and certainly more than he has in Hanover, as will presently appear. The bull of July 24, 1821, provides, that the chapters shall have the right of administering their own affairs—that the pope shall always nomi-

* They are now as follows:—

	No. of Parishes.	Revenue.	Papal Taxation.
Cologne, Metropolitan, with the following suffragans	686	12000 thalers, Prussian, or about 18000 English.	1000 gold florins.
Treves	634	8000	666
Munster	287	8000	666
Paderborn	As at present.	8000	666
Guesna and Posna, united. Metropolitan, with one suffragan, viz.	To be hereafter arranged.	12000	1000
Culm	215	8000	
Breslau, Bishopric, subject only to the pope	621 in Prussia.	12000. This is the government allowance; but other revenues are noticed in the bull, and the book we are reviewing states the revenue at 30,000 thalers, i. e. about 45000 English.	1166
Ermeland	As before, with 5 deaneries taken from Culm.	12000	666

N. B.—Some of these bishoprics have jurisdiction over other parishes out of the Prussian dominions.

nate to the dignity called *Præpositura*, and to the stalls vacant in the alternate months, in all the cathedrals—the bishops having the right of patronage in the other months. The chapters of Cologne, Treves, Breslau, Paderborn, and Munster elect each their bishop by virtue of this bull, which seems to have been previously the case in the other chapters. In all cases the election is to be confirmed by the Holy See, and the civil power, as far as we perceive, has no *veto* whatever. There is to be an episcopal seminary attached to every episcopal seat; and coadjutor-bishops are to be allowed. The revenues of the bishops are to come from taxes on the woods and forests after the present mortgages are paid off on them, which by law is to be the case in 1833. Now in a convention between the pope and the king of the Netherlands, signed June 18, of this year, the pope gives a *veto* on the election of the bishops to the king. The list of candidates is to be presented by the chapters who elect, and the king is to strike out any not acceptable to him.* The pope then confirms if he approves the person, and the election is regular. There is to be a chapter and seminary to each cathedral. The bishops take the same oath as in Bavaria; and the king undertakes in this convention to provide them with sufficient revenues.†

So again, in a bull for Hanover, (of March 24, 1824,) the pope says expressly that the rigour of the sacred canons must be much abated, and much consideration bestowed on times and circumstances.‡ The chapters of the bishoprics are to present a

* The papers have since stated that there is a secret treaty in which it is settled that the chapters shall always elect the person recommended by the king. See the *Courier* of Thursday, Oct. 18, 1817.

† The Sees are, Malines, (archbishopric,) Liege, Namur, Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Amsterdam, and Bois le Duc. The parishes belonging to each are not yet arranged. We wish very much to know more of this convention. There was certainly an archiepiscopal see at Utrecht, but the archbishop of Utrecht and the suffragans showed a disposition to break off their connection with Rome. The reader may find something on this subject in Ricci's *Life*, tom. ii. p. 305, and 346; and it is mentioned in the work before us. We are unable at this moment to gain any information on the actual existence of a Roman Catholic bishopric at Utrecht, or its suppression.

‡ There are only two Sees :

	Parishes.	Revenue.	Papal Taxation.
Hildesheim,	88	4000 thalers, C. U.	756 gold florins.
with 1 Dean		1500	
6 Canons		From 1400—800	
4 Vicars		400 each	
Osnaburg,	88, as nearly as		
the same chapter and	we can reckon.		
revenue.			

In the case of Osnaburg, the arrangement is only prospective, as the government

list of candidates to the king, who, as in the Netherlands, is to strike out any not acceptable to him; then the chapter elects, and the pope confirms, if he approves the choice and the election has been regular; if not, the pope allows a second choice. The bishops must be 33; the dignitaries 30; and both here, and in the other cases we have noticed, it is most creditable to the Catholic church, that there is an express regulation, that no one shall have a stall unless remarkable for his learning, for his zeal as a parish priest, or in assisting the bishop in the affairs of the diocese.*

We would also beg to turn our readers' attention to the proceedings in Saxe Weimar, where the duke has published a law relating to the state of the Roman Catholic religion in his dominions. For this purpose we would refer them to a book by Alexander Müller, called, "*Beiträge zum künftigen Deutsch-Katholischen Kirchenrechte.*"

In Spain, again, as appears from Bourgoing,† the jurisdiction of the pope has suffered very considerably for the last 70 years. By two concordats, one signed in 1753, the other in 1771, it has been arranged that the king shall present to all consistorial benefices, and that the pope shall have a certain limited number of benefices at his disposal. He gives up his old rights of making the persons presented pay a large sum, of disposing of the property of deceased prelates, and the revenues of vacant benefices. The privileges of Nuncios were diminished; strong measures taken as to the reception of papal bulls obnoxious to the government; and arrangements made for compelling the prelates to take an oath of fidelity to the king.

Even at Naples the king claimed the right of nominating to the bishoprics in his dominions; and a kind of compromise was made by a concordat, (in the year 1791, if we are not mistaken,) which gave the pope the right of presenting three candidates for the king's choice. There were other points in dispute; as, for example, the homage of the *haquenée* due from the king of Naples to the Court of Rome, which was refused; and a correspondent of Ricci's‡ mentions that he heard the pope protest against this. It was reported in 1824 and 1825, that the dispute as to this homage was renewed on the election of Leo XII.

cannot yet afford to endow the see. A bishop, in *partibus*, is at present to govern the diocese of Osnaburg, and after his death the Bishop of Hildesheim, who, with the dean, have an increase of revenue till the see is fully constituted.

* These concordats, &c. will be found in an Appendix to Wies's *Jus Ecclesiasticum*, Göttingen, 1826.

† See Bourgoing, vol. i. p. 333, and following, (ed. 1808.)

‡ Life of Ricci, vol. ii. p. 308.

This brief history of some remarkable abridgements of papal jurisdiction will not, we trust, be unacceptable to our readers; and at some future opportunity we may, perhaps, recur to a subject full of interest to the politician, the historian, and the divine. We shall indeed, perhaps, feel ourselves under the necessity of doing so, as we have learned, since this article went to press, that several answers to the book we have been reviewing are announced. If we find that they contain any refutation of the statements we have given on its authority, a sense of what is due to the Roman Catholic party will induce us to lay that refutation before our readers.

ART. XII.—*Ahasver. Trauerspiel, in fünf Aufzügen, von August Klingemann.* Braunschweig, bey G. C. E. Meyer, 1827, 8vo. (*Ahasiuerus. A Tragedy, in five Acts, by Augustus Klingemann.* Brunswick. 1827.)

ON the laws of theatrical composition, much has been already written, especially with reference to disputes between French critics, and the more modern authors of all countries, (France for the last ten years not excepted,) where people began to grow tired of mere servile imitation;—and yet, up to the present day, we know not that the question has been on either side very fairly stated. The Unities, indeed, have been discussed; but there are other and more important points of difference; and this reminds us of the controversy that has often been renewed on the merits of Pope as a poet, for though *he* was no dramatic author, the subject is yet closely analogous to that of which we now treat. From such controversy, however, but little information can be derived; for if either party possessed clear views and principles, these, as if for the argument's sake, seem to have been suppressed. The truth is that the French dramatists, though fettered by national prejudices and pedantic rules, had yet achieved much that was highly commendable. They “had their day,” and were *deservedly* looked up to as praiseworthy models. The error lay with their narrow-minded followers and partizans, who maintained that, as these authors had already attained the *ne plus ultra* of dramatic excellence, any attempt to produce effects more powerful and striking than had been already accomplished, must of necessity turn out vain and abortive. In order to combat this inept conclusion, the *desideratum* was to find writers powerful enough to meet the French worthies on their own ground,—to equal all that had been already achieved, and at the same time, looking on the past only as a commencement or foundation, to prove their command of a far wider intellectual range, and of a

boldness in art to which the servile followers of Racine as a dramatist, or Pope as a poet, could not attain. Let it not be supposed that we mean to under-rate either of these highly eminent poets; but the same emotions which were produced by Racine could also be excited in a tenfold degree by authors who, while they looked on him with all due respect and admiration, were by no means disposed to admit that he had reached the *acmé* of dramatic excellence. Lord Byron might admire Pope as a poet, and exalt him as a model; but we believe not one among the self-styled wisest of the "old school" would venture to assert, that "Childe Harold" is not a more estimable imitation of Spenser, than Pope's verses commencing—

"In every town where Thamis rolls his tyde," &c.

It may be said that this is not a fair comparison, inasmuch as the verses alluded to are but a trifling scrap unworthy of notice; yet the case, by way of illustration, is strictly applicable; for if we were to extol Pope in the style of the French eulogists of Racine, Corneille or Voltaire, we should say, however absurdly, that the works of this poet being in themselves the *summum bonum* of literary excellence, and such being the result of his Spenserian lucubrations, one might indeed choose another subject, and write a greater number of stanzas, but the attempt to produce anything *better* in the same department would be a proof of temerity and folly which could end only in disappointment and disgrace.

Up to the year 1750 or 1760, nothing had been done for German literature in order to spread its reputation through the world, for scarcely any German, since the time of Luther, had by the use of his pen acquired any *wide* influence over the minds of his contemporaries. There had been doubtless many genial and talented poets, in retracing whose history we should find ourselves gradually brought back as far as to the interesting period of the Minnesingers in the 12th and 13th centuries. There were men of industry and learning too, scientific writers, classical scholars and historians, so that the *catalogue raisonné* has a very respectable appearance; but with regard to *belles lettres*, the French school prevailed, and the art of acquiring an influence over the public mind, by means of powerful and *original* compositions for the stage, had been completely misunderstood and neglected. The few dramatic writers worthy of notice had addicted themselves for the most part to comedy, and in this pursuit Moliere afforded them a model in all respects unexceptionable. There was, also, an early translation from the very original and excellent works of Holberg, the Dane; but we forget in what year it was published, and whether it attracted much attention.

All at once, a grand revolution took place, which may be dated from the appearance of Goethe's "Goetz of Berlichingen," in 1773; but though this change was then generally manifested, like a sudden gleam of light thrown over the literary horizon in Germany, it had been in preparation from about the year 1760, when Lessing commenced in good earnest his dramatic labours; and, without being in the slightest degree swayed by national prejudices, we can affirm that this revolution was a direct result from the study of Shakspeare, which, by degrees, brought a new state of feelings home to the bosom of every talented reader. Hence arose the conviction that there were principles in dramatic composition of yet more importance than adherence to the Unities; that the study of "character and circumstance" was inexhaustible, not merely on account of the varieties of human character, but of the modes (to use a metaphor) in which portraits may be painted, and that there were beauties in composition nobler than those of Voltaire, with springs of powerful interest, which to him and his followers were yet wholly unknown. German authors began to perceive clearly, that although the principle of imitation be at first indispensable, and by a very intelligible paradox may be called the foundation of originality; yet this principle, however skilfully applied, may not continue to satisfy an active and powerful mind. Doubtless the same elementary causes by which interest is excited have existed in all ages; but the methods of developing our emotions are numberless; while perfection, that is to say, the power of producing by fictitious representation the full effect of reality, remains, and must ever remain, like a goal in the distance, always wished for, but never attained. Moreover, the German school, (at that time a *nom de guerre* correctly enough applied,) began in some measure to perceive, though yet dimly, that the French partizans, on their narrow system, had closed their eyes, and blunted their senses against many of the most powerful and pleasing impressions of which our existence is susceptible, debarring themselves thus of the best materials for affecting and effective eloquence. It became gradually more obvious, that in the conduct of their dialogue, the perceptions and emotions of their pompous heroes and heroines, they had never once admitted any "lookings abroad on nature." According to the system (perhaps in its way equally overstrained) of Mr. Bowles, they could not therefore evince even the "*membra disjecta poetæ*." They knew absolutely nothing of the world of mountains, forests, lakes and rivers. To them alike "weary and unprofitable" were the sunny showers of spring tide, the "golden gleams" of autumn, or grand desolation of winter. In a word, they were unquestionably all "carpet knights," whose garments

had never been drenched by the dews of heaven, whose powdered curls had never been discomposed by the "rude visitings" of a November storm. In fact, as we have already observed, they wrote, debarring themselves of the best ornaments of poetic eloquence; for, after all, what are the passages in the most celebrated poetry both ancient and modern, which dwell longest on our remembrance, and are most frequently quoted? Even in the *Iliad*, we still point to the fine description which terminates the eighth book, though this is but an accidental and unimportant picture. On the other hand, if we search, *generally*, for passages expressing the deepest emotion, and evincing the most active imagination, we shall then almost invariably find that their authors naturally have recourse for imagery, not surely to audience halls, ball rooms, and trim gardens, where all around is cramped and artificial, but to the grander phenomena and energizing influences of nature, contemplated and felt in solitude, under the free canopy of heaven. From all the works of Schiller, is there any extract so much admired, or which has been so often referred to, in order to prove his genius, as the scene in the "Robbers," where Charles Moor contemplates the setting sun?

The study of Shakspeare, as we have observed, mainly, indeed directly, led to the conviction, in Germany, that something better might be effected for the stage, than aught which, by servile imitation of the French, had been yet accomplished; and the first man of real genius, who gave his whole mind to this revolution, was Lessing, of whose character we believe no better illustration has been afforded, in this country, than that derived from a version of "Emilia Galotti," by Thompson, and of "Nathan the Wise," by Holcroft, to whom even the German language was not very familiar. Lessing was the first to set the example of writing "bürgerliche Trauerspiele," or tragedies of ordinary life, in determined opposition to the kings, queens, gods, and goddesses of the French; but, like most men of genius, he had a tendency to run into extremes, and thus also set the example of writing tragedies in prose, a fashion which continued till twenty-five years afterwards, when Schiller decided that blank verse was the proper medium for this species of composition. With all the world against him, Lessing persisted in his revolutionary designs, until they were effected; and, at some future time, we shall avail ourselves of a republication of his works, in order to give some notices of his extraordinary career, which, though an interesting subject of speculation, remains nearly as unknown and unappreciated, in this country, as if he had never existed.

The next individual who made any remarkable advances in

the same pursuit, was not Goethe, as is commonly supposed, but Gerstenberg, to whose "Ugolino" it might almost be said, that we are indebted for the works of Schiller, as it has been specially recorded of the latter, that he dated his first genuine fervour of inspiration from his perusal of that unique, however faulty, performance. Incredible as it may seem, this tragedy was many times represented on the stage, from which, of course, it has been long since banished. As far as we can remember, the dialogue commences when Ugolino and his three sons have already been for a considerable time imprisoned. The varied and increasing horrors of their *last* day and night, are divided by the poet into four acts, throughout which such unrivalled power is evinced, both of conception and language, and so admirable are many passages, that we read as if spell-bound, and feel almost as if it were a duty, however revolting, to contemplate in detail the dread realities of that story, which Dante has given comparatively but in outline. About the same time, also, (1768), Gerstenberg published his "Bride," a *rifacimento* from Beaumont and Fletcher, which is included, we believe, in his collected works, three vols. 8vo. 1816.

In the year 1773, Goethe, who had already acquired high reputation by his "Werter," came before the public with his "Goetz of Berlichingen;" and from this period, as we have said, may be dated the first general manifestation of that *perferendum genium*, that ardent and creative spirit, which henceforth continued to exist and spread among the Germans, and under whose influence, instead of indulging themselves merely in wild and irregular phantasies, they have left no class nor style of composition unexemplified; nor is there any department in which they cannot boast of authors highly estimable and distinguished. We must resist the temptation of entering, in this place, into any critical examination of Goethe's brilliant career, for which alone the longest article admissible in our journal would scarcely suffice.

The effect of his first play was electrical; nor was this more than might have been with certainty predicted. According to the Latin adage, the greatest difficulty of art lies in its concealment; and unquestionably the production of a tragedy like the "Goetz," was no easy task. With infinitely more talent than Lessing, Goethe for the first time exhibited a dramatic work, in which not only was the principal personage a real and well-known character in German history, but in which, without looking to the right or left, the poet had chosen that which "lay before his hero in daily life," for the sources of interest and sympathetic emotion, proving incontestably, that by the energies of a powerful mind, such

materials could be rendered beyond comparison more valuable than those chosen by the admirers of Racine and Corneille, for their vague and sonorous declamations. The true poet exalts and ennobles his subject, while the mean imitator must have recourse to characters and situations, which, by their pompous attributes, may afford him a semblance of that dignity and power, in which he himself is deficient.

Encouraged by the applause which he had received, Goethe advanced steadily in his victorious course, remaining, as it were, alone in the world (though we do not forget his eminent contemporaries) till about the year 1790, or 1793, when Schiller, who then obtained his confidential friendship, rose into high and merited reputation. It should not be forgotten by the way, that through this period, (we mean from 1770 to 1793, and somewhat later,) while such changes took place in Germany, and old English dramatists were there studied and admired, the poetical energies of the British nation were at the lowest possible ebb. In order that the public might understand Shakspeare, Milton, &c. they had recently been favoured with annotations and criticisms by Dr. Samuel Johnson. Not long afterwards, we believe, a majority would have voted Mr. Hayley to be the *facile princeps* of living bards. Moreover, the Della Cruscan School obtained much encouragement, and, to crown all, Mr. W. H. Ireland set to work with his parchments and brown ink to manufacture "Vortigern," which even to his own no little astonishment was accepted at the theatre, and brought out as a veritable production of Shakspeare! What wonder, then, that at such an era, the author of "Waverley" and the "Lay of the last Minstrel" should have preferred the study of contemporary German to contemporary British authors, and that a translation of the "Goetz of Berlichingen" should be among the earliest publications to which his illustrious name was affixed!

The applause bestowed on Goethe, then (1773) in his 25th year, was calculated to mislead and injure an inexperienced author; but this could not happen in the case of one, who to his other faculties added the useful attributes of perfect self-possession and common sense, while he was too much occupied with his own intrinsic purposes, and too well aware of the difficulties he had before him to care much for the opinions of others. We do not mean to assert that he was devoid of that morbid sensibility which is at once the *malison* of poets and one indispensable source of their genius, nor free from ambition, or the feelings of self-complacency and conscious power. But even his passions and frailties, if they did exist, served him as materials to work upon; and were thus like demons under the command of a magician.

Of no one could it be more truly said, that he ruled his genius and it did not even by turns rule him; like his own Mephistopheles, he appears oftentimes to laugh at the world and the commotions he had raised among minor critics; for there is no author who ever understood more thoroughly than Goethe the art of bitter irony, and what the Germans would call scornful "mystification." On account of these peculiarities he at first appeared to Schiller as "ein kalter mensch,"—cold-blooded and reserved;—for Schiller, it is true, was yet more in earnest, more of an enthusiast than the author of "Faust," and hence the fervour of his heart too soon wore out his corporeal frame. Even at the present hour, often as Goethe's name has been repeated, his literary character as a dramatist remains little better understood and appreciated in England, than that of Klinger (of whom we are about to write) or Lessing, whose names are seldom mentioned at all. One of the best methods to make it so would be, in the first place, to have a translation of his prose plays into blank verse, perhaps with those portions of the dialogue retained in prose, where the speakers are of inferior rank. To accomplish such a task properly, the translator ought to be a person of distinguished native talents, fully competent to sympathize with and understand the German author, and who would not fancy that, by merely forcing German idioms into English words, he conveyed either the sense or the spirit of his original. Should a translation by a person so qualified ever appear, we do not say that it would serve to render the works of Goethe popular in this country, but that it would prove a desirable acquisition to every polite scholar and every real lover of the drama, is unquestionable.

Among minor dramatists, whose productions appeared at the same period with, or soon after, the "Goetz of Berlichingen," there are several who attracted considerable attention, but on whose characters it is unnecessary for us to dwell in this place. Of these were Leizewitz, (author of "Julius von Tarent,") Babo, Schröder, Jünger, Iffland, &c. Among Goethe's youthful contemporaries, however, there was one distinguished individual whom we could scarcely class with him as an equal, nor reckon among his *minor* competitors, because it has always been our impression, that the ardent and impetuous genius of Klinger had a great influence on the author of "Faust." They were intimate friends and townsmen, both being natives of Frankfort on the Maine; and if Goethe published his "Goetz" in 1773, at the age of twenty-five, Klinger, in his twenty-first year, produced his "Twin Brothers" in 1774. Gifted with all the learning and accomplishments of which the most devoted admirer of the classical school could boast, he yet determined to

follow in the footsteps of Lessing, and, as it invariably happens, in such cases, to every man of true genius, the result of his intended imitation was something *altogether new*. Of this result he was, indeed, sufficiently conscious; and after the publication and success of his first tragedy, when he felt himself firmly established on the ground which he had won, it seemed to afford him special pleasure to preface his future compositions with the declaration that whatever might be their merits or defects, the whole were exclusively his own. He wrote, of course, in prose; and, through this medium, worked up scenes which, for horrid strength, are unrivalled, and to the cautious politeness of the French School exhibit a contrast the most violent imaginable. The subject of his first play was the insane hatred and jealousy entertained by one brother against another; and though such a spectacle is revolting, the composition was unavoidably admired for its overpowering energy of style, and was followed up, with incredible rapidity, by three or four other tragedies and a comedy, all which he seems to have completed within little more than twelve months. His collected dramatic works, published in 1786, make four volumes, in which "Conradin," a tragedy of later date, holds the first place. Although then only in his thirty-second year, he speaks of his former productions, in the preface to this, as of the wild ebullitions of youth, unworthy of serious criticism.

"I can laugh at them now," says he, "as well as any one; but, unquestionably, every young man looks at this world more or less as a poet and visionary. In his estimation, all is more important, more noble, and more nearly allied to perfection, though at the same time more confused, wild, and exaggerated, than experience will allow. The world and its inhabitants are invested with the colouring of our own peculiar imagination and creed; on which account, precisely, youth is the happiest period of our lives, to which we look back with fondness, notwithstanding all the dear-bought experience that we have gained. Perhaps this poetical mood of existence would of all be the most delightful, if it were possible for us to retain it; but this may not be, and it would therefore be better if all such illusions were kept concealed in the visionary's own bosom; for in the world they are regarded as contraband, and their worshippers as out of the pale of polite society. Experience, practice, and conversation, together with the opposition and conflict to which most people are exposed, soon cure us of these wildly glowing fantasies, so little suited to the real world; while, by the same means, the poet is taught that Simplicity, Order, and Truth, are the enchanter's wands, with which he must touch the hearts of men, if he intends that they should beat in responsive sympathy. Of all this, he may be thoroughly persuaded, though in his own case he has not yet profited by the lesson."

In the same preface he has some very sensible remarks, which indicate the critical spirit of the times.

"We have had numberless complaints against the wildness and irregularity that have characterized the literary productions of Germany, and especially those intended for the stage: but, to use a homely comparison, it may be said that the process which has been gone through was like that of fermentation, without which the pure essence could not be extracted. Unquestionably, the cautious, narrow rules of the French Theatre, with its sonorous declamation, could not satisfy the more active, robust, and vigorous character of the Germans. He who feels not within himself a share of that spirit which led on the Romans to their wondrous victories, may write indeed as correctly as Corneille and Racine, but never will such an individual have the power of an enchanter, to bring before us *men with all the real energies of life*, as exemplified by Shakspeare in his Brutus, Cassius, and Coriolanus! In truth, the wild struggles for which we have been censured, were but endeavours to find out a mode of composition suitable for us; though if we had been one individual nation, the case would have been widely different, and our progress in the arts and sciences would have been as regular as that of our neighbours. But why should our Theatre be modelled after the French, seeing that we are Germans, and that the artificial finery of Racine's heroes is so unsuitable to us? Or after the modern English, between whose humour and ours there is also a wide difference? A character marked by straight-forward honesty, courage, perseverance, and strength, rouses the hearts of the German people; while they know not what to make of the polite Greeks and Romans of our French neighbours, and with the capricious caricatures of the modern English School are not likely to be better pleased. Suffice it that the simplest form is always the best: but methinks the Germans would rather have life, reality, and action, than listen to mere sounding declamation. It is infinitely more difficult to write one piece drawn from real life, than twenty wild productions framed out of the author's own brain; indeed, to the facility of such compositions must be attributed their superabundant quantity. I certainly found it much easier to compose my fantastic 'Grisaldo,' than to trace the fates of 'Conradin.'"

We have been induced thus to dwell on the name of Klinger, because he has hitherto been unnoticed in this country; though it was not only as a bold dramatist, but as a philosophical novelist that he acquired distinction; and to Goethe's honour be it recorded, that his account of his young friend and townsman's early prowess forms one of the most eloquent and interesting eulogiums that have ever been pronounced on a literary character. From the efforts of these early revolutionists, we pass on to those of Schiller, of whom we should say more in this place, were it not that his own transcendent merits have rendered it unnecessary; for whether his genius is or is not fully understood

in England, his name is at all events never mentioned among us but in terms of the highest respect and admiration. We may here notice, by the way, that the translation lately published of his *Wallenstein* adds to the merit of extraordinary fidelity to the original, both in the sense and the measure, a degree of native ease and elegance, which makes the reader entirely forget that he is reading a production of foreign origin. From the same play there was a very beautiful though partial translation (having been made from the prompter's MSS.) published by Mr. Coleridge, but this has been long out of print, and is now quite unattainable. All circumstances considered, the genius of Schiller was obviously calculated to render him the *facile princeps* of German dramatists, and if his life had been spared for ten or fifteen years longer, there can be no doubt that he would have 'outdone all his former outdoings.' His performances, such as they are, appear to us the more admirable, because in early life he had to contend with extraordinary disadvantages, and the most malignant or stupid opposition. In his first production, the "*Robbers*," we see plainly that he too had studied in the schools of Lessing, Gerstenberg, Goethe, Klinger and Leizewitz; but, as might have been in his case predicted, the result of such studies was that he surpassed his models on their own ground. The "*Robbers*" had in dialogue all the stern truth and adherence to nature of "*Goetz*," while the story was entirely of Schiller's invention, modelled out of the feelings and adventures of his own life. Whatever may be the faults of this tragedy, composed in his eighteenth year, its wonderful power both in conception and language are undeniable, yet such was the "worshipful society" by whom Schiller was at this time surrounded, that after many vain attempts, he found no better method of introducing it to the public, than by printing a few copies at his own risque! That it was not long afterwards brought upon the stage and translated into almost every modern language is well known; while "*Don Carlos*," Schiller's most finished composition, seems to have been (in this country at least) quite overlooked. We have a *prose* translation indeed, but instead of sanctioning such an example, we should say that the "*Robbers*" and the "*Fiesco*," which are originally in prose should be transfused into blank verse; the lofty tone of their characters naturally inducing such metrical adornment.

We have not left ourselves room to do more than merely notice the name of Kotzebue, who is already known in England as the author of the "*Stranger*" and "*Pizarro*," and in his own country as one of the most fertile dramatists of modern times. If the merits of Kotzebue as a dramatist were at one period valued

greatly beyond their desert, we are disposed to think that of late years they have been proportionably underrated, both in his native country and elsewhere. Passages of great liveliness and sensibility, as well as of broad humour, are of frequent occurrence in his works, and in his early productions especially, there was much of a buoyant joyous spirit, which did not desert him under the pressure of severe misfortunes. In his minor efforts, such as the "Kleinstädter," "der Wirrarr," "Carolus Magnus," "die Verwandschaften," &c. &c., he has indeed shewn a peculiar *vis comica*, which is yet unrivalled, nor would his numerous tragedies fail to excite applause, if they were not forced into comparison with those of authors, who, judiciously avoiding to cope with him in *fertility*, were thus enabled to concentrate those energies which Kotzebue was too apt to squander and diffuse.

We consider Kotzebue as the connecting link betwixt German literature as it now exists, and has flourished for the last fifteen years, and its previous state, which formerly gave rise to the hacknied title of the "Modern German School." Proceeding onwards from the time when Kotzebue first came into repute, we shall not attempt here to delineate the gradual changes that took place, but consider ourselves as having all at once reached the year 1810; since which date, if we were to reckon up the names merely of all those who have acquired celebrity (*not undeserved*) in the dramatic world of Germany, the mere catalogue would fill several pages of our Review! We shall confine our notice, therefore, to a few who are pre-eminently deserving of attention, among whom are Müllner, Grillparzer, Oehlenschläger, (who though a Dane writes equally well in German), Klingemann, Werner, Heinrich Collin, Körner, Tieck, Kind, La Motte Fouqué, Houwald, Johanna von Weissenthurm, Heinrich Kleist, Mathæus von Collin, Raupach, von Auffenberg, Meyer, Winkler, Holbein, Immerman, Heine, Carol. Pichler, Reinhard, Uhland, West, Zschokke, Kruse, Zedlitz, and the Graf von Kalkeuth. It is not impossible that critics may still be found among us, who, on the principle of condemning all that they do not understand, may be of opinion that these authors remain nearly unknown and unheard of in England, because forsooth, they belong to the "German School," and are therefore ill adapted to the prevailing taste of this country. For such neglect; however, there are other and substantial reasons which we cannot now venture to discuss. It is by degrees only, and not by means of any one reviewal, that the absurdity of this conclusion can be demonstrated, and for the present we must rather confine ourselves to *assertions* which will afterwards be substan-

tiated by proof. If our limits would allow us to exhibit specimens from eight or ten of the dramatists above named, we should be fully borne out in our former assertion, that there is no style of composition which they have not tried, or which they have not shown themselves able to illustrate and improve. Those who formerly laughed at the "German School" may have their joke still if so inclined, but they must adopt a new principle, and make themselves merry over the incalculable variety of *schools*—the new systems that rise up *ad infinitum*, keeping German reviewers constantly at work, whilst we, on the other hand, think it of little use to trouble ourselves with the systems, provided the results be satisfactory and entertaining.

That there is no people in the world among whom the theatres have been more flourishing than they have proved within the last fifteen or twenty years among the Germans, is a truth to which every one will bear witness who has, within that period, lived in the country, and visited its most important capitals. Whatever may be the causes of this state, the results are obvious and undeniable. There is no other country in Europe, where we could find theatres regularly honoured with the presence of royalty, at least five times every week during the season. Of course there is no other country where the best plays, those of our own Shakespeare for example, are so well represented; because among actors and actresses the idea of a piece depending for its effect on the influence of some one reigning "star," could not be entertained for a moment. The performers, both male and female, are all devotedly attentive to their profession. The "star," if there be one, is not surrounded by mere automatons, but is *acted up* to throughout, and encouraged all the while by the conviction, that not a word which is uttered on the stage will be lost by the audience; so that if a play really has merit, it will never be condemned unfairly. Not even a whisper is allowed to break the respectful silence of the spectators, who go to the theatre in their walking costume for the sole purpose of hearing the play, shutting out for the time every impression of their ordinary life, and giving their minds exclusively to the "magic mirror" of the stage. There are other circumstances too, which to some of our readers may appear trifling, but which, by one who has studied theatrical effect, will be deemed of no little importance. Among these is the judicious management of light, (which, however, is common to the other continental theatres,) so that the boxes being in the shade, and no intrusive glare thrown from the roof, the deception or *vraisemblance* is to the eye, as well as to the ear, rendered as nearly as possible complete. Finally we may observe, that almost *every night*, at Vienna or Berlin, there is an audience col-

lected perhaps equal in number to that which would here constitute "an 800*l.* house," yet who, instead of kicking up a prodigious row, *à la manière Anglaise*, both meet and disperse as orderly and quietly, as if the whole were but a domestic dinner-party.

Though we shall certainly avoid statistics, we are now led inevitably to the brink of a digression on national manners and character, with which, doubtless, the subject of the theatre is intimately connected. We shall resist the temptation, however, only noticing by the way, that even the humblest artisan of a German *residenz*, instead of proving riotous and destructive on a holyday, will walk through the trimmest gardens without injuring a single flower; will meet there pedestrians of the highest rank, to whom he will respectfully doff his cap, without ever wishing to insult them; he will enter a museum of statues without one attempt to chip off their ears and noses; will be admitted into a concert hall at a *lust-haus*, where he will listen to the most scientific music without once bawling out for a bacchanalian *volkslied*; finally, will close the day at the theatre, and behave there with as much propriety as if his life depended on silence and attention. Yet formerly we used to consider the Germans as a rude people, and to boast of our own refinement; forgetting that what is called "refinement of taste," oftentimes deserves a very different appellation. A country squire, whose accomplishments scarcely go beyond that of having "learned his accidence," will (to use Bottom's form of parlance) yawn you as lustily at the best play in the world, as a self-styled critic can do at a bad one; and we suspect, that the weariness and impatience, in consequence of which Shakespeare's productions have been cut down and modelled into comic operas, are, in nine instances out of ten, the result of obtuseness rather than of refinement. But over and above the sweeping conclusions drawn from this confidence in our own exquisite refinement of taste, another stumbling block is thrown in the way of dramatic authors in this country, which is seldom or never thought of in Germany; we mean the supposition that literature forsooth is exhausted; that excellence striving after perfection defeats its own purpose; inasmuch as the nearer a work approaches to what we call perfection, the more spoiled and fastidious the public afterwards becomes, and the more impracticable it must be to gain its indulgence for any new productions of the same class. Such conclusions, however, are not less absurd than it would be to affirm of a sister art, that because Ruysdael and Hobbima have painted trees, no landscape painter need ever dream of adding to his reputation by painting trees again; and in truth, if he only

copied from those artists the assertion will be very just, but if he perseveres till he can draw from and study nature, the result will be very different. Would any one venture to assert that there is no novelty in Joanna Baillie's plays, because the subjects of hatred, ambition, love, revenge, &c. had all been treated, not only by Shakespeare, but by numberless other poets? It is not by imitating the works of others, but by cherishing the same intrinsic purposes, that a superior and novel effect can be produced; imitation, however indispensable, bearing a relationship little nearer to dramatic power than the tuning of a violin to the performances of a concerto, or the setting of a pallet to the painting of a fine picture; but never in any age or country has an important purpose been accomplished, or the consequent meed of applause won, without the exertion of extraordinary talents and extraordinary industry; while there is no more reason to suppose, that such attributes will fail to make their due impression *now*, than there was in the fifteenth, or any other century.

These remarks may appear too desultory, yet notwithstanding this, they serve as a very applicable introduction to the tragedy of Mr. Klingemann now before us; for had it not originated in Germany, its representation on the stage would have been quite out of the question. People would have been in the first place far too fastidious, or too refined, to tolerate such a personage as the "Wandering Jew," unless, perhaps, in a fantastic melodrama; and, secondly, would have insisted that this nursery tale, or monkish legend, was already worn out, and its interest (if any had ever attached to it) so exhausted, that nothing could now be made of it. Mr. Klingemann states candidly in the preface, that his idea of the "Wandering Jew" was taken from a novel of that name by Francis Horn; a novel by the way which we consider marvellously stupid, while the play to which it has given rise is by no means void of liveliness and strength; and at the same time is so completely different in *all* respects from Mr. Horn's production, that any reference to it might well have been spared. In the same way, Klingemann (long after Goethe) wrote a tragedy called "Faust," which in its own style is admirable, and yet bears no other resemblance to Goethe's work, but that of bearing the same title.

Mr. Klingemann, however, seems to have been well aware of many difficulties that he had to contend with; "especially," he observes, the "Wandering Jew is infinitely less manageable by a dramatic writer than by a novelist, because the latter can more easily dispense with a complete catastrophe." It may be suggested by the way, that the tragedy now called "Ahasuerus," might exist under the name of "Heinyn," and without the Jew's in-

terference, just as well as Mr. Maturin's "Bertram" without the "black knight of the forest." There can be no imperative reason for the Jew's assistance, any more than for the appearance of the devil, in *propria persona*, on every tragic occasion where there is not only misfortune but guilt. Yet, notwithstanding this, the part which Mr. Klingemann has assigned him is strictly in keeping with his characteristic attributes in the legend as it exists in Germany, of which the particulars have never been current in England; and we do not hesitate to confess, that, in our opinion Maturin's "black knight" should have been retained; and that there are times when we would rather have a wild supernatural story like the "Ancestress" of Grillparzer, than a composition intended to be severe and classical like the "Regulus" of Collin.

"Ahasuerus," then is of the former description. It is altogether such a drama as one might expect to see originated by a solitary student, during very dark and tempestuous weather of October, when the mind is predisposed to accept even the most improbable legends, if they are but sufficiently gloomy and terrific;—when the moaning of the wind is like the voice of a spirit;—when the leaves fall rustling from the trees, the flowers fade, and the fleeting feeble sun-beams yield to dense clouds gathering in the south, like emblems of approaching misfortune. Accordingly, the *season* in the play is the decline of autumn, the *scene* is at an old ancestral castle on the Bohemian frontiers of Saxony, and the date is that of the battle of Lutzen, in 1632.

Count Otto von Warth, proprietor of the castle, is an aged knight, the last of his race, save only one son and a daughter-in-law. He is liable to dark apprehensions and forebodings, which are increased by the mysterious warnings of Bartholomæus, the castellan, now in his hundredth year, who in the opening scenes supplies, as it were, the place of a Grecian chorus, and prepares us gradually for the supernatural adventures which are to come.

At the commencement, Bartholomæus is discovered seated in an arm-chair, in a Gothic hall, where the Count's retinue, with many young girls and children are assembled, in order to compliment the castellan on his hundredth anniversary. According to German fashion, they address him in a choral song; they circulate the wine cup, they dance round him gracefully; of all this, however, he seems utterly unheeding, as if his mind, which till now had been clear, had at length become utterly clouded. A child crowns him with a garland. He takes it off and observes that it is made of asters, flowers which he affirms are the beautiful "emblems of death." The Count now steps forward, (for he is present, with his chaplain and daughter-in-law,) and wishing to

console the old man says, that he may yet live to see many autumns, but instead of being rejoiced by the suggestion, Bartholomæus expresses a horror of life, and an earnest wish for dissolution;—which Father Gratian the chaplain explains to be the consequence of an extraordinary dream already narrated to him. The story is repeated to the Count, as soon as his daughter-in-law and the attendants have retired.

Barth. My Lord, 'tis known I am not craven-hearted;
Yet fearful, though fantastic, was my dream!
Before the burial vault in the great aisle,
Wherein your ancestors repose, there lies
A monumental image carved in stone,—
A giant, sternly representing TIME,
Whose left hand holds an hour-glass, and his right
A ponderous scythe. There, at the midnight hour,
Last night I walked, and seemed even to myself
In mine old age, like the perturbed ghost
Of one who *had been* Castellan, and now
Should fitly watch among the dead.—But sleep
By weariness induced, stole on my senses,
And by the gateway I reclined,—when lo!
The dusky spectral form of Time began
To rouse himself before me; turned his glass,
And waved his threat'ning scythe!—

Count. Nay, dreams like this—

Barth. But mark the rest. When on his head again
He placed the sand-glass, full on me were turn'd
With fixed regard, his orbless eyes, and next,
A gibbering voice was heard—"Bartholomæus,
I am thy friend; henceforth shalt thou become
My comrade, and behold how merrily
I mow the harvests down, as days and years
Roll on, and we together wend our way.—
Thou only shalt the scythe-man's arm escape,
Because I love thee dearly as myself!"
Resistless then, I felt the spectre's grasp,
That dragg'd me breathless—onward, onward still,—
Till with a shriek I woke, and saw (thank heaven!)
Once more, the gateway of the peaceful tomb!—

This eccentric dream naturally gives rise to a conversation on the story of the "Wandering Jew," in whose existence Father Gratian, as well as the Castellan, firmly believes, though the Count is disposed to look on the whole as a mere fable. In this conversation they are interrupted by the re-appearance of the Countess Maria, and the arrival of a messenger from Wallenstein's army, then stationed at Weissenfels; and hence arises the first scene in the tragedy that is really animated and interesting, the old Count

being most anxious to receive tidings of his only son Heinyn, Maria's husband, whom he supposes to be with the imperial army. Her anxiety is of course no less agitating; but every word uttered by the messenger tends only to increase the listeners' perplexity and apprehensions, till at last, when the Count has recourse to a letter brought by the same messenger from Johann von Rosenberg, Maria's brother, he finds it expressly declared that Count Heinyn had basely deserted the imperial banners, and along with the Duke of Lauenburg gone over to the Swedish army.—Maria, though deeply afflicted, cannot suffer herself to believe even that which her brother's hand has indited; but the wounded pride, the indignation and despair of the Count are such, that he now feels as if the impressions of the Castellan's dream were realized, and wishes to die rather than witness the indelible disgrace which will thus be thrown upon his ancient, loyal, and honourable house.

Thereafter, the scene changes to the battle field of Lützen, where there is heard a distant fire of cannon and musketry, which lessens by degrees. After a pause, Ahasuerus makes his first appearance, attired in ancient oriental costume, his visage of a grey spectral hue, with features strongly marked, black grizly beard, and a frame of gigantic strength. Of course he stalks about more like a ghost than one of the living, and, during the present scene, speaks not, but enters vehemently dragging across the field Count Heinyn, whom, in a state of insensibility, he throws down at the root of a tree. For a few moments he stands there, looking on Heinyn with an expression of wrathful disdain, then with his right hand pointing to heaven, retires in the same direction from which he entered. The noise of artillery yields to distant martial music, and the Duke Francis Albert of Lauenburg enters, wearing the green scarf of the imperial uniform.

Francis. What means this? Heinyn dead? no, still he breathes.

[takes off the Count's helmet.]

I see no wounds. Hollah! hear'st thou?

Heinyn. (alarmed.) Who's there?

Fran. 'Tis I—

Hein. (staring at him.) So then,—but where is He,
Our NAMELESS comrade?

Fran. Wherefore speak'st thou thus?

I saw thee madly struggling with our troops,—
Shouted aloud, and wav'd th' imperial scarf;—
I saw thee fall,—then with gigantic strides,
A stranger moved across the field.

Hein. Aye truly,—

It happened so.

Fran. What happened? pray thee, speak!

Hein. (raising himself up.) First let me learn to separate truth from dreams,—

So fearfully my brain is now confused,
By thoughts of murder,—rescue, life and death,
Thy purposes and mine, hope and despair,—
Then too, THE STRANGER ;—

Fran. Nay, be more composed,
The battle-strife is distant ; we are safe.

Hein. (looking wildly.) Safe then,—from whom ?

Fran. From Gustaf Adolf ;—truly
Thou art a marksman good.

Hein. Aye, good at once
And evil too. I shot him through the heart !—
Yet people said, his life was charmed, and therefore
Two balls I chose of silver unalloyed,
And struck the mark,—aye Francis,—hear'st thou ? so
The hero fell.

Fran. Thine aim was steadfast, Heinyn ?—

Hein. In God's name I did raise mine arm ; the blood
That flowed was protestant, heretical ;—

In God's name, said I—wherefore start'st thou thus ?

Not for thy purposes, (*fiercely*)—not for the devil !

[*lays his hand on the pistols in his girdle.*]

Fran. What wouldst thou do ?

Hein. Fear not ; the silver balls
Are gone in sooth, and Gustaf sleeps.

Fran. Thy words
Are wild from heated blood ; thus frenzy oft
Steals on us mid the battle's rage.

Hein. Aye, frenzy !—

There hast thou spoken truth. Till then, methought,
My purposes were clear. I deemed the Swede

A foreign Goth, who came to devastate

Our father-land,—a fiendish heretic,

Religion's foe,—a sorcerer too, who bore

A charmed life, and therefore did my heart

With patriot ardour burn, and I resolved

This insolent invader to destroy.

But when the shot was fired, the hero fallen,

Lo, from his motionless frame, arose to view,

The likeness of a snow-white regal swan,

That mounted 'mid a gleam of light to Heaven ;

So then my sight grew dim ; athwart my brows,

There fell a stream of blood ; nay more I heard

A horrid voice of malison—"Henceforth

Thou art accursed—accursed—"

Fran. Thou heard'st, no doubt

The cries of dying men.

Hein. Hah, right again—

The cries of dying men,—most sapient duke !—
And truly, through that atmosphere of blood,
I saw thee strike the dead man in the face !

Fran. 'Twas retribution just, for at his court
He dared to strike me once in early youth,
Even mid the assembly, and I vowed revenge.

Hein. Nobly resolved ; and goaded on by thee,
I proved the king's assassin ; raised mine arm
In God's name,—(*wildly*)
Yet perchance to serve the devil !

Fran. Thou said'st it was to serve our native land
And holy faith.

Hein. I said so ; but at last
When he had fallen,—when maledictions dire
Rung in mine ears,—methought the fiend *Revenge*,
That goaded thee, was near, and flapped his wings
In triumph—while within my heart arose
An impulse irresistible to die,—
Therefore I cast away the imperial scarf,
Whose colours should protect me ; madly rush'd
Amid the Pappenheimers' thickest squadrons,
Laughed them to scorn, inviting wounds and death.
Already had my horse beneath me fallen,
And darkness gathered on mine eyes ; I deemed .
Mine earthly course was run ;—when with a grasp
As of an iron hand I was upraised,—
And a loud voice exclaimed,—“ Thou shalt not die,
For on thy brow Heaven's brand-mark glares !”—upstarting,
As from a dream, I saw the Austrian troops
Careering thence, as if a thunder-bolt
Had suddenly dispersed them ;—all were lost
Ere long in distance, while before me stood
The likeness of a man, that seemed as if
Some brazen statue from its pedestal
Had stalked forth into life ;—his aspect stern
Of mix'd expression, wherein good and evil,
Darkness and light were met,—while on his brow
Methought there shone a blood-red cross,—and through
The battle field, that spectre dragged me thence,
Onward and onward, mid the heaps of slain
And wounded men,—nay, where infuriate troops
Contented still, where swords flash'd and the hail
Of balls fell thick around us,—onward yet,
Unwounded and unceasing,—till at last
I fell exhausted here.—

Fran. To me indeed
All this would seem a feverish dream, had I
Not seen the shape of whom thou speak'st.

Hein. He was

Mine evil genius in that hour accursed
And when the deed was done, assumed at once
Corporeal form.

Fran. In battle rage, 'tis true,
Where good and evil blend, will fear assume
Full many a marvellous shape.

Hein. Wisdom again!
I thank thee; murder is in blood reflected,
And in such lurid mirror visages
Appear, whereat we marvel.

Fran. Phantasies
Like these confuse thy brain;—the deed is done!—

Hein. Done truly;—but will't end here?

Fran. Wallenstein
Shall now reward us nobly. Follow me!—

Hein. Aye, claim *thy* guerdon; *mine* is paid even now;
Look on my face,—Heaven's brand-mark's on my brow!—

[*He rushes out, and the Duke retires in an opposite direction.*]

Of this scene (which ends the first act,) we may observe by the way that the conduct here imputed to the Jew and to Heinyu is not in either instance without legendary foundation. The *supposed* assassination of Gustavus has been noticed by every historian of the period, and has been for the most part ascribed to the Duke of Lauenburg: but even Mr. Klingemann's hero, Count Heinyu, is expressly pointed at in the "*Memoires de Gustave Adolf*," by Grimoard. As to the Jew's interference, it is here strictly in keeping with his legendary character in Germany, where as if by a sort of animal magnetism, he is attracted involuntarily to scenes where great crimes are to be committed, while his own indestructible nature renders him frequently the instrument of saving the lives of others, though in all such cases the individual so rescued is in this world miserable, feeling at the same time either a vehement hatred against, or insane attachment to his or her deliverer. An instance of this kind occurs at the beginning of the second act. The Countess Maria, having been informed that her husband and brother, who had obtained leave of absence from the army, were now rapidly approaching, went out across the rampart to meet them, and unmindful that the neighbouring river which swept through a rocky channel, was now swollen by the autumnal rain, she fell into the water; whence she was rescued by the wandering Jew, who laid her safely on the bank, and for a few moments watched her till Johann von Rosenberg (her brother,) arrived, and bore her into the castle. Of course, the first scene is occupied with her recovery from this accident, and the result is, that the old Count orders a search to be made after the mysterious stranger, to whom he is indebted for his daughter's pre-

servation, and who had immediately vanished on the approach of Rosenberg. There is a kind of underplot, or subsidiary interest, in this scene, contrived by the old Castellan, of which any analysis would only be tiresome to our readers, and we proceed therefore to the next, where Count Von Warth anxiously requests from Rosenberg an explanation of his letter, announcing the treacherous desertion of Heinyn, a subject which still remains wrapt in mystery. Rosenberg only narrates that just before the battle of Lutzen, it was reported, indeed, proved by witnesses, that the Duke of Lauenburg, who in his youth had served at the court of Gustavus, had, in company with Heinyn, gone over to the Swedes, but that towards the close of that battle, in which the Swedes were victorious, the two deserters were again seen among the imperial troops, at which Wallenstein expressed no surprise, and it was then said, that with extraordinary boldness they had undertaken to reconnoitre the enemy, and by displaying the green scarf of their own regiment, provided for their personal safety, when they wished to return, thus rendering themselves distinguishable by their comrades. Rosenberg's account only tends to raise the most painful and gloomy suspicions in the Count's mind, while Maria is especially terrified by his description of Heinyn's appearance and conduct since the battle. The latter enters just as Rosenberg is retiring, who involuntarily starts at the meeting, and after a few words goes out hastily, being obliged to join his regiment. The Count and Maria advance with open arms to receive Heinyn, but are so painfully struck by his wild looks that they stop suddenly, and only gaze at him.

Hein. Methinks I am not known here?

Maria. Heinyn!—

Hein. Aye!—

Why look'st thou thus amaz'd?—Am I transformed?

Maria. Thou art so fearfully——

Hein. Branded forsoothe,

And on the brow!—Delusion all!—I pray thee,

Are battles without bloodshed won or lost,

Or will the stains evanish, till by time

They are outworn?—Come then Maria!—

Maria. Yes—

Anon I come.

Hein. Here in mine arms!—(*she goes to him coldly and timidly.*)

But, as of old, thou fear'st

In Heinyn the wild hunter;—if perchance,

I came with gauntlets blood-stain'd from the chase,

Then did Maria with averted eyes

Run shuddering to her chamber. Truly, 'twas

At Lützen no child's-play ;—but methinks
You might have proffered me the hand of welcome. (*to the Count.*)

Count. I had forgotten,—there !—

Hein. So, by degrees

One feels himself at home ;—though for a space,
And after such wild life, it seems almost
As if the well-known scenes were new,—nay more,
Their habitants estrang'd ;—but now again
I do remember clearly ; and anon,
We shall be merry in this good old castle ;
For of such wolf hunts as the Lützen fight,
Truly I've had enough. My furlough granted,
I come to rest here,—aye, to rest ?—(*he sits down.*)

Count (taking Maria aside). What means this man ?
Dear daughter, know'st thou ?

Maria (timidly). Nay, methought even now,
'Twas not himself ?

Count. How's this ? Explain.

Maria. I cannot—

'Tis in a fable told—a nursery tale—

Hein. Bravo !

I'll hear the story. After war comes peace,
And then one loves to hear a merry tale.
Dear wife, speak on !

Maria (speaks as if lost in thought). “ In battle strife, it
chanced

A warrior met his death wound, and, thereafter,
When on the field was stretched his lifeless frame,
A demon chose it for his habitation,
Entered,—and lo ! the dead man slowly rose,
Walked from the field, and to his friends again,
The warrior came, but when his wife rejoiced,
Came forth t' embrace her husband, 'twas not he,—
It was, in truth——”

Hein. The Devil, wouldst thou say !
Am I the dead man, foolish child ?

Maria (kneels before him). Forgive me !
Yet in thyself, I cannot find again
My loving husband !

Count (raising her up). Nay be calm, dear daughter ;
Wild fantasies mislead us all—

Hein. Mislead !

'Tis wisely spoken. I am led astray
And wander thus, because in conflict fierce
I did encounter bloodshed ; and my wife
Believes the dark stains are not wash'd away.
Let but a year have passed, and we are then
All tranquil as of yore. Come, dear Maria !
Such clouds will soon disperse.

Maria (throws herself into his arms and weeps). Oh, Heinyn!

Hein. Father, say,
Was I not even from childhood good and pious?
Have I not firmly clung to the true faith,
And loved my country,—fought in their defence?

[becomes suddenly confused.]

But rumour said, his life was charm'd, else truly,
The deed had not been done!

Count. What wouldst thou say?

Hein. I spoke but of our changeless faith. Let none
On earth despair; all sins may be forgiven.
Stands it not written thus?

Maria (greatly alarmed). Have mercy, Heaven!

Hein. Nay fear not. Since the battle, never yet,
Not for an hour or moment have I slept,
Therefore mine eyes are heavy, dreams contend
With waking thoughts; I would have rest—would sleep!

Maria. Come then, I pray thee!

[He goes with her a few steps, then pauses.]

Hein. Direful were indeed
Th' infliction, if a soldier might not sleep;
For when beneath the swarthy shroud of night,
All others rest, for him would be renew'd
Tenfold, the horrors of the bloody field!
Again, the cannon's roar would rend his ears,
The whistling balls would fly; his furious horse
Careering bear him on, mid shouts and moans,
Curses and shrieks, the dying and the dead.
But mark you, then, even then the dead man sleeps;
Oh slumber blest!

Maria. Of whom speak'st thou?

Hein. Of whom?

The heretic king, our country's foe, but now
He is no more, and we too shall have rest.

Heinyn and Maria then retire, the Count being left to soliloquize, till he is interrupted by the entrance of Bartholomæus, who comes in great agitation to inform his master that the mysterious stranger has been discovered, and that this personage is unquestionably the same individual by whom as he well remembers, the life of a former Count von Warth had been saved, in early youth. The boy thus rescued had afterwards become the victim of careless melancholy, and had died untimely. Bartholomæus looks on the Jew with the utmost horror, and entreats that his master will not suffer him to enter the castle,—believing that if he should be received there as a guest, the most direful misfortunes would ensue. Notwithstanding all this, Father Gratian introduces Ahasuerus, and a scene follows which is sufficiently effec-

tive on the stage, though the dialogue is not worth extraction,—nor need we pause to explain the particular principles on which, conformably to his legendary character, the Jew thinks proper to lead away with him the old Castellan into the forest.

Thus ends the second act. The third commences at day break in the woods near the castle, where from a neighbouring convent (to the accompaniment of an organ,) is heard the close of a requiem sung by monks. Heinyn is discovered kneeling in prayer, and afterwards soliloquizes. Meanwhile Ahasuerus is seen passing through the back ground with hands uplifted in an attitude of devotion, and is succeeded by Father Gratian, with whom Heinyn holds an animated dialogue, but we have not room to transcribe it. The monk announces the death of Bartholomæus, which event has taken place during the night, and endeavours in vain to persuade the miserable Count into confession of the crimes which evidently weigh on his conscience. Heinyn retires, and there follows a long conversation, kept up by Count von Warth, Maria, and Gratian, in which farther comments are made on the strange conduct of Heinyn, and a description is given by the monk of the last moments of Bartholomæus, during which he was watched and comforted by Ahasuerus. In this dialogue they are interrupted by an attendant, who announces that the Swedes are on the frontiers, and that one of their officers is at the castle gates, requesting an audience of the Count. This officer comes to pave the way for Count von Wasaburg, a natural son of the late Swedish king, who is now determined to revenge his father's treacherous assassination. He imputes this crime solely to the Duke of Lauenburg, and in a highly spirited dialogue with Count Warth, explains to the horror and consternation of his listener, that Heinyn having been the intimate friend and constant comrade of the supposed murderer, who has now disappeared, it is to Heinyn, therefore, that he must have recourse for information. At his earnest request the young Count is summoned, but he has gone out into the forest, and is no where to be found.

We come now to the fourth act, scene first, where Heinyn rushes violently into an apartment of the castle, as if pursued by some terrific enemy.

Hein. Hath now th' abyss
Beneath us yawn'd, and sent a demon forth
To haunt me thus ? It was no dream ;—'twas he,—
The spectral giant of the battle field,—
Mine evil genius—an eye-witness too
Of that detested deed !
Is he not there ?
I saw him from the rocky cliffs come forth ;

[Looking to the door.]

I heard his ponderous footsteps follow me,
And then, a voice that thro' the rustling wood
Cried "Murderer!"—Here the frontiers are beset
With Swedish soldiers; through the trees I marked
Their helmets gleam, and if his voice betrayed me,
Then like the hunter's miserable prey
Surrounded, must I yield or die. Is then
Mine arm so nerveless grown? [Grasps his carabine.]

Have I no more

The power and resolution of to live
Or perish?—Terror-driven, I did rush forth,
And from the forest shades the fiend again
Hath chaf'd me hither.—Conflict horrible!—
Then, be the gauntlet of defiance thrown!— [Casts away the
Away!—With pure intentions,—resolute heart carabine.]
The deed was done; and if such energies
Desert me here, thenceforth let them be deem'd
Illusions all;—perchance a deeper source
Of strength remains, and if the Heavens above
Are darken'd now, so let the flames that burn
Beneath us guide my course!—

Maria now enters. The circumstance of her life having been rescued by Ahasuerus had been concealed from Heinyn, but in the course of their present dialogue, he discovers this, and every word that she utters tending to increase his apprehensions that Ahasuerus will accuse him as the murderer of Gustavus, he conceives (as usual in such cases,) the resolution of putting to death this individual, by whom alone, as he believes, the disclosure can be made. The old Count enters, and informs him that Count Wasaburg is still at the castle, and waits there in the expectation that he will obtain an interview with Heinyn, to which the latter reluctantly consents. Being left alone he exclaims:—

Courage! now comes the strife,—the fiery trial?—
Erewhile, because my stern resolve was fixed,
Therefore I knew 'twas just, and therefore now,
'Tis just no less:—I am not less resolved!

On this principle he evades all the questions addressed to him by Wasaburg; yet by his extreme terror at the Swede's first appearance, on account of his resemblance to the late king,—together with his agitation and fierceness throughout the dialogue, he so obviously betrays his guilt, that Wasaburg departs, convinced that he has now discovered the assassin.

Hein. (alone.) 'Tis past! ye powers of darkness and deceit
Henceforth I am your votary. With one word,
When to the Swedish Prince I answered "No,"
Our bond irrevocably has been sealed,—

Nor can I lift again mine eyes to Heaven!—
 Come forth then, spirits, from your fathomless caves,
 And if all heaven-born impulses are lost,
 Yet let the fervour of my heart again
 From other fires be kindled. I have labour'd
 The stern decrees of duty to fulfill;—
 In vain such efforts!—Let them be forgotten!
 Now must I guard the direful myst'ry;—life
 On this depends;—the Swede has dark suspicions,
 Because at our first meeting, I believed
 He was the dead king's ghost. So, from the field,
 He too must be removed.

Maria. (*enters.*) I pray thee, say,
 What caused such vehement conference!—I heard
 The Swedish General speak in wrathful tone,
 And marked him gallop hence in furious haste—

Hein. If to destruction, so 'tis well!

Mar. Nay, Heinyn!—

Hein. I hate the Swedish race, and in whole troops
 Would cut them down!

Mar. Oh Heaven!

Hein. No more of this.

Such exclamations grate upon mine ear.
 Of earthly deeds Heaven recks not.

Mar. Horrible!

What has enraged thee thus?

Hein. We reason'd, wife,
 Of that which doth beseem or not beseem
 A German soldier; and if one in battle
 May dare to strike his enemy? Then the Swede
 Waxed wroth, and would maintain that slaughter there
 Was yet, forsooth, unlawful, as if he
 Had for himself obtained immunity.
 Thus wrath enkindled wrath, and now almost,
 I do repent me, that the privileged guest
 So freely spoke unchastised.

Mar. In thine eyes
 A murderous fierceness glares.

Hein. So should it be!

Mar. 'Tis mortal sin!

Hein. And what is mortal sin,—
 Or stainless virtue?—Words,—mere words, no more
 Than senseless echoes in the wilderness!—
 Away with such illusions! all on earth
 Is but a madd'ning game of chance, and he
 That in his wisdom deems he hath descried
 A deep-laid plan, a scheme immutable
 Ruling the world, in one brief moment sees
 His cherished visions all in air dissolved!—

Mine own existence is but mine own thoughts,
Whose current failing, all is lost. What falls
Must fall, and there an end.—

Mar. Hear him not, Heaven!—

Hein. Heaven's ear is deaf; such pray'rs may well be spar'd.

Mar. Madman, thy words are heard! and in His temple
Thus dar'st thou to deny his power? Look round,—
Behold th' unnumber'd emblems that environ
His everlasting altar, and explain
Whence comes the splendour of the morning sun,
Or whence the radiance of those countless worlds
Whose millions through the midnight sky revolve;—
Interpret if thou can'st the thunder's roar,
The soft sweet music of the nightingale,
The earthquake, or the trembling of a leaf—
The dust, the worm that grovels there,—*thyself*
In earthly baseness or in gifts divine;
Or if thou can'st not, tremble even before
The humblest blossom that His power hath fram'd,
Nor in thy frenzy, venture thus to judge
The laws of that miraculous universe,
Wherein, alas! thou seek'st thine own destruction!

Hein. (agitated.) Maria, Oh Maria!

An attendant enters here, who had been ordered by Heinyn to watch the movements of Ahasuerus, and who informs him that this mysterious personage had again become visible near the Franciscan convent, on the frontier, where the Swedes had taken up their position. On receiving this intelligence, Heinyn is dreadfully alarmed, and rushes out, notwithstanding all Maria's endeavours to prevent him. In the ninth scene Wasaburg expresses to his friend Lilienström his conviction that Heinyn is the murderer of Gustavus, and though he could not violate the conditions of his parole, by challenging him within the domains of Count von Warth, yet he resolves that his troops shall surround the castle, keeping the strictest watch over all ingress and egress, so that the criminal shall not, by flight, escape just punishment. In the forest Heinyn meets Father Gratian, of whom he anxiously inquires after Ahasuerus, and the answers he receives only tend to increase his maddening apprehension. Ahasuerus draws near towards the close of this dialogue, and (Gratian having retired) the meeting and dialogue betwixt him and Heinyn afford good stage effect. The latter becoming furious, he is felled to the ground by one touch of his adversary's hand on the shoulder, after which, when he perceives the Jew walking onward as if towards the station of the Swedish army, and endeavours to follow him, his progress is arrested by Lilienström, and a party of Swedish soldiers. He hears with consternation that by ad-

vancing one step farther he will become their prisoner, and retreats, the drop scene falling abruptly.

The last act begins a little before midnight,—scene, a gothic ancestral hall, hung with weapons, trophies, and coats of mail. In the back-ground there is an iron gateway, forming the entrance to the burial vault, various tombs, &c. and the colossal figure of Time, as described long before by Bartholomæus. We have, in the first scenes, a gloomy soliloquy of Count von Warth; another of Heinyn, who comes into the armoury to make choice of two swords, having determined to meet Ahasuerus, (who will attend the midnight requiem of Bartholomæus at the Franciscan convent,) and challenge his frightful enemy to single combat. His intentions are discovered by Maria, with whom he has another affecting interview, at the close of which he rushes out; and, after a short dialogue between Maria and Count von Warth, we find ourselves again in the forest. In the back-ground is the Franciscan church, with light shining through the painted glass windows, from whence also we hear the solemn notes of a prelude to the requiem. The moon shines on the tomb-stones and autumnal trees. Ahasuerus is discovered kneeling in prayer before a crucifix. Heinyn enters, and assails him with the most vehement threats and reproaches, to which Ahasuerus replies with cold contempt, still refusing to touch the sword which is thrown at his feet. In a paroxysm of rage, Heinyn attacks him thus defenceless; Maria's voice is heard behind the scenes, and she enters with Count Warth at the moment when the madman's sword is shivered on the breast of his supposed enemy—and the latter observes that such efforts at murder are in vain, adding in a terrific tone "FOR I AM AHASUERUS!" After this disclosure the Wandering Jew gives a long account of his own life, broken into sections by the remarks and exclamations of his auditors. We shall extract two pages.

Ahasuer. (after a short pause.) How long that interval endured, I know not,

But when I woke, the town was desolate,
 For all had followed Him to Golgotha,
 Save but the sick and dying. I rose up,
 But as a sinner doubly now condemn'd,—
 Mine own accuser, trembled like a leaf,
 And in some rayless cavern would have sought
 To shroud my hopeless guilt;—when suddenly,
 Through Nature's vasty realm, before so still,
 Methought an universal moan arose,
 Pervading earth,—and was by Heaven re-echoed.
 Then, ere the sound had pass'd away, behold,
 The sun that had in dazzling glory shone

As if transform'd to ashes did expire ;—
I felt the ground shake underneath ; on high
Reveal'd by their own lightning, thunder-clouds
In conflict fierce were driven, and mid the glare,
I saw the graves yield up their habitants,
That grimly stalked along the streets. With horror,
I mark'd my parents there ; they follow'd me,
While in despair I fled, still onward,—onward,—
Refuge to seek,—how vainly ! Lightning struck
The temple gates ; I enter'd mid the ruins,
And in my terror shriek'd aloud, when lo !
By supernatural power, the altar's veil
Was rent asunder ; o'er the Covenant gleam'd
His aspect,—and a voice of thunder then
Once more announc'd my doom !—
Henceforth to me
Was rest denied,—aye, rest ! In that brief word
Methinks all Heavenly blessings are comprised,
That I have lost for ever !—Nay, not so,—
For time itself must have an end, and thus
Even I may hope for mercy ! From that hour
Was I driven forth, a wanderer through the world,
Still terror-struck and homeless. Nevermore
Did slumber steal upon mine eyes, nor want,
Nor weariness my strength could overcome.
This frame, wherein th' imperishable soul
Dwelt self-condemn'd, defied the tempest's rage
By land and sea, tormented but unscath'd.—
So had a century past ; one race declin'd ;
Another came and vanish'd, while unchanged,
I wandered on. Then first, the direful truth,—
The full o'erwhelming import of my doom
Was manifest. I only, of all men,
Should never die, and shuddering with affright,
I pray'd that on my head the lightning's fire
In mercy might descend. In vain ! The clouds
Collected,—burst, and amid the threatening flames,
I stood uninjur'd. From Sicilian cliffs,
Whereon the whirlpool breaks in foam, I rush'd
Amid the wild waves headlong,—still in vain ;—
The Sea renounc'd his wicked guest, and thence
In anger bore me to the shore.—I heard
The roar of Etna's subterraneous fire,—
Saw the red flames ascend, and Heaven's wide vault
Reflect the murky splendour ;—till anon,
A rain of scorching ashes fill'd the air,
While in the lava stream, towns, villages,
With living victims, were o'erwhelm'd. Hah ! then,
With momentary hope I deem'd that here

I too might perish, scal'd the mountain steep,
 And, death imploring, leapt into th' abyss,—
 Where, like Charybdis into fire transform'd,
 The sulph'rous elements rag'd. Triumphant then,
 In heart exulting, I believ'd that pain
 So horrible must work its own decay—
 But from the fathomless depths of lurid flame,
 The fierce Volcano murmuring as in wrath
 Did wake abhorrent, cast me forth,—and still
 I liv'd,—unwounded,—hopeless as before !—

Of the Wandering Jew's narrative we have extracted only about two-thirds, because in the rest his language, by the introduction of sacred allusions, is rendered exceedingly unsuitable even for the German stage, on which, as Goethe observes, "everything may be tried." At its conclusion, Heinyn, with vehement emotion, renounces all the fearful and impious opinions which he had before expressed, and declares himself to be the miserable and repentant murderer of Gustavus. Just as he utters these words, Wasaburg, having overheard them, rushes on the stage, prepared to avenge his father's assassination, when Heinyn suddenly throws himself on his adversary's drawn sword, and thus receives a mortal wound. The dialogue, at the catastrophe, is of course made up of broken sentences. Heinyn dies, supported by Maria. Absuerus stands with supernatural dignity amid the groupe, and prophesies that Maria and the Count von Warth will not long survive. Stretching out his arm over the dead, he speaks for the last time—

— 'Thou hast reach'd th' appointed goal,

But I must wander—ONWARD—ONWARD—ONWARD ;'

and then stalks away slowly into the forest. Wasaburg watches him with astonishment. The others kneel beside Heinyn while the music of the requiem is continued, and the curtain falls.

Before dismissing this article, we must beg leave to caution our readers against the supposition that we consider Mr. Klingemann's present production as a *fair* specimen of modern German Tragedy. On the contrary, it was indeed its singularity which first attracted our attention, and we were induced to review it as a "psychological curiosity," which not only confirmed some remarks we had made on the bold principles of German dramatists, but at the first glance naturally awakened a thousand interesting associations of spectral agency, mouldering old castles, dark interminable forests, awful predestination, and so forth ; consequently we may have ascribed to the author a greater share of poetic power than in this instance he can really claim. For our next article on the German Theatre, we need only turn to the

names of Müllner, Grillparzer, Houwald, and Raupach, in order to be reminded of dramatists who unite with impassioned eloquence a propriety of incident and character such as may satisfy the most fastidious critic. We may observe in concluding, that one of the most extraordinary characters of this class in Germany, the late Heinrich Kleist, remains yet unknown even by name in England, while his "Prince of Homburg," "Catharine of Heilbronn," "Family of Schroffenstein," &c. &c., are extolled by Ludwig Tieck as models of dramatic composition, which, though the author's untimely fate prevented the full developement of his own principles, ought not to be neglected. To the latest votaries of the tragic muse, Immermann, Graf von Kalkreuth, Uchtritz, Zedlitz, Heine, &c., we shall ere long give due attention.

ART. XIII.—*Anthologie Russe, suivie de Poesies Originales, Dediée à S. M. l'Empereur de toutes les Russies.* Par P. J. Emile Dupré de Saint Maure, Chevalier de l'Ordre Royal de la Legion d'Honneur, &c. Paris, 1823. 4to.

IT is rather a novel circumstance in the history of literature to hear of an author making translations from a language of which he is entirely ignorant, but it is, we fear, still more unusual to find one in that predicament who is honest enough to confess his ignorance. M. Dupré de St. Maure informs us, that he travelled and resided in Russia for *four* years, (a circumstance, by the way, not very creditable to his industry or application, as in much less time any man of ordinary talent might have acquired the language,)—that during that period he had occasionally amused himself with versifying some pieces of Russian poetry in his native language, which had been well received, and obtained him encouragement to proceed;—that he had in consequence *pledged* himself to publish this Anthology on his return to France, and within a limited period;—and that he had bestowed two years in preparing it for the public eye. Regarding it as an axiom indisputable (rendered still more so by the *dictum* of Laharpe) that translations of poetical works should be in verse, M. Dupré de St. Maure has not only versified his, but adopted the measure of the originals as nearly as the structure of the French language would allow him. The method by which he was enabled to execute this, which, *primâ facie*, seems rather a difficult task, was very simple, and has, we doubt not, been followed on many similar occasions, although not so frankly avowed. A literal translation of the piece into French prose, exhibiting the peculiar turns and inversions of the original, was furnished to him, in several cases

by the author himself, and this he turned into verse in his own way; his translation was then submitted to his critical friends, or to the authors, as the case might be, and any errors which he might have committed were then corrected. He says, that "the Russian language is so harmonious, has such a happy temerity in its inversions, and such an abundance of compound words and imitative beauties, that he frequently felt the insufficiency of the French language to express the gracefulness and energy of the original." With respect to the fidelity of his versions, he repeats the testimony of M. Krilov as to that of some of his own fables: "Although the genius of your language has compelled you to substitute another expression for mine, I will do you the justice to say that you have in no case altered my meaning."

The volume contains between thirty and forty pieces, translated from sixteen different authors, and exhibits specimens of the epic, tragic, lyric, epistolary, satirical, elegiac, mock-heroic, epigrammatic, fable, idyl, ballad and song. Of the pieces selected, not more than three or four are the same with those which Mr. Bowring has given in his "Russian Anthology." After the confession made by the French translator, curiosity led us to compare his versions with those of our countryman, the result of which we shall confine to a single poem. One of the most remarkable and original poems among the specimens given by both, is undoubtedly the *Svetlana* of Zhukovsky, and we think it will interest and amuse our poetical readers to compare the two versions, as they are exhibited in the parallel stanzas we have selected. To enable them to form a judgment of their comparative fidelity, we have availed ourselves of the ready kindness of a Russian friend, perfectly acquainted with the genius of both languages, who has favoured us with the literal English translation of these stanzas, which will be found below.* In the original the stanzas consist

*SVETLANA.

1.

Once on Epiphany evening
Maidens were telling fortunes:
Over the gate a slipper
Taken from the foot they threw;
They gathered up snow; under the window
They listened; they fed
A chicken with choice grain;
They melted fine wax;
Into a cup with clean water
They placed a gold ring,
Emerald ear-rings;
They spread a white napkin,
And over the cup sang in chorus
Joyous songs.

2.

Dimly shines the moon
In the thickness of the fog—
Silent and downcast
The gentle Svetlana.
"What, dear friend, grieves thee?
Say one little word!
Listen to the circling song;
Take out for thyself the ring!
Sing, pretty one: 'Workman!
Work for me a gold and new crown,
Work a golden ring!
For me to crown myself with that crown!
To betrothe myself with that ring
At the holy desk!'"

of fourteen lines each; the French translator lengthens them to sixteen, and in the opening one to twenty-three.

SVETLANA.*

1.

C'étoit la fête de Noël;
Le soir de ce jour solennel,
Bravant la nuit et la froidure,
Des jeunes filles s'amusoient
A dire la bonne aventure;
Tour à tour ôtoient leur chaussure,
Et sous la porte la jetoient;
Tantôt elles foulent la neige;

3.

"How can I, my friends, sing!
My gentle love is distant!
My fate is to die
In solitary grief!
A year has passed—no intelligence;
He writes not to me!
Ah! through him alone the light is beautiful!

Through him alone my heart beats! ...
Or dost thou not think of me?
Where, in what direction art thou?
Where is thy habitation?
I pray and shed tears!
Quench my sorrow,
Angel comforter!"

4.

See! in a chamber a table spread
With a white napkin!
And on that table stands
A looking-glass with a candle;
Two covers on the table.
"Prophecy, Svetlana!
In the clear glass of the mirror,
At midnight, without deceit,
Thou wilt know thy lot!
Thy love will knock at the door
With a light haud,
The bolt will fall from the door,
He will sit down to his cover
To sup with thee."

8.

They are seated (in the sledge) the
horses are off in an instant,
They breathe fire from their nostrils!
From their hoofs is raised
The snow over the sledge!
They gallop on! . . . All around is space;
A desert in the eyes of Svetlana;

* Svetlana is derived from the word *Svet*, which means *light*, and corresponds with *Clara*.—French translator.

† I have adopted the word Catherine; *Svetlana* does not easily accommodate itself to our organs of sense.—English translator.

CATHERINE.†

1.

St. Silvester's evening hour
Calls the maidens round;
Shoes to throw behind the door,
Delve the snowy ground.
Peep behind the window there,
Burning wax to pour;
And the corn for chanticleer
Reckon three times o'er.

A misty circle about the moon;
The edges scarcely glimmer.
Her foreboding heart trembles;
Timidly the maiden speaks:
"Why art thou silent, love?"
Not a whisper to her in answer!
He looks towards the moonlight,
Pale and oppress in heart.

9.

The horses dash over the rugged roads;
They trample on the deep snow . . .
Behold! on the roadside a holy temple
Is seen solitary;
The whirlwind has burst open the gates;
A multitude of persons in the temple;
The bright glare of the chandeliers
Is obscured by the incense;
In the centre a black coffin;
And the priest exclaims in a lengthened
tone:

"Be taken by the tomb!"
More and more the maiden trembles;
The horses pass on; her beloved is silent,
Pale and cast-down.

10.

Suddenly all around is agitation!
The snow falls in large flakes!
A black crow, hissing with its wing,
Hovers over the sledge;
A warning voice cries: "Woe!"
The impatient horses
As in wonder look towards the obscure distance,
Bristling their manes;
A small fire glimmers in a field;
A peaceful corner is visible;
A cottage snow-roofed;
More swiftly fly the horses!
They kick up the snow, straight towards it
They rush in impetuous course.

Tantôt le vent est consulté ;
 Tantôt la jeune troupe assiége.
 Un coq nourri de grain compté :
 Ce jeu fini, la cire ardente
 Qu'au fond d'un vase on fait bouillir,
 Souvent de leur ame innocente
 Trahit le timide desir ;
 Puis dans le fond d'une onde claire
 Un anneau d'or est descendu,
 Et sur le vase avec mystère
 Un mouchoir blanc est étendu ;
 Ce vase attire les fillettes,
 Qui, bientôt se groupant autour,
 Disent gaîment des chansonnettes
 Qu'animent des refrains d'amour.

2.

Dérobant sa clarté dans l'ombre,
 Tel nous voyons l'astre des nuits.
 Ainsi, le front chargé d'ennuis,
 Svetlana reste triste et sombre.
 " Ton cœur, amie, est agité ;
 D'où naît cette douleur profonde ?
 Prends ta part de notre gaîté,
 Ecoute nos chansons en ronde,
 O Svetlana, ranime toi ;
 Que ta légère voix entonne
 Ce chant : 'Tiens, forgeron, fais moi
 Un anneau d'or, une couronne ;
 Allons, travaille ; il est prochain
 Le jour des nœces qu'on apprête :
 L'anneau brillera sur ma main,
 La couronne ceindra ma tête.' "

3.

" Qui ? moi, chanter ? le puis-je, hélas !
 Quand je succombe à ma tristesse ?
 Il est en de lointains climats,
 L'unique objet de ma tendresse !
 Voilà près d'un an qu'il partit :
 Chaque jour ma voix le rappelle ;
 De sa main que n'ai-je un écrit,
 Messager de son cœur fidelle !
 Lui seul peut ranimer mes jours,
 Lui seul me fait aimer la vie ;
 Oublierait-il donc nos amours ?
 Est-il bien loin de son amie ?
 Moi, tout entière à ma douleur,
 Je prie, et je verse des larmes :—
 Mon ange, doux consolateur,
 Par pitié, finis mes alarmes ! "

4.

Interrompant cette oraison,
 Tout-à-coup la troupe empressée
 Conduit au haut de la maison
 Notre charmante fiancée ;

In the water-fountain fling
 Solemnly the golden ring,
 Ear-rings too of gold ;
 Kerchief white must cover them
 While we are chanting over them
 Magic songs of old.

2.

Feebly through the vapours shine
 Moonbeams on the hill ;
 Silently sat Catherine
 Sorrowful and still.
 " Maiden, why so pensive ? we
 Fain thy voice would hear—
 Come, and join our revelry !
 Take the ring, thou dear !
 Sing, ' Make haste and melt, and bring,
 Goldsmith ! come with golden ring,
 Golden wreath for Kate !
 Ring to deck her hand of snow,
 Wreath to bloom upon her brow
 At the altar-gate.' "

3.

" I can sing no choral song
 While my love's away ;
 For my days are sad and long,
 Gloomier every day.
 Left alone—a year is past—
 Not a line to send—
 O my life is but a waste,
 Sever'd from my friend !
 Hast thou then forgotten me ?
 Tell me, wanderer ! can it be ?
 Where's thy dwelling—where ?
 See, I pine 'neath secret smart :
 Guardian angel, watch my heart—
 Listen to my prayer ! "

4.

Cover'd with a napkin white,
 Stood a table there ;
 Where a mirror, clear and bright,
 Shone amidst the glare.

On chante en chœur des joyeux airs ;
 Un linge blanc, une lumière,
 Un miroir, avec deux couverts,
 Sont mis dans ce lieu solitaire.
 "Svetlana, calme ton chagrin ;
 Cette glace, à présent muette,
 A minuit, pour toi, du Destin
 Sera le fidèle interprète.
 Tout doucement il frappera,
 Celui qui t'attache à la vie,
 Et dans la chambre il entrera
 Pour souper avec son amie."

Vacant seats for two were placed—
 'Look within, O look !
 'Tis the hour of spirits,—haste !
 Read Fate's opening book :
 To the mirror turn thy eye,
 And the door shall silently
 Open—List ! 'tis he !
 Gently shall thy lover glide,
 Seat him by his maiden's side.
 And shall sup with thee."

The three following stanzas describe her sensations before she ventures to look in the glass; the appearance of her lover, who calms her fears, tells her the priest is waiting at the altar to unite them, and urges their instant departure. She complies; a sledge drawn by fiery coursers is at the door; they mount, and proceed.

8.

Bientôt s'élançant les chevaux,
 Dont rien n'égale la vitesse ;
 Ils galopent ; de leurs naseaux
 S'échappe une fumée épaisse.
 Sur le désert silencieux
 La lune plane, solitaire ;
 Autour d'elle un cercle brumeux
 Pâlit sa timide lumière.
 Svetlana voit avec effroi
 Se dérouler la plaine immense.
 "Ami," dit-elle, "parle-moi ;
 Il est sinistre ton silence."
 Hélas ! l'ami reste muet ;
 Pas un demi-mot de réplique :
 Triste, abattu, son œil distrait
 Parcourt l'astre mélancolique.

Onwards ! like the winds they go,
 When the storm awakes ;
 Scattering round them clouds of snow,
 While the pathway shakes.
 All was dark and wild as night,
 Terrible, and new :
 Mist-wreaths dimm'd the pale moon's
 light,
 Plains were drench'd in dew.
 Fear again possess'd the maid,
 And in gentlest tones she said,
 "Speak, my lover true !"
 He was silent then—but soon
 Turn'd him to the wintry moon,—
 Pale and paler grew.

9.

A travers des déserts affreux
 Le traîneau léger les emporte.
 Une église s'offre à leurs yeux ;
 Les vents en ont ouvert la porte ;
 L'air retentit de chants pieux ;
 Des vases d'or le feu s'allume,
 Et de l'encens religieux
 Le temple isolé se parfume.
 Un cercueil est devant l'autel,
 Portant un cierge funéraire.
 Le prêtre, d'un ton solennel,
 Des morts recite la prière.
 Svetlana tremble ; mais soudain
 Le rapide traîneau s'élance.
 Toujours en proie à son chagrin,
 L'ami garde un profond silence.

9.

Through the snow—a mountain's
 height—
 Next the wild steeds pass'd ;
 And a church appear'd in sight,
 'Midst a gloomy waste :
 Then a whirlwind burst the door—
 Men are there who mourn ;
 Clouds of incense rolling o'er,
 Waxen tapers burn.
 Lo ! a black sepulchral shroud—
 "Dust to dust !" the priest aloud
 Chants—the horses flew
 Tow'rd the door—her agony
 Rose—he spoke no word—but he
 Pale and paler grew.

10.

Le vent redouble ses fureurs ;
 La neige en flocons s'amoncèle :
 Sur la tête des voyageurs,
 Le corbeau fait siffler son aile ;
 Ses cris funèbres et plaintifs
 Du Ciel annoncent la colère ;
 Et des trois coursiers attentifs
 On voit se dresser la crinière.
 Aux sombres bords de l'horizon,
 Tout-à-coup brille une lumière,
 Dont le faible et pâle rayon
 Laisse entrevoir une chaumière.
 La vierge, à cet aspect nouveau,
 Sent palpiter son cœur timide ;
 Vers la cabane le traîneau
 Dirige sa course rapide.

10.

Clouds of snow ascend again—
 Lo ! the coursers fly ;
 And a raven on the plain
 Croaks, and passes by ;
 'Twas an awful, ominous sound !
 And the moonlight wanes ;
 Darkness wraps the desert round
 O'er the steaming manes.
 See ! a glimmering light is there,
 And upon the heather bare
 Stands a humble shed.
 Swifter—swifter flew the car,
 Whirl'd the snow around it far,
 But no farther sped.

Steeds, sledge and bridegroom, all disappear ; Svetlana is left alone at the door of the hut, which, on her knocking, opens of itself. She finds inside the corpse of a man laid upon a winding-sheet, with an image of the Saviour at his feet ; she prostrates herself before it, wrapt in silent devotion, when a white dove enters, springs towards her, and flaps his wings upon her bosom. The corpse raises himself fearfully, throws off his shroud, and points with his hand to the maiden ; the dove then quits her bosom and flies to the dead man's breast ; the corpse heaves a sigh, gnashes his teeth in agony, and turns his eyes upon her. Svetlana at that moment recognizes the features of her lover, and horrified at the discovery, she—awakes, *for it was all a dream!* She finds herself at day-break in the apartment where her companions had left her ; seating herself at the window, and deeply ruminating the circumstances and meaning of her extraordinary dream, she discovers a mist-cloud in the distance—hears first the horses' bells, then the tramping of their feet, and lastly, the sledge drawn up at the door, from which a stranger descends, and that stranger is—her lover, returned in safety, and eager to fulfil his promised vows. The poem concludes with a sort of moral interpretation of the dream. It is not our purport to enter into any detailed criticism on the merit of these two versions ; we shall content ourselves by remarking, that if the English one adheres more closely to the original in the *measure*, and exhibits greater poetical condensation, the French one is not inferior to it in *literal* fidelity, and by its amplification, tells the story more clearly and distinctly ; which is no small praise, considering the circumstances under which it was made. Beauties there are in the original, which we think have escaped the grasp of both translators.*

* The first part of this poem reminds us of Burns's admirable "Halloween," although conceived in an entirely different spirit ; it is remarkable that the superstitions

But we have already lingered too long on the threshold, and must now enter on what was our main object in taking up this work, namely, to give a general sketch of the history and present state of Russian literature, drawn up principally from the materials already adverted to.* M. Dupré de St. Maure has prefixed to his volume a similar sketch, abridged from Gretsch's History of Russian Literature, and has also given some neat biographical notices of the authors from whom he has made his translations; of these we have availed ourselves. It is our purpose to give from time to time similar *aperçus* of the lesser known literatures of Europe, by means of which we conceive our readers will be better enabled to follow us, when any remarkable production from these quarters falls in our way, which we may think deserving of being introduced to the notice of the British public.

The Russian is one of the numerous family of languages derived from the Slavonic, which is the name usually applied to the language employed in the Translation of the Gospels and other books of Scripture, which is still in use in Russia. But some distinguished philologists are of opinion, that at the time these books were translated, the Slavonic language already possessed several dialects, in one of which they suppose these books were written.

Two Greek missionaries, Methodius and Cyrillus, who were

practices (looking in the glass at midnight, in order to see the face of the future intended) which gives rise to the dream and the incidents arising out of it, is one which we find by the poems to be common to the two countries, Scotland and Russia. The nocturnal journey however brings more forcibly to our recollection that far more powerful description in Bürger's ballad of *Lenora*, which has been transferred into our own tongue by Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, with such felicity of execution as might well excite the envy of his fellow-labourers in the same field. We copy a few of the stanzas.

" When hark! abroad she hearde the
trampe
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She hearde a knighte with clauke alighte,
And climbe the staire in speede.

* * * * *

" All in her sarke, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung;
And with her lily handes so pale,
About her William clung.

" And hurry-skurry forth they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snorte and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.
" How swifte the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthly sowne is none.

" Tramp, tramp, across the land they
speede;
Splash, splash, across the sea:
' Hurrah! the deade can ride apace,
Dost fear to ride with me? "

With the exception of the changes in the local scenery and mode of travelling, to adapt it to the ideas of his own countrymen, and the difference in the catastrophe, the Russian has introduced most of the details of the German poet, but we think with far inferior effect.

The English public is very much indebted to Mr. Bowring for the valuable additions he has made to our literature by his translations from the Dutch, Russian, Polish and Servian poets. We observe that he is shortly about to present us with a volume of Hungarian poetry, and another of Finnish and Esthonian.

* See page 383, note.

sent from Constantinople into Moravia, in 863, for the purpose of instructing the people in Christianity, were the inventors of the alphabet of the language, into which they translated the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and some other parts of the Bible. Thus the Slavonic language, while in its infancy, had, in being formed on the model of a copious and scientific language, an advantage, of which that of Russia participated when these translations found their way into that country.

The oldest manuscript of them now in existence is preserved in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and is of the date of 1056. Since that time they have undergone great changes, partly from the ignorance of the copyists, and partly from the desire of the Russian clergy to assimilate the language of the Scriptures to the Russian language, properly so called. Be that as it may, the Slavonic tongue, such as it is preserved in these translations of Scripture, very much resembles the language now spoken in Servia.

The Russian language differs from that in its grammatical forms, and in an immense number of words;* not so much, however, but

* The principal features which distinguish the Russian from the Slavonic are here enumerated.

1. Like the Latin, neither of them has any *article*, and the connexion between one noun and another is marked by the *cases*.

2. They have a *seventh case*, or one more than the Latin. This case is called in Russian the *creative case*, and is used to express that a thing has been produced by, or with, another. The seven cases are the same in both languages, but there is a great difference in their terminations. In the Slavonic the *vocative* has its peculiar termination; in the Russian it is always the same as the *nominative*, excepting in three or four words, which it has received from the Slavonic without alteration.

3. The *nouns substantive and adjective*, as well as the *pronouns*, have in both languages, like the Latin, three genders, *masculine, feminine, and neuter*.

4. The Slavonic has three numbers, *singular, plural, and dual*; the last is used to express two persons or things. The Russian has only two numbers, like the Latin.

5. The Russian has one advantage, which its mother tongue, with very few exceptions, does not possess; that of forming *augmentative* or *diminutive nouns*, like the Italian. Almost all the Russian *substantives* have two *augmentatives* and three *diminutives*; a few have even more. The *adjectives* have only *diminutives*; on this point, however, grammarians are not agreed.

6. The *verbs* in both languages are conjugated quite differently from those of other languages not derived from the Slavonic. First of all, they have several *infinitives present*, which by a simple change of termination, express a circumstance that accompanies the action, as for instance, that the action consists of a single act, or that it is a succession of acts of the same nature. Secondly, these *infinitives* have their corresponding ones in the *past and future tenses*, so that the Slavonic and Russian verbs almost always express circumstances with them, which gives a great degree of precision to their discourse. On the other hand, they have no *conditional* and *subjunctive tenses*, and in order to express the ideas which these are used for in other languages, the Russians employ a *particle*, which is added to the *tense* of the *indicative*. The Slavonic verbs have three numbers, as already described in No. 4. They have also more *tenses* than the Russian verbs, as they form *past tenses* with the *auxiliary verb* to *бы*, while the Russian language has no *compound past tenses*.

7. Finally, the two languages differ very much from each other in their grammatical

that a Russian, with a little attention, can understand the works written in the Slavonic. The purest Russian is spoken at Moscow and the environs; in other districts different dialects are used, which more or less resemble that. The principal of these dialects is that of Little Russia, which is a compound of Russian and Polish. With this exception there is generally so little difference between them, that an inhabitant of Archangel and one of Astracan meeting together at Moscow, find no difficulty in understanding and conversing with each other. This conformity of language between provinces so remote, is attributed to the reading of the Scriptures in the same translation through the whole of Russia, and to the universal employment of the Slavonic in divine service.

In this short sketch we shall briefly notice the principal features in the literary history of Russia; we shall direct our attention more particularly to the Belles Lettres, in which the peculiar character of every nation is essentially displayed, and we shall cast a general survey over the sciences and the fine arts, in the advancement of which all civilized nations participate.

The Russian nation derives its origin from the Normans, who came from the borders of the Baltic Sea in 862, under Rurik and his two brothers, and settled among the Slavonians, who then inhabited the country between Novgorod and Kiev. The descendants of Rurik continued to lead an active and warlike life; they pushed their military excursions to the very gates of Constantinople, and returned from them loaded with booty. The introduction of the Christian religion softened their manners. Under the great grandson of Rurik, Vladimir the Great, who was baptized in 988, Christianity became the established religion of Russia. Several Greek monks came thither, bringing with them the Slavonian translations of the scriptural books, which we have already mentioned. Vladimir also had the honour of establishing the first schools in Russia. His son Jaroslav raised the splendour of his country to an unexampled height. At the beginning of the eleventh century, when Europe was making faint efforts to

construction. Both of them use great liberties in the transposition of words, by means of cases which serve to point out the direct and indirect government, as well as their character with the verbs.

This short sketch is sufficient to show that the Russian language is copious in its grammatical forms, and is therefore capable of expressing every modification of the most abstract ideas.

A singular theory was started about seven years since, by Mr. Galiffe, in his "*Italy and its Inhabitants in 1816, 1817*,"—that the *Russian* was the *original* language, and the *Slavonian* only a *dialect* of it. He regards the first Romans as a colony of Scythians, and cites a number of Latin words identical with, or apparently derived from the Russian, in confirmation of his theory. The subject is interesting, and merits fuller examination.

tear asunder the veil of darkness with which she had been covered for 500 years, Russia was in constant communication with Greece, which was then the only asylum where the arts and sciences found refuge. The alliance of Jaroslav was coveted by every sovereign in Europe. His eldest son married the daughter of Harold, king of England; his second, the sister of Casimir, king of Poland, who also married Jaroslav's sister; his third, a sister of the Prince Archbishop of Treves; and his fourth, a daughter of Constantine Monomachos, emperor of Constantinople. His eldest daughter was married to a king of Norway; his second to Henry I. king of France; and his third to a king of Hungary.

Had Russia continued in the career which she had thus gloriously commenced, the learned Greeks, who were forced to flee their country on the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, would doubtless have preferred an asylum among their co-religionaries, the Russians, to every other; and the north would probably have preceded the south in the great work of civilization. But it was otherwise determined. Jaroslav, at his death, (which happened in 1054,) divided his states into different principalities, which he left to his sons. From that period the strength of the nation was exhausted by a succession of civil wars, up to the time (1223) when the Moguls and Tartars entered Russia; the fire and sword of the stranger then destroyed all that the fury of internal discord had previously spared. The unhappy Russians bore the yoke of their barbarous conquerors for two centuries and a half; the lamp which had begun to burn was for that time extinguished; the manners of the nation were completely changed; the women lost their liberty; the men became cowardly and superstitious, and the government cruel and despotic.

These ages of ignorance bequeathed few literary monuments to posterity, and they unfortunately destroyed almost all to which the preceding centuries had given birth. A few of these, however, we shall notice, as worthy of the attention of the learned.

The *Code of Laws* attributed to Jaroslav and his sons, and known by the name of *the Russian Truth*, is curious, both as a monument of the language, and of the judicial system in use during the eleventh century, in all the countries inhabited by the Normans.

The *Chronicle of Nestor*, which embraces the period from the origin of the Russians as a nation, up to the twelfth century, when the author died, is a most valuable document, not only to the Russians, but to all the Slavonian nations. The learned Schlotzer devoted forty years of his laborious life to the examination of this Russian Chronicle, which he published in 5 vols. 8vo. at Göttingen, (1802—1809,) with explanatory notes in German. This

Chronicle has been continued almost uninterruptedly to the end of the seventeenth century, but the names of most of the continuators have perished.

The poem entitled the *Expedition of Igor against the Polovtzi* also belongs to the twelfth century. The author of it celebrates the bravery of the Prince of Novogorod-Seversky of that name; his defeat by, and captivity among the Polovtzi, a barbarous people who then inhabited the banks of the Don; and his return to Russia. This poem merits particular attention for its originality, its bold imagery, and that richness of imagination which characterizes the poetry of all young nations.* The name of the author has not survived, but he has transmitted to us that of Bojane, a still earlier poet, whose works have also unfortunately perished.

Tradition has also preserved among the Russians a number of songs, said to be as old as the time of the Tartar dominion. Some of these songs, which are full of simplicity and pathos, have choruses mixed up with them which relate to heathen rites, a circumstance which would lead us to think that they are even older than is generally supposed. Others of them celebrate the pomp of Vladimir's court, and the feats of his brave comrades. The reign of Vladimir is represented in these in a fabulous light, like that of Charlemagne in the romances of the middle age. These traditions only required an Ariosto to give them equal celebrity with those which are attributed to Archbishop Turpin. It is even possible that their origin is the same. If it be true, that the wonders of the romances of the Knights of the Round Table and the Twelve Peers of France were transported by Odin from Asia into Scandinavia, and that from thence they passed into England and France, it is quite possible that the same wonders might have passed into Russia at the time the Normans settled themselves in that country.†

If we have lingered a little on the early history of the Russian nation and its literature, we shall proceed more rapidly through the centuries which intervened between the emancipation of Russia from the Tartar yoke, and the changes which it underwent under Peter the Great.

This emancipation was effected slowly and gradually, as discord arose between the different Tartar Khans; while the power of the grand dukes of Muscovy was raised on the ruins of that of the princes of the other provinces, and sometimes even by dispos-

* A German translation of it was published by J. Müller, at Prague, in 1811, 12mo.

† See *Fürst Vladimir und dessen Tafelrunde*, altruss. *Heldenlieder*, 8vo, Leipz. 1819. Some curious materials for the history of early Russian poetry will be found in Prince Zertelow's *Geist der Russ. Poesie, oder Sammlung alter Russ. Dichtungen, die theils durch ihren Inhalt, theils durch ihre Auslegung Aufmerksamkeit erregen*, 2 vols. 8vo, Leipz. 1822.

sessing them of their inheritances. At last the Grand Duke Ivan III., about the middle of the fifteenth century, found himself entirely liberated from foreign dominion, and Autocrat of all the Russias. At that period the ambassadors of the Pope, the Emperor of Germany, the Kings of Poland and of Denmark, and of the Republic of Venice, came to Moscow: in those days ambassadors were received at the frontiers, conducted to the capital, and treated with eastern pomp; but they were at the same time debarred from all communication with the inhabitants. Novgorod was the only city which continued to traffic with the Hanse towns, or in which they had factories and resident agents. Ivan III. having abolished the republican government of Novgorod, and ill-treated the foreigners who frequented it, Russia in consequence became insulated from the other nations of Europe. A few architects, physicians, &c. who came to Moscow from different countries by the sovereign's invitation, exercised their professions there, but had no influence in civilizing the inhabitants.

The Tzar Ivan IV. the northern Nero, established schools in several of his cities; during his reign also printing was first introduced (in 1551);* but the muses took to flight, terrified at the cruelties which he exercised in every part of his empire, to which he added the kingdoms of Kasan, Astrakan, and Siberia.

The reign of Boris Godounoff, whom the national historians accuse of mounting the throne by the murder of his sovereign, a crime of which foreign historians acquit him, afforded some rays of hope to the unhappy Russians. He invited learned foreigners to his court; sent some of the young nobility to be instructed abroad, and gave his son, who succeeded him and reigned only a few days, an education becoming his rank and high destination.

This fair morning was succeeded by a night of utter darkness. The pretensions of the *False Demetrius* once more plunged the empire into all the horrors of civil war. The Poles and the Swedes, availing themselves of the opportunity, invaded several of the provinces; the former even entered Moscow, but they were driven out of it by the courage of Prince Pozharsky, and the heroic devotion of Minine. Finally, the family of Romanov, in the person of the Tzar Michael, was raised to the throne in 1613, having been elected by the States-General assembled at Moscow.

His son, the Tzar Alexis, began the outline which Peter the Great was destined to complete. He caused a ship to be built, which was burnt at the taking of Astrakan by the revolted Cos-

* The first production of the Russian press was a Psalter, printed at Kiev in 1551; but from the first introduction of printing up to 1711, the use of it was confined to the impression of books of devotion, and the decrees (ukases) of the sovereigns.

sacks. He raised regular troops, established several manufactories, and brought foreign officers and merchants into his empire; but his subjects continued to decline all intercourse with them. In 1654 he reconquered from the Poles, and united permanently to his empire, Kiev, Smolensk, Polotzk, and other cities, and by these feats his reign is principally distinguished.

This epoch is remarkable as relates to the subject of which we are treating, by the influence which the clergy of Little Russia, and White Russia, (who were better instructed than their brethren in Russia Proper,) began and continued to exercise, to the middle of the following century, on the literature and language of the country; this influence was useful to the literature, but prejudicial to the language, the purity of which it corrupted, by the introduction of a multitude of words taken from the dialects of these two provinces, and even from the Polish.

At the time of its re-union to the mother country, Kiev possessed an ecclesiastical academy, which enjoyed some reputation; a similar establishment was formed at Moscow in 1682, during the reign of the Emperor Theodore. This prince was a great lover of music and poetry. His tutor, the monk Simeon, a native of Polotzk, was one of the best poets of his time; he wrote several plays, which were performed at the court by the Princess Sophia, sister of the Tzar, and by the young nobility of both sexes of her retinue. This princess herself composed some pieces for representation.

The drama had been introduced into Russia only a short time before this, by the students at the Academy of Kiev, who were in the habit of travelling through the southern provinces of the empire during the vacation, and giving representations, the subjects of which were taken from Scripture. Similar performances were given in the Academy of Moscow soon after, and from hence they found their way to the court. Thus, the love of the arts began to show itself in Russia before that of the sciences; but to the genius of Peter the Great this progress appeared too slow. Happy would it have been, if he had had patience to wait till the love of science had gradually developed itself, without eradicating all that was national in manners and in intellect!

Having ascended the throne in conjunction with his sister Sophia, and his eldest brother Ivan, Peter was not long (in 1689,) before he contrived to rid himself of both his partners. Sophia, as the most dangerous of the two, was shut up in a convent. Obsequious historians, acting on the principle that the unfortunate are always in the wrong, have been too readily disposed to accuse her of plotting against her brother's life. Peter, liberated from all controul, determined to examine with his own eyes, the coun-

tries which were to serve as the future models to his own. In his travels he took note of every thing that attracted his curiosity; but he studied more particularly medicine, architecture, mathematics, and above all, ship-building. Europe saw with astonishment, a powerful monarch labouring in the dock-yard of Sarsdam, like a common carpenter. Immediately on his return home, he set about the task of his country's reformation. If he occasionally made use of too violent measures, if he turned into ridicule usages which perhaps he ought to have respected, we must not forget that it was owing to an excess of zeal. The thirty-six years of his reign produced a complete regeneration of Russia in all its parts. The removal of the capital into a country which had not long before been a foreign province; the formation of an army disciplined after the European models, with which he finally triumphed over the greatest captain of his age, and of a powerful fleet, which made his flag respected by all the maritime powers; the face of the country covered with work-shops and manufactories; its commerce finding markets previously unknown; the union of the Black Sea with the Baltic; Russian citizens travelling over Europe, and acquiring a knowledge of the sciences and arts; foreigners not only received, but honoured and treated with distinction; and education placed within the reach of youth in the numerous schools which he established in almost every town. Such are a few of the benefits which Russia derived from Peter's reign.

On the subject of schools we may be pardoned for entering into some details. During his residence in Holland, Peter employed Tessing, a printer at Amsterdam, to print Russian translations of several scientific works, and gave him the exclusive privilege of vending these in Russia. Soon afterwards the Tzar conceived the idea of modifying the Russian alphabet,* and established several printing-offices at St. Petersburg. The new characters which were then introduced were used in printing a number of books, principally elementary treatises, translated from foreign languages. After thus increasing the means of instruction, he established in the principal cities and towns of his empire fifty schools, in which the elements of the most useful

* The Russian alphabet, like the Slavonic, had originally forty-three letters, and in that state it continued until the time of Peter, who reduced the number of letters to thirty-four, and improved and gave elegance to their form. The first font of this improved character was cast in Holland, and was used in 1704 in printing the first gazette, which was also the first periodical work that appeared in Russia. Since that time the alphabet has undergone scarcely any alteration, notwithstanding the attempts made by several enlightened authors to improve it. It has been well said, that nothing but the immutable determination of a man like Peter could thus change the habits of several centuries growth.

branches of knowledge were taught. Besides these, the different classes in the state had their special schools. The clergy had 26; the army had one of artillery and one of engineers for the officers, and 56 in garrisons for the children of the soldiers; the navy had one for navigation. He also formed a cabinet of natural history and curiosities of all sorts, and a public library, in which he himself, notwithstanding his important occupations, was wont to spend several hours at a time. He intended to have crowned his labours for the civilization of his country, by the erection of an academy of sciences, on the plan of the celebrated Leibnitz; but his death (in 1725,) prevented its execution. But his widow and successor, Catherine I. carried it into effect some months afterwards. She was careful in selecting for its members, men who will for ever immortalize it. We need only mention the great Euler, whose name alone is a host, and Miller, distinguished for his valuable contributions to Russian history and geography.

The Empress Anne deserves a place in the history of Russian civilization, from the establishment of the Cadet school, which long stood at the head of the establishments for education, and produced a number of distinguished characters. Anne died in 1740.

We have already remarked, that about the middle of the 17th century, the authors who were natives of Little Russia and White Russia disfigured the language by a number of provincialisms. There are very few authors of that time, altogether exempt from this reproach; some however must be excepted, particularly Demetrius, bishop of Rostov, who wrote so well in the Slavonic, that even now his style is regarded as a model of purity and elegance. This author, among his numerous works, left some sacred dramas, which were performed in his diocese by the divinity students. From the time of Peter the Great, the purity of the language was still farther encroached upon. Foreign words from all the nations of Europe were introduced into it, along with the usages and improvements which the Russians borrowed from them.

This corruption is observable in all the works written at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The learned Theophanes, archbishop of Novgorod, is not altogether exempt from the reproach. Notwithstanding this, his writings, and particularly his Sermons, are marked by all the qualities which an author can derive from a thorough knowledge of his art; and he is regarded in Russia as the father of pulpit eloquence. Theophanes also sacrificed to the muses, but his poetical compositions have sunk into complete oblivion, with the exception of an epistle which he addressed

to Prince Kantemir; and for that exception it is solely indebted to the poetical glory of the latter.

Prince Kantemir was born at Constantinople in 1709, but when only four years of age, accompanied his father Demetrius, who was Hospodar of Moldavia, into Russia, on the occasion of the war which Peter was then waging with the Turks. The young Kantemir, when he grew up, attracted the favourable notice of the Empress Anne, who in 1732 appointed him her ambassador extraordinary to the court of England, and afterwards in 1738 to that of France; he died in 1744, two years after his return to Russia, in his 36th year. Prince Kantemir was a scholar in the full acceptation of the term; he was master of several languages, ancient and modern, of which the translations he published are a proof. But it is not from these works that the reputation he still enjoys is derived, but from his original poems, and particularly his satires, in which he has very successfully imitated Horace and Boileau, without being their copyist.* His style is rather antiquated, and his versification, like that of all the poets who preceded him, is syllabical, that is to say, constructed on the number of syllables in each verse, and not upon the longs and shorts.

The first who attempted to introduce the rhythmical measures of the Greek and Roman poets into Russian versification, was Trediakovski; but it was not generally adopted by the Russian poets, until it was used by Lomonossov in his poems. Trediakovski was a pupil of the famous Rollin; his master gave him all that a master could give,—science and the love of labour; genius it was not in his power to supply. To exemplify his patience, it is sufficient to mention that he translated twice over the twenty-six volumes of Rollin's Roman History, the first translation having been accidentally burnt. As to the beauty of his verses, a single trait will be sufficient to give an idea of it. The Empress Catherine II. in her social parties at the Hermitage, was in the habit of inflicting as a forfeit, the obligation of getting by heart and reciting a certain number of this poet's verses, from his translation of Telemachus!

Such was the state of Russian literature, when a new star appeared in its horizon. Lomonosov, says Levesque, in his History of Russia, is alone sufficient to give lustre to a century. The first of his poetical productions was an *Ode on the capture of Khotin* by the Russian armies, in 1739; it was enthusiastically received at court, and the highest praises were bestowed on the harmony of the iambics, the beauty and purity of the style, and

* A notice of Prince Kantemir, and specimens of his satires are given in the *Anthologie Russe*, p. 102—111.

the animating ardour of almost all the stanzas.* The author was then in Germany, and in his twenty-eighth year. It may be said, therefore that he entered the career in which he became so distinguished at a ripe age, and that at his very first outset he shewed himself such as he remained ever after; having already in his own mind anticipated the revolution which he subsequently effected in the Russian language and versification. He was born under the icy sky of Archangel, and brought up to assist his father, a poor fisherman, in the labours of his employment. It was his good fortune to meet with an honest priest who taught him to read; and the Metrical Version of the Psalms, by Simeon of Polotsk, was the first book which fired his poetical imagination; he early left his father's house and repaired to Moscow, where he found patronage, and the means of prosecuting his studies. Afterwards he was sent into Germany, where he became a pupil of Wolf, the celebrated philosopher and mathematician. When he returned to Petersburg in 1741, he was immediately elected a member of the Academy of Sciences, and successively appointed professor of chemistry and other natural sciences, the duties of which he discharged to the time of his death, in April, 1765. This extraordinary man left behind him a variety of treatises on physical, chemical, geological, and astronomical subjects; but the immense progress which these sciences have since made, has rendered them wholly obsolete. His claims to be remembered by his countrymen of the present day rest entirely on the services which he rendered to their language and literature. He was the first who published a Russian grammar; before his time there had only been Slavonian grammars. He it was also who brought back his native language to its original purity, proved that its basis ought to be the Slavonian, and laid down rules for the different styles. As a poet, Lomonosov particularly excels in lyrical composition, and as a prose writer, in his academical discourses. He was master of the Greek, Latin, French, and German languages, and added some translations to the stock of Russian literature. He also made some attempts in epic poetry, and in tragedy, which were not so successful as his Odes, and Imitations of the Psalms.†

* Considering the high rank which Lomonosov still retains among the Russian poets, and the interest which attaches to the poem in question as the first lyrical composition in the language, we have thought that a translation of it would not prove unacceptable to our readers. Our kind friend already alluded to (p. 596) has furnished us with one, of which his modesty allows him only to say, that "its sole merit is that of its being a literal translation."

† Biographical notices of Lomonosov will be found in Bowring's *Russian Anthology* vol. i. p. 205-208; and in *Anthologie Russe*, Introd. p. x-xii.; specimens of his poetry are also given by Bowring, vol. i. p. 65-70; vol. ii. p. 1-14. The third edition of his collected works was published in 6 vols. 8vo, in 1804.

During his life-time, the only poet who attempted to imitate him was Popovsky, whose masterpiece was a translation of Pope's *Essay on Man*. This author died very young, some years before Lomonosov.

The honour of introducing the art of Melpomene and Thalia into Russia was reserved for Soumarokov. Inflamed by the perusal of the works of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, his ambition conceived the idea of imitating them in Russian. His first tragedies were performed by the pupils of the Cadet school, but it was not long before the court became anxious to participate in the pleasures of the young scholars. About the same time a company of actors had been formed at Jaroslav. Volkov, the son of a shopkeeper of Kostroma, having seen the German and Italian theatres at St. Petersburg, which had existed there since the reign of the Empress Anne, built a theatre at Jaroslav, and there gave representations of the sacred dramas of Demetrius of Rostov. Information of this having reached the court, the Empress Elizabeth ordered Volkov and his company to St. Petersburg, and there erected, in 1756, a Russian theatre, of which Soumarokov was made the director; in 1759 a similar one was built at Moscow. Soumarokov wrote several tragedies, comedies, dramas, and operas, which long formed the stock plays of the Russian theatre. Some of his tragedies even retain possession of the stage to this day. The subjects of them are generally taken from the national history, and they are written after the French models.* The greatest merit of Soumarokov, in the opinion of modern critics, is, that he attempted almost every species of poetical composition, and thus smoothed the difficulties to those who followed his steps. He died in 1777, when nearly sixty years of age.

While Lomonosov and Soumarokov were shedding lustre on the reign of Elizabeth by their works, the empress herself neglected no means of advancing the civilization of her country. As a daughter of Peter the Great, she could not do otherwise than protect those arts and sciences which her father had introduced into Russia. By the advice of Schouvalov, whose name will be always dear to the Russians on account of his patronage of Lomonosov, she established a University at Moscow, and an Academy of the Fine Arts at St. Petersburg. The favourable situation of the first, in the very centre of Russia in Europe, made it in a short time the most useful establishment in the

* A French translation of the tragedies of Soumarokov, by M. Pappadopolis, was published at Paris in 1801. A notice of him is given in *Anthologie Russe*, Introd. pp. xiii. xiv. His dramatic compositions are characterized by Bowring as generally gross and indecent.

empire. Elizabeth died in 1760. It was she who abolished capital punishments in Russia, and not the Empress Catherine II. as is generally supposed.

Catherine, who rendered herself so celebrated abroad by her system of politics and her conquests, was not less distinguished at home by her wise administration. It is foreign to our object to mention the numerous changes and improvements which she made in the laws of the country; our business is only with what she did for literature and sciences. The Academy of Sciences, and that of the Fine Arts, were the first to attract her notice. Their funds were increased, and men of celebrity in different departments were again invited from abroad. Among these we need only mention the celebrated naturalist Pallas. This learned academician was placed at the head of one of the expeditions which Catherine sent, in 1768, to travel over the whole of Russia, and to describe every thing remarkable that was to be met with in her immense empire. The utility of these expeditions in the enlargement of our knowledge of geography and natural history admits of no dispute. All the other literary establishments, such as the University of Moscow, the Cadet School, the Artillery School, &c. experienced the fostering care of Catherine. She established a great number of new schools, for the different branches of human knowledge. Of these the principal are, the Academy of the Russian Language, the Mining School, the School of Surgery, the Pages' School, and several public schools in different cities. The academy was not long in giving proofs of its activity, by publishing a Russian Dictionary and Grammar, which, notwithstanding many imperfections, were still of great use to the language. Finally, Catherine, by the single act of allowing every individual who chose it, to set up a printing-office, without requiring a license from the government, did more to advance the civilization of Russia than all her predecessors.

But not satisfied with merely patronizing literature in the manner which her immense power enabled her to do, she encouraged men of science and literature by her personal example. In one of her journies, she distributed to the persons composing her retinue, the task of translating the different chapters of Marmontel's novel of *Belisaire*, reserving one for herself. In this manner, although condemned in France by the Sorbonne, and the Archbishop of Paris, *Belisarius* was translated into Russian, by the empress and the first noblemen of her court. We shall not tire the reader by enumerating her different literary productions, which are more indebted for their celebrity in Russia to the name of the author, than to their own intrinsic merits. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed her *Memoirs relative to the History*

of *Russia*. Up to the time of Catherine, the national history, from the greatest of all prejudices, was regarded as one of the secrets of state. Before her time, Russia possessed a great number of chroniclers, and even some historians, such as Khilkov and Tatischchev, but their works remained unpublished. She it was who commissioned the learned Miller and Schlotzer to publish these works; who was, herself, at the pains of collecting materials for future historians, and who encouraged Tcherbatov, Boltine and Golikov, to employ themselves in writing the history of their country.

As to literature, properly so called, we must distinguish two periods during the reign of Catherine (from 1762 to 1796); the first, and fortunately the longest, saw the end of Lomonosov and Soumarokov, and gave birth to a number of authors of great merit. The second commences about the latter years of her reign, and continues up to the first years of that of the Emperor Alexander. This last interval of fifteen years (1790 to 1804) furnishes a memorable example to Russian authors against being seduced from the path marked out for them by the great Lomonosov. Of these two periods we shall give a few details.

At Lomonosov's death, his lyre was inherited by Petrov. This author was far from possessing the same mastery over the Russian language as his predecessor. His taste was sometimes faulty in the choice of expressions; and his ear not always correct in detecting the harsh and unmusical words which occurred in his compositions; but, on the other hand, he introduced greater variety into the forms of his odes; he did not confine himself exclusively, like Lomonosov, to singing the praises of his sovereign; he also celebrated the great deeds of his countrymen. In thus opening for himself a wider career, he discovered new springs of feeling, and of poetical ideas. His muse, therefore, seems to have been more frequently inspired with true lyrical transport than that of his predecessor, and his verses sparkle with new and striking imagery.* He died in 1799, at the age of sixty-three.

Petrov had a most formidable adversary in Derzhavin, whose early education had been unfortunately neglected. It is said of him, that he long continued to make verses, in which the rules of versification were not attended to. Reading, and the intercourse of society, soon formed Derzhavin, but the traces of a want of regular education were observable in him to the last. They are particularly conspicuous in his latest productions, when age be-

* Mr. Bowring has given a translation of his *Ode on the Victory of the Russian over the Turkish Fleet* in his *Anthology*, vol. ii. p. 189—204.

gan to chill the fire of his genius; for although he lived till 1816, and to his 73d year, it might be said, that his existence as a poet had terminated long before that period. Notwithstanding this misfortune, with which it certainly would be unfair to reproach him, Derzhavin occupies one of the first places in the Russian Parnassus. His distinguishing characteristic is a richness of imagination, which frequently makes his odes but one succession of delightful and truly poetical images. Thus he begins his *Ode on the Birth of the Emperor Alexander*, by a description of the ravages caused by Boreas. This prince having been born nearly about the time that the sun leaves the tropic of Capricorn, and approaches the equator, the poet avails himself of it to say, that at his birth the day-star turned towards the spring, and nature began to revive. He then describes the different genii descending from heaven, and adorning the new-born infant with all the qualities requisite to form an excellent monarch. He terminates the ode by a representation of Russia upon her knees, receiving into her arms the beloved infant, and offering up prayers for his future happiness. The finest odes of Derzhavin are of this description. Another excellence of this poet is the poetical manner in which he dresses his moral reflections.* In general the poems of Derzhavin have great originality, which is no small recommendation in a literature so completely one of imitation.

In speaking of the lyric poetry of this period, we must not forget naming Kapnist, the friend and imitator of Derzhavin. He has not the genius of the latter, but industry, and an intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, amply supplied his want of natural gifts.† This author, who had long retired from the world to live upon his estates, terminated his peaceful career in 1813, at a very advanced age. In 1799 he wrote a comedy entitled "*Chicanery*," which will be noticed in its place. His addresses to the tragic muse were not so favourably received.

Epic poetry was also cultivated at this glorious era of Russian literature. Lomonosov, as we have seen, was the first who attempted it. Filled with admiration of all that Peter the Great had achieved for his country, he determined to celebrate his exploits; but he probably could not help feeling, that the subject being almost a contemporary one to him, allowed but little range for the excursive imagination of the poet. To this cause it may be owing that he only finished the two first cantos of the poem,

* The poems of Derzhavin were printed in 4 volumes in 1808. A notice of him, and specimens of his poetry, are given in Bowring, vol. i. p. 1—44, and 209—211; and vol. ii. p. 15—22. Also in *Anthologie Russe*, p. 112—120.

† A specimen of Kapnist is given in Bowring, vol. ii. p. 187.

which, although they contain many beautiful verses, bear sufficient evidence of the unfortunate selection of the subject.

Kheraskov ventured to commit himself on the road where Lomonosov went astray. This laborious author, during a long life, (1733—1807,) published several poems, of which we shall only notice *The Russiad*, in twelve cantos, and *Vladimir*, in eighteen. The subject of *The Russiad* is the conquest of Kasan by the Tzar Ivan IV.; that of *Vladimir* the introduction of Christianity into Russia by that monarch.* These two poems were greatly cried up by the author's contemporaries, and placed by them upon a level with the best epics of antiquity: but posterity has already appreciated them at their just value, and consigned them, along with all Kheraskov's other writings in verse and prose, to the gulph of oblivion. The literature of Russia cannot therefore yet be said to possess a single epic.

About the time that Kheraskov's poems were making so great a noise, Petrov published a translation of the *Æneid*, and Kostrov another of the first six books of the *Iliad*; both of these translations were regarded with indifference by their contemporaries, but here also posterity has reversed their sentence. Although it may appear that in Russia scholars are satisfied that Alexandrine verses can give but a faint representation of the ancient hexameters, it is certain that these translations will live as long as the language itself. It is true, that our observations on the Odes of Petrov may be applied with even greater truth to his translation of the *Æneid*, and that Kostrov's *Iliad* is liable to the same reproaches; but the energetic style of both amply redeems their occasional harsh and inharmonious expressions. It is not long since the sequel of Kostrov's translation, up to the middle of the ninth book, was discovered; a circumstance which the real connoisseurs regarded as a great acquisition to Russian literature.

Passing from the serious epic to the comic epic, we need not detain the reader with the poems of Maikov, entitled the *Mad Bacchus*, and the *Gamester*; the former of these deserves particular notice for its originality and humour; unluckily, however, degenerating into occasional coarseness. We hasten to the period when Bogdanovich published his *Duschenka*, (*Psyche*), a poem in three cantos. The mixture of the ancient mythology with the marvellous of the Russian popular stories in this poem has been made a subject of reproach to the author; but this fault in the plan is fully compensated by a story full of delightful simplicity, and

* A notice of Kheraskov, with a specimen of his *Russiad*, and a complete analysis of that poem, will be found in *Anthologie Russe*, p. 129—162.

by a versification which is sometimes incorrect, but always flowing and graceful.* Bogdanovich (born in 1743, died in 1803) published a number of other poems of different kinds, which are not all so highly esteemed as his *Psyche*. Among them, however, his translation of Voltaire's Poem *On the Earthquake at Lisbon* is highly spoken of.

The drama, which, as we have observed, was introduced into Russia by Soumarokov, made some advances at this time, particularly in comedy. In tragedy, the productions of Kheraskov, of Kniaznine, (born in 1742, died in 1794) and of Nicolev, had increased the catalogue of Russian plays, without giving evidence of any sensible improvement. The language of Kniaznine is more correct than that of Soumarokov, but in all other respects he is greatly inferior to him. He deserves the strongest censure for his plagiarisms from the French authors, whom he pillaged without the least mercy; the finest passages in Racine and Voltaire were frequently spoiled by his placing them, without the least regard to propriety, in the mouths of his tragic personages. If he did not show himself more scrupulous in his comedies, he contrived in them, at least, to make a better use of what he borrowed. Some of the latter are even represented to this day, particularly *The Braggadocio*, a comedy in verse, in five acts, which is an imitation of *L'Important*, of Brueys, the French author. This comedy of Kniaznine exhibits some natural and comic characters, of which his acquaintance with the manners of his own time had furnished him with the idea, and some strokes of wit, for which he was certainly not indebted to the French author.

It is more particularly, however, in the two comedies of Von Visin, the *Brigadier* and the *Minor*, that we must look for an accurate picture of the manners of that period. The one last named is unquestionably the best of all the original comedies which the Russians possess. It had also the singular merit of contributing greatly to correct the vice which it attacked, by its caustic and bitter satire. It is to be regretted that these two comedies were not written in verse; but, perhaps, they would have then lost in nature what they would have gained in elegance.

Two other comedies of that period must not be passed over in silence; these are *Mirth and Melancholy*, by Klouchine, and the *Criminal Gamester* of Ephimiev, both of them in verse.

To Kniaznine the opera also owed much. Some of his productions in this department long occupied the first place on the

* Some specimens of Bogdanovich's poetry will be found in Bowring's *Anthology* vol. i. p. 165—174; and an interesting biographical notice of him by Karamzin, in the same volume, p. 212—219.

Russian theatre. He had a number of competitors, of whom we shall here mention only Ablessimov, the author of the *Miller*, which, in Russia, is considered the first opera in the order of time, and, perhaps, the first in point of literary merit. It certainly presents a very gay and lively picture of the manners of the Russian villagers, and is distinguished by great originality.

We have only one more poet of this first period of the reign of Catherine to notice, and that is the fabulist Khemnitz. The writings of this author breathe the warmest love of liberty and of all that is noble and generous, the soundest practical morality, and a degree of benevolence and simplicity, which might lead one to regard as mere common place, observations which were really the result of long meditation on the social institutions and manners of his country.* His style is occasionally incorrect, but generally clear and natural. It would have been better for his successors in this line, if they had taken him as their model, merely taking care to avoid his faults, of which his versification is the greatest.

Prose has, in all nations, followed very slowly the progress of poetry. In the literature of Russia, however, its advance was much more rapid. The same name which stands at the head of her poets is also the first in the list of her prose writers; the first in order of time and the first in order of merit. The *Academical Discourses* of Lomonosov (for it is of him we are speaking) were prodigies at the time they were written, and are still regarded as models of eloquence. This burst of genius, however, long remained without imitators. It was only about the time that we are now treating of, that prose composition began to be studied; but the seeds having once taken root, the growth of the tree was rapid, and some of its branches rose to a height which has not since been surpassed.

The archbishop Plato carried the eloquence of the pulpit to a degree of perfection which discouraged his successors. Some of the preachers of the present day, afraid to follow his steps, instead of addressing themselves to the feelings of their auditory, have attempted to convince their reason, and become unintelligible and unimpassioned from dipping too much into doctrinal discussion. Plato was not the only eloquent preacher of the reign of Catherine; he died in the year 1812, in his 75th year.

The other branches of eloquence were also cultivated with more or less success. Von Visin, (born in 1745, died in 1792.)

* Specimens of Khemnitz's compositions will be found in Bowring's *Anthology*, vol. i. p. 135, and in *Anthologie Russe*, p. 91. A biographical notice of him is given in both works.

whom we have already mentioned in our notice of the drama, was one of the best prose writers of his time. He left behind him some translations, of which those of Bitaubé's poem *Joseph*, and of Thomas's *Eulogium of Marcus Aurelius*, are particularly distinguished by their clear and elegant style, even among works of the present day. His original Tales, and those he translated from the French, will always be models of fictitious narrative. Some of his letters, lately published, give evidence of his talent as an epistolary writer.

Kostrov, (who died in 1796,) celebrated for his translation of the *Iliad*, gave another of *Ossian's Poems*, which is regarded as a master-piece of poetical prose.

The historical, epistolary, and didactic branches were successfully attempted by Muraviev, (born in 1737—died in 1816,) who was tutor to the emperor Alexander, and subsequently his state-counsellor. This author, to whom Russia owes a great debt of obligation, formed his style by a careful study of the Slavonic and of the great masters of antiquity; in other words, he followed the principles and the example of Lomonosov.

Such was the flourishing state of Russian literature, when, towards the close of the eighteenth century, some youthful authors, finding the road hitherto pursued too difficult, determined to open another for themselves. With scarcely any knowledge of the Slavonic, excepting a few antiquated words, they took every opportunity of turning it into ridicule, and boldly affirmed that the study of that language was of no earthly use to the Russian authors. By this means they sapped the foundations of the language on one side, while they corrupted its purity on the other by introducing a number of new words and foreign idioms, which they called enriching it. With this alteration of the language they united in their writings a mawkish sentimentality, which was pleasing for a time, particularly to the ladies; but as its source did not spring from the heart, it soon became ridiculous. These two causes produced a decline in every branch of literature. Pulpit eloquence alone did not follow this retrograde progress. Of all the other branches, the drama was that which suffered from it the most. We cannot mention a single comedy or tragedy of the period which deserves the slightest mention, excepting the comedy of *Chicanery*, by Kapnist, already mentioned; and even that properly belongs to the preceding one.

The authors of this unfortunate period were very numerous, but their names and their writings have long since fallen into oblivion, and we are sure that none of them are now anxious to have such productions revived. There are only two whose reputation has

endured, and these are Karamzin as a prose writer,* and Dmitriev as a poet.†

The first now enjoys a European reputation, derived from his *History of Russia*. When young, he lost himself in a false route, and was probably one of the principal causes of leading others astray; but having retraced his steps, he applied himself assiduously to the study of the ancient Russian chroniclers, and consequently of the Slavonian tongue; meditated his style for ten years, and at last published a work, which has been translated into the principal languages of Europe, and given him a name among her historians.

The second escaped the fate of most of his contemporaries, owing to the merit of some of his lyrical effusions, but principally to his imitations of Voltaire's *Tales*, and the *Fables* of La Fontaine. It is to be wished that he had always been equally fortunate in the choice of his models, and that he had not so much attached himself to Florian. The tales and fables of Dmitriev are better written than his lyric poems; but we value the latter more highly, because he was the first of the Russian poets who selected the subjects of his odes from the history of his country, and treated them in an original and striking manner.

We should be guilty of great injustice, if we were to omit mentioning here a poet whose works belong to this period, but whose style and taste would have given him a high place among those of the preceding. This was Pancratius Soumarokov, who must not be confounded with the author of the same name already mentioned. In his youth he had the misfortune to be tried and convicted as an accomplice on a charge of coining, for which he was sent into Siberia. There he expiated his offence by an irreproachable conduct, and to fill up his leisure hours, amused himself by writing poetry. At Tobolsk, he published during several successive years, a journal entitled *The Irtish changed into the Hippocrene*. The fame of his talents reached the Emperor Alexander, and obtained him his pardon. He wrote a number of poems, of which the tale of *Love blinded by Folly* is particularly admired. He also wrote a burlesque Ode, in which he satirized with great wit the sentimental style of his time.

The decline of Russian literature was arrested by Chischkov,

* A biographical sketch of Karamsin, with specimens of his poetical compositions will be found in Bowring's *Anthology*. He died in 1826, leaving his *History of Russia* unfinished. The two last volumes of the French translation, published last year, only come down to the reign of the False Demetrius in 1606.

† Of Dmitriev a biographical notice will be found in the *Anthologie Russe*, p. 1; and in that, as well as in both volumes of Bowring's *Anthology*, specimens of his compositions.

now President of the Russian Academy, and Minister of Public Instruction, who published in 1792 a *Treatise on the Old and the New Styles*, in which he attempted to prove that the new authors proceeded on wrong principles, and tried to bring them back to the old ones. This work, although right in its leading principle, is not altogether free from defects in the details. With these defects he was bitterly reproached by the adepts of the new school; but reason finally triumphed over all their efforts. Most of them gradually renounced their errors, or abandoned literature altogether. Finally a comic author, Prince Chakhovsky, gave them their death-blow, in a comedy entitled *The New Sterne*, in which he turned their false sensibility into ridicule.

While the Russian language was experiencing these vicissitudes, the system of public education received new life, and a new organisation, throughout the whole empire. Alexander I. in 1801 mounted the throne of his ancestors, after the short reign of his father, Paul I. and directed his attention from the very first to this branch of the administration. The whole empire was divided into six *arrondissemens*, each of which was to possess one university. To effect this object, to the three already existing, (viz. Moscow, which as we have seen, was founded by the Empress Elizabeth; Vilna, founded in 1578, and united to Russia by the Empress Catherine; and Dorpat, established by Paul I.) three new ones were added, which were successively opened at Kharko, Kasan, and St. Petersburg. During this period also, the Universities of Abo and Warsaw were added to Russia by the conquest of Finland and Poland. Each of the above six *arrondissemens* was composed of several governments, and each government again divided into districts. According to the new organisation, every chief seat of a government was to have a *gymnasium*, and every chief town of a district a district-school. In the principal villages it was proposed to establish parochial schools. Most of these establishments are now actually in existence. The direction of all matters connected with public education was committed, in each *arrondissement*, to a board, composed of professors of the University, presided by the rector, who was elected by the professors from among themselves; and in each government, to a board, formed of the masters of the gymnasia, and presided by its director. In the metropolis, a council was created for the general management of affairs, consisting of the curators of the universities, over which the Minister of Public Instruction presided. This wise organisation embraced two great advantages; uniformity in the system of education throughout the empire, and the participation of men of learning and science in the management of affairs within their competence. To encourage the Russian

youth to devote themselves to study, the different degrees of the learned hierarchy were entitled to greater or less privileges; that for instance, of doctor of any of the faculties, was assimilated to a rank which in Russia confers hereditary nobility.

The protection which the Emperor Alexander accorded to the sciences was not limited to those beneficent laws, which would be alone sufficient to give lustre to a reign. He made some useful changes in the system of the ecclesiastical schools, and founded several special institutions, for teaching those branches of human knowledge, which are more immediately connected with the wants of individuals and of nations. The principal of these establishments are: the medico-chirurgical academy; the institute of the corps for roads, canals, and bridges, in which the art of constructing these was taught; the engineer school; the artillery school; and several others. We regret our inability to enter into further details on the measures adopted by the government for the education of the people, and must content ourselves with mentioning that the example set by the sovereign was followed, not only by the different public bodies in the state, but also by private individuals. Count Besborodko erected at his own expense a gymnasium at Nezhine, and Demidov a school at Jaroslav. We may add the noble school founded by Prince Galitzin; the deaf-and-dumb institution by Prince Ilinski; the magnificent botanic gardens by Count Razumovsky; the literary and scientific enterprises of the last Romanzov; the great agricultural plans of Strogonov, &c. &c.

It was not possible that such great exertions could be made for any length of time, without producing corresponding good effects, and we have accordingly seen that the sciences have, of late, flourished very much in Russia. It cannot however be denied, that the Russian men of science have been satisfied with watching its progress in other countries, with publishing elementary books, or translating the best foreign works, and that none of their names are attached to any discoveries.

Geography, however, is one of the sciences which forms an exception to the preceding observations, having from an early period owed a great deal to the Russians. Up to the reign of Alexander, they had only explored their own country, the coasts of the Icy Sea, of the North-East of Asia, and North-West of America. During the 19th century they have pushed their discoveries not only beyond the equator, but even beyond the antarctic polar-circle. The names of Krusenstern, of Kotzbue, of Bellingshausen, of Golovnin, of Lazarev, of Vassiliev, are known all over the world; the geographical and statistical journals of the present day abound with their observations and discoveries. Even in this department there were private individuals who showed themselves

rivals of the government. Count Romanzov at his own expense built and fitted out a vessel, and sent her on a voyage round the world, with no other object in view but that of scientific discovery. The travels of the Russians in the heart of Asia have attracted the notice of the learned world. Capt. Muraviev's Travels in Boukharia have been translated into French and German. Those of Timkovsky to China have recently appeared in French, in German, and in English.

Our readers must have remarked that lyric poetry has been at all times cultivated in Russia in preference to, and with more success than the other branches of the art. Under the fostering protection of Alexander, in the latest period of her literature which we have now to notice, that march which appears to be natural to her, has continued. Vostokov is one of the first among the votaries of the lyric muse, who ventured to quit the route which the authors of the preceding period had followed. His poems are particularly remarkable for the variety of his measures, several of which had never been before employed in Russian versification. About the same time (1805) Zhukovsky began to publish his works, and applied himself particularly to the translation and imitation of the German and English poets. It is to him that Russia owes the taste for the romantic, which is daily making rapid progress,—a taste which is certainly not to be condemned, though it is desirable that it should assume a more national character. The literature of Germany and of England is quite as classical in the eyes of the Russians, as that of France and of Italy. The true romantic depends on the choice of national subjects, and in the employment of such colours as are likely to strike the eyes of a whole people, without obliging them to study beforehand the climate, manners, and religion of foreign nations. Of this character is *Svetlana*, one of the most beautiful ballads of Zhukovsky.* The style of this poet is generally correct, but by aiming at too great conciseness, he frequently becomes obscure. He is strongest in description, and weakest in the delineation of the passions, which harmonizes but indifferently with the mysticism of which his works are full.

Batiushkov, whom the Russian critics usually place by the side of Zhukovsky, excels him in correctness of style, and sweetness and harmony of versification, but in energy, and still more in originality, he is greatly inferior. Generally speaking, he has little or no characteristic manner: sometimes he imitates Parny, and sometimes Ossian; but the voluptuous melody of his verse makes the perusal of it very attractive. His best original produc-

* See the commencement of this article.

tion is an Elegy on the death of Tasso, but we must say that we like some of his translations much better.

While these two poets were receiving applause from all quarters, an author of real originality was quite overlooked by the multitude. Adhering, perhaps, too closely to the Slavonic language, Prince Chikhmatov has fallen into the same fault that we have laid to the charge of Petrov and Kostrov, a fault most amply redeemed by the strength and manly beauty of his style. Within a short time the public has begun to do him greater justice; and it is no longer doubtful that his various poetical effusions have insured him a distinguished place among the poets of his country. His lyric poem of *Peter the Great* will even save from oblivion the epigram which it brought upon him, as *Athalie* still preserves that of Fontenelle.

Another poet, who has been criticized still more severely, and with even less justice, is beginning to enjoy a reputation which he richly deserves; we mean Katenine, who in his lyric pieces adds to the originality which is so seldom to be met with in Russian literature, uniform correctness of style, and a manner alternately graceful and vigorous, according to the nature of his subject. His versification has been found fault with, and justly, for its carelessness; but we believe that his last piece, *The Poet's World*, is on that score unobjectionable. This poem is singularly beautiful; the conception of it is that of a true poet, and the execution almost faultless.

Another very young lyric poet, Poushkin, has already raised himself a reputation, which eclipses that of many others; we shall speak of him more fully under the head of epic poetry, to which we now proceed. This branch of literature has recently been enriched with a translation of the *Iliad*, in hexameter verses, the production of Gnieditch. The Russian hexameter, which very much resembles that of the Greeks and Romans, was attempted by several authors of the eighteenth century; but if Gnieditch had not the merit of its discovery, he has, at least, that of introducing it finally among the poetic measures sanctioned by the public taste. This translation is as yet only known by partial fragments of it inserted in different journals; but the most favourable opinion of its merits has been already expressed by competent judges, who are looking impatiently for its termination. Imbued with the notions derived from the perusal of the Greek authors, Gnieditch published a poem on the *Birth of Homer*, in which he made excellent use of the current traditions relative to the father of the Epic.* The lyric poems of this author are few,

* A notice of Gnieditch, with a translated fragment of *The Birth of Homer*, is given in *Anthologie Russe*, p. 54—64.

and of little importance; it is more especially in the idyl, (as we shall notice further on,) that he has exhibited his poetical powers.

Hitherto, there had been no Russian translation of the *Gerusalemme*; the last period has produced two, the first in prose, by Chischkov, and the second in Alexandrine verses, by Merzliakov. The last of these is not yet printed, and judging of it from the fragments inserted in the journals, we are afraid that its execution is far from satisfactory. If it be true that good poets do not select their metres by chance, and that the metre has great influence on the form of their ideas, it is equally true, that translations should imitate as closely as possible even the metre of the originals. Some pieces of Katenine are sufficient to show that the Italian *ottava rima* may be naturalized by the Russian poets, making allowance for the modifications required by the infrequency of rhymes in the Russian, compared with their abundance in the Italian, and by the necessity of interweaving the masculine and feminine terminations.

Romantic poems, in the manner of those of Lord Byron, have for some time past been greatly in vogue in Russia. The youthful Poushkin (who began his literary career by a translation of Shakspeare's *King Lear*;) was the first who attempted this species in his *Captive of Caucasus*; and he has since published several others, all of which exhibit the same faults and the same beauties. An easy, harmonious, and mellifluous versification, and natural and poetical descriptions, form his beauties; the want of plan and *ensemble*, the monotony of sentiments, and the repetition of some favourite expressions, constitute his faults. The best of his productions, in our opinion, is his poem of *Ludmila*, the subject of which is taken from the fabulous traditions of the reign of Vladimir, the Russian Charlemagne.* Poushkin, in this instance, had only the unfortunate example of a celebrated author to guide him—an example, which like a beacon, warned him of the dangers he had to shun. It is much to be regretted that he has not applied himself more to this truly national species of composition, and that his ambition was not excited to become the Russian Ariosto.

Before we pass to another branch of poetry, we must not omit to mention the mock-heroic poem of Prince Chakhovsky, entitled the *Theft of the Pelisses*, which although it reminds us too frequently of Boileau, is extremely lively and well written.

The drama has made some advances during the period of which we now treat, but its progress appears slow, compared with

* A notice of Poushkin, with a translation of an Episode in the first canto of *Ludmila*, will be found in *Anthologie Russe*, p. 80—90.

that of other branches of literature. Ozerov wrote four tragedies betwixt 1804 and 1809, two of which were imitations of French pieces, and two original. To his credit it must be said that the two last, *Fingal*, and *Dmitriïv Donskoï*, are also his best. The limits of this sketch will not allow us to enter into farther details respecting them, and it is, perhaps, the less necessary, as they have both been translated into French; foreigners have, therefore, an opportunity of judging them. The style of Ozerov is frequently incorrect, but always full of dignity and animation. He died in 1816, after a long illness, and in the prime of life, having had many rivals, such as Gruzintzov, Krukovsky, (both of whom are dead,) Viskovatov, &c., but he left them all far behind him. We must, however, notice the *King Œdipus* of Gruzintzov for the beauty of its plot, which is quite antique and unexampled in Russian literature, and the *Pozharsky* of Krukovsky for its elegant versification. At present there are very few original tragic authors, Katenine being the only one to whom the worshippers of Melpomene now look up with any strong expectation.

Of translators the best are the authors we have just mentioned. Gendre, Chakhovsky, Gnieditch, Labanov, and several others, all of whom translate from the French. The Italian, English, and German theatres are almost entirely foreign to the Russian stage; Zhukovsky's version of Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, in verse, published not long since, may be perhaps regarded as an exception; but it has never been performed.

If Prince Chakhovsky does not rank very high among the tragic authors, he is at the very head of his comic contemporaries. His fertile imagination is constantly adding to the catalogue of his productions, which are now very numerous in that branch, as well as in the opera, and have had an unprecedented success on the stage. Their principal excellence consists in the natural delineation of some of the characters, and in the comic situations. Their versification is rather careless, and the plots of some of them rather improbable. These excellences, and even his faults, sufficiently attest that Chakhovsky possesses real comic talent; but he should relinquish the idea of making his own productions completely monopolize the Petersburg theatre.

The other comic authors of this period are Krilov, who, after some successful attempts, abandoned that department, and Zagoskine, whose pieces display great power and originality of humour.

The best translators of comedies are Khmelnitzky, Katenine, Gendre, Griboïédov, &c. The last-named author has lately written an original play, which has not been acted; of its merits we are ignorant.

The opera and *vaudeville*, as well as comedy, are under great obligations to Prince Chakhovsky. Some of his productions in this class are perhaps his master-pieces. The names of Ilzine and Nevakhovich must also be added to the list of successful cultivators of the drama; on which we cannot conclude our observations without stating, that hitherto the translations and imitations of the best French plays form by far the largest portion of the Russian repertory, and that the taste for theatrical amusements is by no means general. Some comic authors have certainly exhibited pictures of the manners of their country, but they are few in number. Tragedy, notwithstanding the attempts of most of the Russian authors to treat national subjects, has always retained a foreign air. We may here remark, that in this, as well as in other branches, in order to be romantic in the sense we have already attached to the term, something more is requisite than merely to select a subject from national history.

A translation of Pope's "Essay on Criticism," by Prince Chikhmatov, is the only addition which has been lately made to didactic poetry, properly so called. Other departments, such as satire and fable, have been more fortunate. Milonov (who died in 1821) left a great number of well-written satires; and two by Chakhovsky are, probably, the best specimens of the kind which Russian literature can boast of. Finally, Krilov, whom we have already mentioned as a comic author, has composed fables, which combine all the excellences we have attributed to Khemnitzer, with very great poetical beauties. After saying so much in his praise, we shall not be accused of severity in expressing an opinion, that in some of his fables he sins from an excess of moral refinement, and that his diction is too turgid. A selection of his best fables, in the original, with translations of them into French and Italian, was published at Paris in 1825, at the expense of the late Count Orloff.*

Descriptive poetry has been at all times one of the least cultivated branches of Russian literature. Some original idyls of Panaev, and one of Gnieditch, are nearly all that can be mentioned as belonging to the present period. The last, entitled the *Fishermen*, deserves particular notice, as Gnieditch was the first who attempted successfully to naturalize the idyl, by introducing such characters as the Fishermen of the Neva, whose mode of life he has contrived to exhibit in a natural as well as poetical aspect.†

Prose composition, which had suffered so much from bad taste

* A notice of Krilov is given in *Anthologie Russe*, p. 163, and specimens of his composition in that work, and in Bowring's.

† Some extracts of this poem, translated into prose, will be found in *Anthologie Russe*, p. 64—69.

and erroneous principles, resumed, at the beginning of this century, a more steady march, and made rapid improvement, especially in the historical and didactic branches. As this last embraces the whole circle of human knowledge, we must abstain from entering into further details, and confine ourselves to what we have already said, in speaking of the advances which civilization has made during the reign of Alexander. We think, however, that we are bound to mention here the prose writers who have principally cultivated the belles lettres. Although the power of writing in a clear and correct style, which in the time of Catherine II. was the exclusive distinction of a few men of talent, has now become quite common to every well-educated person, it must be allowed that all kinds of prose composition have not been cultivated with equal success.

Karamsin, as we have already seen, has acquired an European reputation by the publication of his *History of Russia*. The other historians are the Archbishop Eugenius, Katchenovskiy, Gregory Glinka, &c. When speaking of Russian history, it would be ungrateful to forget the labours of Malinovsky, Kalaidovich and Stroev, who by the discovery of several ancient manuscripts have thrown great light on several of its doubtful points.

The best fictitious writers of the period are Katchenovskiy, already mentioned among the historians, Batiushkov, Zhukovskiy, already named among the poets, and Narezhny, whose *Slavonian Evenings* deserve to be better known than they yet are.

We close our sketch by naming the authors who have distinguished themselves by their labours on the theory of the language and literary criticism. These are Chichkov, Merzliakov, Katchenovskiy, and Gretch. The last has published an *Essay on the History of Russian Literature*, which has been of great service to us in drawing up this rapid sketch, although our opinions frequently differ from his.

NOTE TO PAGE 610.

ODE to Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Anne of Russia, on the Victory gained over the Turks and Tartars, and the taking of Khotin, in the year 1739. By Lomonosov.

A sudden ecstasy has seized my soul; it transports me to the summit of a lofty mountain, where the wind has ceased to howl, and all is hushed in the deep vallies below. Silent are the listening streams to which it is natural to murmur, or with loud rush to roll down the mountains; crowns of laurel are weaving; thither rumour is seen to hasten; afar off the blue smoke rises in the fields.

Is not Pindus beneath my feet? I hear the sweet music of the pure sisters. Permessian fire burns within me; I hasten to the sacred band. They offer me of the healing stream:—"Drink and forget thy troubles; bathe thine eyes in Castalian dew; stretch

them forth over the deserts and the hills, and fix them on that spot where the bright light of day is seen rising out of the dark shadows of night."

As a ship, amidst the angry waves which seek to overwhelm her, sails on triumphantly, and appears to threaten should they dare impede her course; grey froth foams around her—her track is imprinted in the deep; thus crowds of Tartars rush towards and surround the Russian forces; but in vain—powerless and breathless they fall.

The love of their country nerves the souls and arms of Russia's sons; eager are all to shed their blood; the raging tumult but inspires them with fresh courage. As the lion, by the fearful glare of his eyes, drives before him whole herds of wolves, their sharp teeth vainly showing; the woods and shores tremble at his roar—with his tail he lashes the sand and dust—with his strength he beats down all opposition.

Hear I not the deaf'ning din of Etna's forges? rears not the brass within its womb, bubbling with boiling sulphur? Is not Hell striving to burst its chains and open its jaws? The posterity of the rejected deity have filled the mountain tracks with fire, and hurl down flame and liquid metal;—but foe, nor nature can withstand the burning ardor of our people!

Send away thy hordes, Stamboul, beyond those mountains where the fiery elements vomit forth smoke, ashes, flame and death! beyond the Tigris, whose strong waves drag after them the huge stones from the shores: but the world holds no impediment to arrest the eagle in his flight. To him the waters, the woods, the mountains, the precipices, and the silent deserts are but as level paths; wherever the winds can blow, thither he can wing his way.

Let the earth be all motion like the sea; let myriads oppose; let thickest smoke darken the universe; let the Moldavian mountains swim in blood; such cannot harm you, O Russians, whose safety Fate itself has decreed, for the sake of the blessed Anne. Already in her cause your fiery zeal has led you in triumph against the Tartars, and wide is the prospect before you.

The parting ray of daylight falls gently into the waters, and leaves the fight to the night fires: Mourza has fallen on his long shadow; in him the light and soul of the Infidels pass from them. A wolf issues from the thick forest and rushes on the pale carcass, even in the Turkish camp. A dying Tartar, raising his eyes towards the evening-star for the last time: "Hide," he feebly cries, "thy purple light, and with it the shame of Mahomet; descend quickly with the sun into the sea."

Why is my soul thus oppressed with terror? My veins grow stiff, my heart aches. Strange tones meet mine ear; a howling noise seems passing through the desert, the woods, and the air. The wild beast has taken refuge in its cavern—the gates of heaven are opened—a cloud has spread itself over the army; suddenly a countenance of fire shines forth—a hero appears chasing his enemies before him, his sword all red with blood.

Is it not He who, near the rapid waters of the Don, destroyed the walls raised to check the Russians' progress? And the Persians in their arid deserts, was it not by his arm they fell? Thus look'd he on his foes when he approached the Gothic shores; thus lifted he his powerful arm; thus swiftly his proud horse gallop'd over those fields where we see the morning-star arise.

Loud thunder rattles round him, the plains and the forests tremble at the approach of Peter. Who by his side so sternly looks towards the south, girt round with dreadful thunder? Is't not the Conqueror of Cazan? It is He, ye Caspian waters, who humbled the proud Selim, and strewed the desert with the dead bodies of his enemies.

Thus the heroes addressed each other: "Not in vain we toil'd; not fruitless our united efforts that the whole world should stand in awe of Russians. By the aid of our arms our boundaries have been widened on the north, on the west, and on the east. Anne now triumphs in the south, she has crowned her troops with victory." The cloud has passed and the heroes within it: the eye no longer sees, the ear no longer hears them.

* Ivan II. in the year 1552.

The blood of the Tartar has purpled the river; he dares not again venture to the fight; he seeks refuge in the desert, and forgetful alike of the sword, the camp, his own shame, he pictures to himself his friends weltering in their blood; the waving of the light leaf startles him like whizzing balls as they fly through the air.

The shouts of the victors echo through the woods and valleys; but the wretch who abandoned the fight dreads his own shadow. The moon, a witness to her children's flight, shares in their shame, and deeply reddening, hides her face in darkness. Fame flies through the gloom of the night, her trumpet proclaims to the universe how fearful is the Russian power!

The Danube rushes into the sea, and roaring as in echo to the acclamations of the conquerors, dashes its furious waves against the Turk, who seeks to hide his shame behind its waters. To and fro he runs like a wild beast wounded and despairing, he thinks that for the last time he moves his steps: the earth disdains to support the wretch who could not guard her; darkness and fear confuse his path.

Where is now thy boasting, Stamboul? thy courage? thy obstinacy in the fight? thy malice against the nations of the north? thy contempt of our armies? No sooner hadst thou commanded thy hordes to advance, than thou thought'st to conquer; cruelly thy janissary vented his rage—like a tiger he rushed upon the Russian troop. Soon the boaster fell—he welter'd in his own blood.

Water with your tears, Agâreni,* the foot which has trampled you down; kiss ye that hand whose bloody sword brought fear before your eyes; Anne's stern glance is quick to grant relief to those who seek it; it shines forth, for the storm has passed away. She sees you prostrate before her; fervent in affection towards her own subjects, to her enemies she proffers punishment or pardon.

Already has the golden finger of the morning-star withdrawn the starry curtain of night; a horse, fleet as the wind, his rider Phoebus in the full blaze of his glory, issues from the east, his nostrils breathing sparks of radiant light. Phoebus shakes his fiery head, dwells in wonder on the glorious work, and exclaims: "Few such victories have I witnessed, long as I have continued to give light to the world, long as the circle of ages has revolved."

Like as the serpent rolls itself up, hissing and hiding its sting under a rock, when the eagle, soaring into those regions where the winds blow not, above lightnings, snows, and tempests, looks down upon the beasts, the fishes, and the reptiles beneath him; thus Khotîn trembles before the Eagle of Russia—thus crouch its inhabitants within their walls. But think they to stand before her powerful Empress, even within these walls?

What led your Tartar race, Kaptchac,† to bend so promptly beneath the Russian power—to deliver up the keys of your town in token of submission, evading thus disgrace more deep?—The clemency of Anne, of her who is ever ready to raise the suppliant. Where flows the Vistula, and where the glorious Rhine, even there her olive trees have flourished—there have the proud hearts of her defeated foes yielded up their lives.

Joyful are the lands which have thrown off the cruel yoke; the burden the Turks had laid on them is thrown back upon themselves! the barbarian hands which held them in restraint, now wear their chains in captivity; and shackled are the feet which trampled on the field of the stranger and drove away his cattle!

Not thus alone must thou be humbled—not all thy punishment this, O Turkey; a far greater hast thou deserved, for thou didst refuse to let us live in peace. Still does the rage of your haughty souls forbid you to bend before Anne? Where would ye hide

* The descendants of Abraham's Slave; this name is applied to the predatory Saracen tribes generally.

† The powerful state of Kaptchac was founded on Bâty, grandson of Tchingikhhan; it crumbled gradually into separate hordes and was incorporated into the Russian empire under Ivan II.

yourself from her? Damascus, Kair, Aleppo, shall flame; Crete shall be surrounded with her fleets; Euphrates shall be dyed with your blood!

A sudden and universal change! a dazzling vision passes before my eyes, and with heaven's purest beam outshines the brightness of the day! the voices of heroes strike upon mine ear! Anne's joyous band, in glory clad, bear up eternally beyond the starry orbs, and Truth, with her golden pen, traces her glorious deeds in that book which corruption reaches not!

Heavily, O Pindar, Thebes would have accused the eloquence of thy lips, for thou wouldst more loudly have sang these victories than ever thou didst chaunt the glory of Athens! Russia thrives like a young lily under the fostering care of Anne; within China's distant walls she is honored, and every corner of the earth is filled with her subjects' glory.

Fortunate art thou, my country, under the powerful protection of thy Empress! bright the laurels thou hast gained by this new triumph! Fear not the ills of war; they fly from the land where Anne is glorified by her people. Malicious envy may pour forth her poison—she may gnaw her tongue in rage, our joy heeds it not.

The robbers who from beyond the Dniester came to plunder the fields of the Kozaks, are beaten, driven back, scattered like dust; no longer dare they venture on that soil where the fruits of the earth and the blessings of peace together flourish. In safety the merchant pursues his traffic, and the mariner sees a boundary to the waves—no obstacles impede his course. The old and the young are happy; he who wished for the hour of his death now prays for lengthened life, his heart is gladdened by his country's triumphs.

The shepherd drives his flocks into the meadow, and enters the forest without fear; sheen, with his friend who tends his sheep, he sings the song of joy; his theme the bravery of the soldier; he blesses the passing moments of his life, and implores endless peace on the spot where he sleeps in quiet. Thus in the simple sincerity of his heart, he glorifies her who shields him from enemies.

O thou, great Empress! the love of Russia, the dread of thy foes, the heroine of the northern world, the hope, the joy, the goddess of the shores of seven wide seas, thou shinest in the cloudless light of goodness and beneficence. Forgive thy slave that he has chosen thy glory for his lay, and that his rugged verse, in token of submission to thy rule, has thus dared attempt to magnify thy power.

ART. XIV.—*Histoire de l'Astronomie au dix-huitième Siècle.*

Par M. De Lambre. Publiée par M. Mathieu. 4to. pp. 796. Paris, 1827.

As a mathematician, an astronomer, and the historian of astronomy, M. De Lambre is well known: an ample treatise on the theory and practice of this science, tables of the Sun, of Uranus, of Saturn, of Jupiter and its satellites, remarkable for a degree of precision, necessary, it is true, in the present state of things, but to be hoped for rather than expected, together with his labours in the reduction of the trigonometrical survey of France, attest his claim to the first two characters;—five quarto volumes on the astronomy of the ancients, of the middle ages, and of modern times, which appeared during his life, display his application and learning in the second department. The present work was ready for the press in 1822, when its author, exhausted by incessant fatigue of mind and body, relinquished the task of publica-

tion, and gradually sinking into the grave, in August of that year, at the age of 72, left the completion of this gigantic undertaking to a friend and former pupil, M. Mathieu, over whom he had thrown the mantle of his genius. It is remarkable that it was not till his thirty-sixth year that M. De Lambre commenced the scientific pursuits which were the foundation at once of his fortune and his fame; prior to that time, in the college of his native city, Amiens, he had been distinguished for his knowledge of antiquity, and as a Grecian, in particular, yielded but to few, if to any, in France. The result of these studies, and of the extensive researches which they enabled him to prosecute, was a complete refutation of the extravagant hypotheses of Bailly and Dupuis, a reduction to its true proportion of every object which was magnified by distance, or distorted by the twilight of tradition, and a dispersion of the clouds which obscured the dawn of astronomy. Never, indeed, in the pages of M. De Lambre is a fact quoted, except from the original authorities, when they lie within his reach; and in recounting the discoveries of successive generations down to the period comprised in the volume before us, we are not aware of an instance in which national prejudice, or any less venial predilection, has warped the judgment of the philosopher, or arrested the impartiality of the historian. It would be invidious to present an abstract of such a work, perhaps hopeless to afford within the limits of this journal an adequate idea of its value; the part comprehended under the title prefixed to this article, like each that preceded it, embraces a chronological account of every individual whose labours within the specified period contributed to the improvement of astronomy: as the adoption of such a plan on the present occasion would be equally unsatisfactory to the reader and ourselves, we prefer offering a short view of the theoretical and practical advancement of astronomy since the time of Newton, who, forming an epoch in the annals of human knowledge, stands at the head of M. De Lambre's volume.

If Newton be the first of mathematicians and of philosophers, he was likewise the most fortunate, because a world with its various phenomena to be explained, and with all the materials arranged and prepared for the explanation, can be found but once, and at a single epoch. These circumstances concurred for Newton, and the glorious opportunity was not thrown away. All that the human intellect was capable of achieving, at the time in which he lived, was performed by him; to complete his work, or to rectify some of his less happy conjectures, has required, during a hundred years, the unremitting labours of the most profound geometers, to whom he pointed out the road they should pursue. Mathematical analysis, of which Newton was the inventor, was

not sufficiently advanced before his death to admit the theory of attraction being universally applied—the observations, too, on which the several elements depended, were imperfect—but the inventive genius of the most skilful mechanists kept pace with the researches of the philosopher, and, as the extension of the calculus required more accurate data, the means were at hand for supplying them; while again the phenomena, which more attentive observation with superior instruments displayed to the astronomer, were explained, and sometimes anticipated by the investigations of geometry. Sisson, Bird, Dollond, Ramsden, Troughton, Herschel, Reichenbach, Fraunhofer, successively contributed to the practical advancement of astronomy. For the developement and application of the laws which their various discoveries seemed to indicate as existing in nature, we find the improved calculus of Clairaut or Euler, D'Alembert's partial differences, the calculus of variations introduced by La Grange, the method of least squares, proposed in 1805 by Le Gendre, and equations of condition, the use of which has been rendered easy and convenient by the formulæ of La Place, indispensable in the present state of science, as enabling many thousand observations to be combined for the determination of a few elements.

I. The whole practical part of astronomy consists in measuring angular distances in the heavens, either in time or space; in proportion, therefore, as the instruments for that purpose are constructed with greater nicety, will that branch of science be advanced. From the first application of the telescope to astronomical purposes by Galileo, until the latter part of the seventeenth century, its improvement was but slow; to obtain great magnifying power inconvenient length was necessary, as otherwise the image would be rendered indistinct by colour; about that time, however, the aerial telescope, in which a tube was dispensed with, was used with success, by Huygens in particular. But Newton having, as it was thought, satisfactorily shown (in 1669) that the imperfection arising from the different refrangibility of light would for ever be a bar to the improvement of dioptric telescopes, more attention was bestowed upon reflecting ones. Newton himself constructed that which bears his name; and Cassegrain modified, without producing any corresponding advantage, the invention of James Gregory. Some discrepancy of opinion, indeed, has existed even recently on this subject, but the question has now been, we presume, for ever set at rest, by an English artist having executed two large and two small mirrors from the same sort of metal, one of each of which was employed for a Gregorian, the other for a Cassegranian telescope. The performance of these instruments was similar, but the difficulty of construction

was greatest in the last. Whatever hopes might have been entertained about the commencement of the eighteenth century as to reflecting telescopes, they were speedily dissipated. It was found impossible to preserve the specula from oxidation, and the errors arising from change of figure to which they are liable, are much more considerable than what might ensue in the refraction of light; hence, imperfect as were the dioptric telescopes of that day, astronomers had no resource but to employ them. In this state things remained for nearly half a century, when, according to the report of a trial in the King's Bench, Mr. Hall, of More Hall, succeeded, about 1750, in constructing achromatic object-glasses. Eight years afterwards Dollond made known, as the principle of their composition, that lenses of flint and of crown glass would yield an image free from colour; the reverse of which had been stated by Newton, he apparently having instituted his experiments with glass of a very different specific gravity. In 1763 Antheaume is reported to have made some successful attempts in the same line by following a theory of Clairaut; but the superior skill of the English artist so entirely eclipsed that of his competitors, that the bare names of the latter have scarcely come down to us. Still flint glass of sufficient purity for object-glasses was not to be obtained with any great extent of surface, so that, with the exception of instruments of a moderate power being made of a more convenient size, astronomy gained less than might at first have been hoped by the experiments of Dollond. Things were in this state when a new and unexpected prospect was opened for science by the labours of Sir W. Herschel: with obstacles to encounter, of which no adequate idea can be formed, he succeeded in bringing to the utmost perfection reflecting telescopes of the Newtonian form, and of colossal dimensions: the diagonal mirror was then dispensed with, the eye-glass receiving the rays directly from the great speculum, of which the axis was so inclined as to throw the image to the side of the tube; the most valuable part of the pencil was thus preserved, and the image was viewed without any loss of light. The example and the precepts of this great man were not thrown away, and while many of his instruments are in the hands of practical astronomers, others, constructed according to his directions by foreign artists, insure the advancement of this science for many years to come; indeed the impulse which it has received from his discoveries is not a less noble monument to his genius than are the discoveries themselves. When the English opticians had relinquished in despair the improvement of dioptric telescopes, a Swiss of the name of Guinand, and more recently M. Fraunhofer, of Munich, succeeded in producing flint glass of purity unknown before, and, according to

their own representation, of whatever magnitude might be desired. Europe rang with the important intelligence, and sovereigns vied with each other in procuring for the astronomers attached to their respective national and royal observatories the means of verifying the conjectures of Sir William Herschel, and of extending to the sidereal heavens the Newtonian laws of gravity. As the manufacture of achromatic telescopes was by no means an insignificant branch of our commerce, while it served to enhance our scientific reputation, experiments are now at length making under the direction of the Royal Society, and with the sanction of government, which has relaxed in their favour the ruinous operation of the excise laws, to produce a material which may enable us to regain our lost superiority. Whether the perfection of the Swiss and Bavarian glass is to be ascribed to a certain tact in the manipulation, or to any secret in the composition of it, is not likely to escape the penetration of the able members of the Royal Society engaged in this research; but as to the scientific public deriving any benefit from their labours, that is rather more than problematical. We consider the cupidity of the English artists a pretty effectual bar to the advancement of practical astronomy in this country, except with the aid of foreign instruments; we could enumerate various instances which justify this conclusion, and others in which cupidity was, perhaps, the least reprehensible feeling displayed. If these artists possessed an European character as well as a London one, some allowance might be made for their credit and their name; as it is, we merely suggest that the public have the remedy in their own hands.

To render objects visible that could not otherwise be discovered, and to make the images of objects subtend a larger angle than the objects themselves, is insufficient for the purposes of astronomy, which requires their diameters to be accurately measured, and the distances between them *inter se*, and from fixed points determined by the position of the earth's axis and that of the observer on its surface. The instruments for this purpose are too well known to render any description necessary, but we shall mention a few circumstances with which, we presume, the public are not so well acquainted, and for which we are principally indebted to the researches of M. De Lambre. The application of telescopes to graduated instruments may be considered as constituting the greatest of all epochs in practical astronomy. This invention, however, remained useless in the hands of Morin, who, in 1634, entertained the first idea of it, at the same time that he substituted the vernier for transversal lines; and did not become really useful till near thirty years after, when, in 1667, Picard and Auzout applied to a quadrant an astronomical telescope, having

two threads crossing in its focus, and was not generally adopted till about the commencement of the eighteenth century. Morin first perceived the stars during the day; but Picard and Auzout were the first who can be said with propriety to have observed them. It may seem strange that the first of these philosophers did not apply the intersecting threads, so necessary for the accurate determination of the places of objects; but although in 1611 Kepler had proposed a convex eye-glass, the telescope employed by Morin was of Galileo's construction, with a concave one, with which the use of threads is impossible, as the common focus falls without it. In 1659 Huygens gave the first idea of a micrometer, by placing in the focus of his instrument small metallic discs, with which he exactly covered the image of the planet he was observing. In 1662 the Marquis Malvasia, of Bologna, described a network formed of silver wires, that he had used instead of the micrometer of Huygens, to which it was superior, the diffraction of light on the edge of the plate being by these means avoided.

In a letter dated the 28th of December, 1666, Auzout speaks of a micrometer with a thread, which always moved parallel with itself, and in fact does not differ in principle from that employed at the present day. This invention has been claimed by Townley for our countryman Gascoigne, by whom it had been used since 1641; nothing, however, having been heard of his discovery till that of Auzout had been announced, we conceive the chief merit of it must rest with the latter. Louville, in 1714, applied this micrometer to the telescope of a quadrant determining small spaces in the focus of it; whereas Ramsden many years later read off the divisions on the arc by the same means. It was about the commencement of the eighteenth century that the more delicate celestial observations began, the time of the passage of a star over the meridian, and its altitude at the moment. These double observations were made with quadrants placed in the meridian; and it was not till about 1750 that the transit instrument which fifty years before had been proposed by Roemer, was generally adopted. Far as this valuable instrument was from the perfection it has since attained, it was greatly superior to the best mural; yet it is scarcely credible with what suspicion and distrust it was received by astronomers. It would be useless, as well as irrelevant, to enter more at large into the description of astronomical apparatus; it is principally to those mentioned above, with their various modifications, and to the beautiful and important application which Huygens made of the simple pendulum to clocks, in 1656; of the mercurial pendulum by Graham in 1715; and of Harrison's gridiron pendulum in 1763, that the great progress which practical astronomy has made during these last hundred

and fifty years is to be attributed, and the extreme precision which modern observations have attained.

II. Kepler first made the discovery that the orbits of the planets are ellipses, the sun being in one of the foci, wherein equal areas are described in equal times, and that the squares of the periodic times of revolution are as the cubes of the major axes of the ellipses. The same philosopher indistinctly hints at gravitation, of which Galileo more accurately points out the effects in occasioning a projectile near the earth's surface to describe a parabola. Whatever fell from these eminent men, fell from so great a height, as to make a deep impression; still, from the want of a sufficient mathematical genius, their suggestions remained comparatively neglected, and the results of celestial observations continued, during many ages, mere isolated, unconnected phenomena, till Newton showed their harmonious combination, announcing the mutual attraction of all bodies throughout the solar system, in the direct ratio of their masses, and inversely as the squares of their respective distances. In the case of the sun and planets, this their mutual tendency being modified by an impulse impressed in the direction of the tangents to the orbits of the latter, preserves their nearly circular motion round their common centre of gravity, a point which falls within the body of the sun. A theory so simple, yet so sublime, and expounded at first in a manner far transcending the comprehension of ordinary men, was not received without considerable opposition. Various irregularities in the planetary motions seemed exceptions to the general law of gravity, and some men whose names filled much space in the eye of Europe, not content with restricting its effects, even denied its application. Time, however, has shown the correctness of Newton's views; the combined efforts of the ablest mathematicians have removed the veil which seemed impervious to mortal sight; and although in the case of the more eccentric movements, such as those of the new planets and of comets, it is almost impossible, in the present state of analytical science, to ascertain the phenomena connected with them with the same precision as for the larger bodies, of which the orbits are nearly circular, still it can be fully and satisfactorily proved that no motion exists which is not strictly conformable to the laws of gravitation.

M. De Lambre, supported by the authority of Clairaut and by many other continental philosophers, expresses something more than surprise that Newton, in communicating his discoveries to the world, has frequently left no trace of the steps by which he arrived at many delicate conclusions, to which the visible means he employed seemed inadequate, and have almost censured

his pursuing a route so rugged and difficult that but very few have been able to tread in his steps. It is with some hesitation that we differ from such celebrated men, but it is to this very circumstance that we have been accustomed to regard the Newtonian philosophy as indebted for its progress. Few persons, it is true, possessed the application and ability required to understand it; but these few were individuals whom Europe beheld with admiration, and who, when impressed with its weight, adding the sanction of their names, precluded its being overlooked as an ephemeral hypothesis, and attracted towards it that degree of attention which it merits, and through which it ultimately triumphed as the cause of truth.

Newton, founding his calculations on the theory of universal gravitation, of which, however, he did not presume to determine the proximate cause, afforded solutions of various philosophical questions, of which, when connected with astronomy, we shall now give a brief account, as well as of the labours of those who succeeded him. The theory of the tides, that the flux and reflux of the sea are caused by the action of the sun and moon upon the waters of the ocean, though merely sketched in the *Principia*, is sketched with a master's hand, and the canvass has since been nobly filled by the genius of Maclaurin. The investigation of the figures of the earth and planets being undertaken on the supposition that they were homogeneous, fluid, revolving masses, was, in its conclusion, equally successful, and if it be grounded on an erroneous hypothesis, this is to be ascribed rather to the imperfect state of the calculus than to a want of skill in its employer. But the mean density assigned to the earth by Newton is very nearly that which results from the experiments of Maskelyne and Cavendish, viz. forty times that of water. The development of the lunar theory was more satisfactory; some equations for the principal irregularities, or to speak with more precision, for ascertaining the quantities by which the motion of the moon, in consequence of the disturbing force of the sun, differs from that which would be assigned by Kepler's law of equal areas, were given, by which the moon's place might be determined with very considerable accuracy. For the evection, an inequality discovered by Ptolemy and thus named by Boulliaud, and which is never once mentioned by Newton, he introduces a variable eccentricity in the orbit: the variation first remarked by Tycho was correctly estimated. The precession of the equinoxes was shown to be a result of the figure of the earth, and of the action of the sun and moon upon the excess of matter at the terrestrial equator; but the complete solution of this problem, as well as the disturbances of the motions of the secondary planets by the other bodies

of the system, far exceeded at that time the powers of analysis: indeed, few, if any, of the formulæ employed by Newton are now found sufficiently exact, with the exception of the beautiful method of interpolation, by which a parabola is found that shall pass through any number of given points, which is still used for tracing the path of a comet.

Shortly after Newton had developed the laws which governed the principal irregularities in the motions of the heavenly bodies, the improvement in astronomical instruments enabled others to be discerned, of which some appeared not to depend altogether on the laws of gravitation. From the velocity of light combined with that of the earth in its orbit, Bradley discovered, in 1727, the physical cause of the aberration, and assigned its extent, after it had escaped the penetration of Flamsteed, of Hook, and of Picard, who had first remarked it. The same philosopher continuing the researches he had thus so happily begun, was led to notice the nutation; and to these two discoveries of Bradley, the most brilliant and useful of the age, the exactness of modern astronomy is owing. About that time the disturbances in the motions of the primary and secondary planets from their mutual attraction began to receive much attention; and as a preliminary step, the effect of these bodies acting upon each other, according to the laws of gravity, was undertaken. Euler, D'Alembert and Clairaut commenced the investigation about 1750, which has been extended by La Grange, La Place, Poisson, Damoiseau, Plana and Gauss, up to our own time, the tables receiving from their calculations successive improvements. Much, however, still remains to be done, particularly with regard to bodies where the inclination of the orbit is considerable, in our own system; and if, as was suggested by Herschel, and as there is now demonstrative evidence, the sidereal heavens be subject to the law of mutual attraction, to ascertain the motion of the solar system in absolute space, its direction and velocity, and to trace in those regions which Herschel first laid open to the human eye the mechanism of the universe, will illustrate and reward the labours of the mathematician and astronomer till the end of time.

Some years have elapsed since Professor Playfair's invective against the scientific knowledge of England; if that paper were designed to rouse the dormant genius of this country, or to encourage more strenuous exertions in a path she had so nobly trod, it unquestionably produced the desired effect; but we should demur to the opinion, that because during the last hundred years the British philosophers have chosen the practical rather than the theoretical department of science, their labours have been less dignified, or less beneficial to the world than those of their continental brethren.

That this is not the case the whole work before us affords ample proof. The series of Greenwich observations, continued for more than a century by men of proverbial accuracy and skill, have served as the foundation of all modern calculations in astronomy. Of the total inadequacy of theory alone to furnish materials available in this science no stronger proof can be given, than that the lunar tables of three of the ablest mathematicians who were engaged in it, but paid little regard to observations, Euler, Clairaut, and D'Alembert, were at once rejected for those of Mayer, who followed the opposite principle. That, considering the number of observatories in this kingdom, more might have been done, is unquestionably true, but the assiduity of professional men is not to be expected from amateurs, and with thankfulness we must receive whatever they may think proper to communicate; some degree of censure, however, may justly be considered as attaching to the occupants of public situations, who unable, or unwilling, to discharge the duties implied in them, withhold from others, less fortunate than themselves, the means of pursuing a science of which the advancement must depend upon the number of observers. From the King's Private Observatory at Kew, furnished with superior instruments, and with two astronomers nominally attached to it, and from the Observatory at Oxford, possessing all that becomes such an institution, the public were entitled to look for some useful results; it remains to be seen whether Cambridge, recently enriched with a most splendid astronomical establishment, following the example of the sister university, will turn the Professorship of Astronomy into a sort of dignified pasture, where privileged superannuation may consume, in luxurious ease, the reward of past drudgery in the fields of science; or, complying with the wishes of her friends, and realising their anxious hopes, will again, emulous of the fame which a Brinkley has acquired for Dublin, establish for herself an European reputation, and instead of allowing petty politics to deprive Alma Mater of her ablest sons, dexterous intrigue to be powerful over learning, and prevalent over genius, will restore the emoluments and offices of the University to the purposes for which they were originally designed. We have already said that the impulse which practical astronomy received from the labours of Sir W. Herschel, is, perhaps, the noblest monument of that great and good man's genius; his discoveries must remain to be verified by posterity, after many generations shall have passed. That so much should have been achieved by a private individual, and that the first step towards realising the sublime prospects which he opened should have been taken by his highly-gifted son and Mr. South, likewise in the character of private observers, is not less creditable to

themselves than honourable to the country. While on the continent the stimulus of public reward is required, English gentlemen extend their researches from the hope of fame, and a society they have instituted for the cultivation of astronomy, though but in its infancy, which may be compared with that of Hercules, has engaged in labours which Europe beholds with astonishment, and acknowledges with gratitude. That with a government indifferent to the cause of science, with artists most determined foes to its advancement, the British astronomers, dependent solely on their own resources, should have left to the rest of the world little except to repeat and verify their observations, is a subject of which this nation may be justly proud. Newton developing the laws of gravity;—Bradley, Maclaurin, Maskelyne, Brinkley, and Ivory, demonstrating their effect, or facilitating their application;—Sir William Herschel laying a foundation, on which his son has been enabled to extend these laws from our own system to the sidereal heavens;—to reflect on these, so far from being a cause of despondency, is a source of gratulation. While others have been perfecting theory alone, these have been cultivating practice, and at the present time, when it is most beneficial that they should coalesce, we find among the English philosophers the highest attainments of the mathematician, united with the skill and application of the practical astronomer.

ART. XV.—*Taschenbücher, für das Jahr, 1828.*
German Pocket-Books, for 1828.

It has always appeared to us that long reviews of the new literary Almanacks, with extracts from their contents, are objectionable, and this for reasons that may very easily be assigned. If these works are considered as Christmas gifts, to be prized, not only for their embellishments, but for the intrinsic worth of the stories, poems, &c., which they contain, then surely the less that is anticipated by reviews the better. A condensed analysis of a long history, with a chapter or so by way of specimen, is a very different affair, but to reprint from beginning to end the best tale of mystery which a "Souvenir" affords, is a proceeding which the publisher or editor of an Almanack must certainly deprecate. On the other hand, regarding the beautiful volumes now before us as books which without the aid of an interpreter must remain sealed to the British public, we must recollect, that not having yet received more than twenty-one German Annuals for the year 1828, out of thirty (the usual complement) and those latest in appearing being generally the best, we ought to wait for the others before we make our selection; and then, under the embar-

ras des richesses, two or three volumes will prove as many as we can *adequately* treat within the limits of a single article.

For this last reason therefore, we shall now notice these publications only briefly and generally, and we must confess that we are willing to avail ourselves of this apology for not subjecting to the rough ordeal of criticism these delightful novelties, of which the richly gilded leaves have not yet all been dissevered. We still remember, with what gladness and avidity, when resident in Germany, we seized on the *first Tuschenbuch* of the season, bringing home with us two copies, one to lie on the drawing-room table, (for we would not be too selfish,) and the other to be indeed *our pocket-book* and companion, in our walks through the dark autumnal forests, till every page had been carefully read, and we had formed our own unbiassed opinion of its merits. In two or three days we had a second volume to be welcomed in like manner,—then another—and another,—till towards the end of November, when they were all out, and even the “*Aglaia*,” latest and coyest of beauties, had made her appearance, we rejoiced to find ourselves in arrear as to our duties of reader and critic, and would perhaps for a month or two afterwards, purposely reserve half a dozen volumes, in order to have the comfortable reflection that our amusement was not exhausted, that the Christmas roses were not all blown and withered, and that the virgin lustre of the *Minerva’s*, *Cornelia’s*, *Aurora’s*, *Orphea’s*, &c. &c. &c. had not yet on too familiar acquaintance “faded into the light of common day.”—Nor need this feeling seem overstrained and capricious, when it is taken into consideration that these annuals, though now very inferior to our own in point of graphic embellishment, are yet in literary merit, especially in their prose essays, greatly superior,—the *best* writers in Germany having frequently exerted themselves *in good earnest*, to render these publications important and interesting, while in our country, a short hasty fragment from a *highly* distinguished author has been in most instances as much as any Souvenir-editor could hope to obtain.

I. We shall now take the first that comes to hand. It happens to be the “*Orphea*,” which, though not long established, has been eminently successful. As usual, it contains a series of prints adapted to a popular opera, which in the present instance exhibit the scenery and incidents of Weber’s “*Preciosa*.” The literary contents include only seven different articles, but among these there is a historical romance by *Blumenhagen*, a tale of mystery by *Kruse*, a novel by *Ludwig Tieck*, and a “*Romaneske*” by *Friederick Kind*—to all which our German readers will attach the highest interest. The “*Orphea*” is published by Mr. Ernest *Fleischer*, distinguished for his handsome reprints of English books, his “*Journal of British Literature*,” &c.

II. For the twentieth time, "*Minerva*," an old favourite, now comes before us. The prints form the eighth series of a Gallery illustrative of Goethe's poems; and we have here some excellent and humourously satirical scenes from the "*Faust*," to which even the admirers of Retsch will allow considerable merit. Leaving the prints, we come to a long story of 126 pages, by Mad. Schopenhauer, authoress of a very lively "*Tour in Great Britain*;" "*Gabrielle*," a novel in three volumes, &c. &c. This is followed by "*The Pilgrim*," an eventful narrative of the fourteenth century, by F. Lohmann; "*Extracts from the Diary of an English Officer*," by Blumenhagen; "*An Excursion from Rome to Nettuno in 1803*," described by the venerable Bonstetten; a "*Tour in Switzerland*," by Matthiesson; "*Sketches of Female Character*," by Haug; five original and most characteristic letters of Schubart the poet; a sharp critique on German periodicals, and a due admixture of verses, charades, &c. &c.

III. "*Penelope*,"—her seventeenth appearance, under the auspices of Hofrath Winkler of Dresden, better known by his *nom de guerre*, Theodore Hell; *Anglice*, Theodore Bright. This nymph presents us with a seventh series of prints illustrative of Schiller and others, among which we may justly commend one by Stöber, representing the Proud Beauty, who, to put her lover's ardour to the test, dropped her glove into the arena among the lions, and desired him to bring it back to her. There are only seven literary contributions, of which five are prose stories, and of these the "*Night in the Mountains*," by F. Lohmann; "*Conscience*," by Blumenhagen; and "*The Spirit of Knighthood*," by Tromlitz, are the most remarkable. "*The Guardian*," a lively imitation of the old romances, by Agnes Franz, and a fantastic production, entitled "*An Idyllium*," by Weisflog, with some historical verses by the editor, conclude the volume, which Tromlitz's chivalrous tale of the Thirty year's war would alone render interesting.

IV. The "*Frauentaschenbuch*." This has now existed for fourteen years, and formerly, when under the management of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, obtained high and deserved reputation; while subsequent proprietors, imitating tolerably well the antique style of its embellishments, have suffered its literary pretensions rapidly to decline. With regard to the present editor, Dr. G. Doering, we cannot say that his numerous novels, plays, &c. have hitherto afforded us much satisfaction; but we must admit that the present volume of the "*Frauentaschenbuch*" is rather better in most respects than those of the two or three preceding years. Its embellishments are respectable; the poetry is of little consequence: but, on the other hand, we have five very long prose romances—the "*Adepts*," by Weisflog; the "*Wife*

of the Rebel," by G. Doering; the "Last Knights of Marienburg," by W. Hauff; "Fidelity and Fickleness," by K. L. M. Muller; and "Filial Affection," by W. von Studnitz.

V. The "Rheinische Taschenbuch," Vol. XIX. Inferior as this almanack has become in point of paper, printing and embellishments, we are glad to find another long narrative on an historical foundation by Tromlitz (one of the most talented, as well as most industrious, novelists of the present era); a story of 166 pages, entitled "Josebeth," by our old acquaintance Johanna Schoppenhauer, and some quaint and lively sketches by the editor, entitled "A Flight to Norfolk," "Mr. North," "Poet's Hall," "Thomas Marshall, Esq." The prints are illustrations of "Quentin Durward," "Waverley," and "Nigel," spirited in conception, but, as works of art, unworthy of notice.

VI. "Taschenbuch der Liebe und Freundschaft." This very neat and always creditable production has been long a favourite with the German public, though we cannot add, that it improves with time, either as to its adornments or literary contributions. In the present volume, however, we have read, greatly to our own amusement, a tale, entitled "Das stille Wasser," by Weisflog; yet from this quaint title onwards, and to the close, we believe that even the best translator would find himself baffled in his attempts to render it acceptable to an English reader. There is but one copy of verses, the rest of the volume being made up of the story now mentioned, and others, by Blumenhagen, Agnes Franz, Lohmann, and the Baron von Miltitz.

VII. "Taschenbuch zum geselligen Vergnügen." For no less than thirty-eight years has this pocket-book been in circulation, and it is still one of the best to which we can direct our reader's attention. The designs, particularly the views in Rome, are praiseworthy. It is the first of this year's almanacks in which we discover any interesting verses; Wilhelm Müller being one of the contributors. The most notable of the prose essays are "Dorothea Capell," by F. Lohmann; the "Monastery of St. Bernard," by Alexander Bronikowski; and "Cecilia Stuart," by C. von Wachsmann.

VIII. "Rosen,"—*ang.* "Roses,"—now blooming for the second year. We have here striking embellishments, though unequally finished. The frontispiece is excellent, after which the next best engraving is the portrait of Mademoiselle Müller of the Vienna Theatre. We find a romance by Tromlitz, (who has on this occasion chosen for his subject the "Fall of Missolonghi;") the "Muses' Son," a novel, by Blumenhagen; and two shorter narratives, one entitled "Alexandrina," by Satori; the other, "An Artist's Marriage," founded on the life of Albert Durer, by Leo-

pold Schefer. Altogether, we can safely predict that this new Annual will become a favourite.

IX. "Fortuna,"—her fifth appearance. This handsome and closely printed volume vies with our English pocket-books in point of variety. There are no less than thirty-seven different articles, of which thirty-two are in verse. We have had no time to judge critically of their merits, and the Editor, M. Francis Xav. Told, together with divers titled personages whom he brings into the field, being to us unknown, we can only say that they parade well, and that we are willing to consider them valuable auxiliaries. His first story, quaintly entitled, "No. 199," seems eventful and *piquant*.

X. "Huldigung der Frauen,"—edited by J. F. Castelli. For six years this Almanack has been gradually improving, till it is now one of the most respectable on our list. There are in the present volume forty-five specimens of poetical composition; a long romance "from the Life of Montecucoli;" a story by Professor Kruse, one of the best contrivers now existing of an intricate plot; and other narratives, by the Baron von Nell and Ernst Weisflog. The embellishments, however, are still below par.

XI. "Schlesisches Taschenbüch," edited by Dr. W. L. Schmid. Nothing serves more strikingly to indicate the prevalence of literary taste and spirit in Germany, than the sudden emanations of smart elegant Souvenirs from towns comparatively obscure, where no traveller would think of spending a single day unless fatigued or storm-staid. The volume now before us is printed at Hirschberg, a trading town (with only 6000 or 7000 inhabitants) in Silesia, a district, however, which abounds in living authors and authoresses, of whose abilities we have, on the present occasion, some favourable specimens.

XII. "Vergissmeinnicht," *ang.* "Forget me not," edited, indeed hitherto exclusively written by H. Clauren, an author who has never been a special favourite with us, though his works are highly popular in Germany, and some translated specimens have been well received in England. His Annual seldom exhibits poetry, and now consists of two novels, entitled "The Three Orphans," and "Love in the Mail Coach." Prefaced by a laudatory sonnet of Hofrath Winkler, this volume seems to be as lively and well adapted, *ad captandum*, as its precursors.

XIII. "Becker's Taschenbuch zum geselligen Vergnügen." An old favourite, and at present under the management of a well known and voluminous writer, Friedrich Kind, who has not, however, afforded us on the present occasion so much variety as we have been accustomed to find in the same publication. The

first article bears the quaint and singular title "Egyptian Nights—a romantic garland, from secret memoirs," by Salvatorello; after which, the only productions worthy of notice are "Memoirs of Contessa," by Houwald—a fragment from a new tragedy entitled "Belisarius," and a dramatic sketch by the Editor.

XIV. Proves to be the "Urania," which has been in circulation since 1815, and continues to be well deserving of its extensive reputation. This year presents us with "Debora," a novel in 132 pages, by Wilhelm Muller, the justly celebrated poet,— "The Ring," another romance, from the inexhaustible Thirty years war, by the indefatigable Tromlitz; "Gianetto, the African," by Baron Von Miltitz: two other narratives, entitled "A Friend's Will" and "Clara Von Cossuergue," followed by some good verses, by Tiedge and others. The embellishments consist of Thorvaldsen's portrait, and some caricatures by Stöber, after Opitz.

XV. According to old custom, we have kept one volume in reserve, on which we are glad to say that we can bestow our most cordial and unqualified approbation. It is entitled "Vieliebchen," and is altogether new, being not *edited*, but from beginning to end *written*, we believe, by Tromlitz, to whose high character as a novelist we have already alluded. Within 412 very closely printed pages he has comprized three historical romances, entitled, "Johanua Lavil"— "The Three Wishes," and "The Battle of Marignano." We do not say that his productions are always correct or highly finished, but his conceptions of character are particularly bold and spirited, while, in the contrivance of a plot he has rarely been equalled, nor do we remember any young author, (whether Mr. T. is young in *years* we know not,) who in the same space of time has invented so many stories as he has done, which would admit of successful adaptation for the stage.

We have received also XVI. "Aurora," edited by Jacob Glatz; XVII. Kotzebue's (Lebrun's) "Almanach dramatischer Spiele;" XVIII. "Kürlander dramatischer Almanach;" XIX. "Aurora," edited by J. G. Seidl; XX. "Das Veilchen;" XXI. "Der Freund des Schönen Geschlechts;" of which, as they are of minor importance, we add the names only to this *catalogue raisonné*. On the whole, many consider Numbers I. XIV. and XV. as the best in our present collection. We shall welcome the arrival of the "Cornelia," the "Aglais," the "Berlinische," the "Alpenrosen," and others, which will of course reach us within the present month, and, perhaps, recur to the subject in a future number.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. II.

AUSTRIA.

THE Abbé Dobrowsky has discovered at Prague a chronicle containing an account of the crusade of the year 1190, by Ansbert, an Austrian monk, who had served on that occasion. It contains among other things, an explanation of the manner in which Richard Cœur-de-Lion was detained in Austria: the author narrates facts relating to that hero, which were unknown, and are consequently not to be found even in the great work of Rymer.

The Austrian chronicler relates, in a way entirely to the advantage of his master, the treachery by which Richard—who was sufficiently guilty in other respects—became his victim. According to the chronicler, it was a special manifestation of Providence that delivered the King of England into the hands of the Duke, for the expiation of the crimes he had been guilty of towards the family of his captor: *Judicio Dei tactus in laqueum incidit ejus quem prius illaqueare voluit*. Richard, who had been stript on the road, was concealed with his travelling companions in a public-house near Vienna, when the spies of the Duke of Austria seized him and delivered him up to their master: *in vili hospitio per exploratores inventus et captus est ab hominibus ducis Austriae*.

Leopold delivered up, or rather sold, his prisoner to Henry, Emperor of Germany, by a treaty which the Austrian monk has given at full length, and which resembles a convention between the chiefs of two savage hordes, who have stopped travellers on the highway for the purpose of selling them as slaves. The articles of this treaty bear, that the Duke of Austria should receive one half of the 100,000 marcs, which Richard was to pay for his ransom to the emperor; as security for this payment the emperor should deliver to the duke 200 hostages, as, on the other hand, Richard was to give 200 hostages to the emperor. The 50,000 marcs destined for the Duke of Austria, were to serve as a marriage-portion to Eleonora, Richard's niece, whom the Duke of Austria proposed to bestow in marriage on one of his sons. Richard was to furnish 50 galleys, manned and equipped, and to lead this fleet himself to assist the emperor in subduing Sicily; he agreed to release the King of Cyprus and his daughter, and when these conditions were fulfilled, he was also to obtain pardon from the Pope for the Duke of Austria, for what crime is not stated; but it was no doubt to take off the interdict incurred by Duke Leopold, for his treacherous conduct toward a prince engaged in the Holy-Wars.

Another curiosity contained in this chronicle is a letter from Philip le Bel, King of France, to his dear friend the Duke of Austria, begging him to keep Richard securely, and not to allow him any liberty. The following is a complete copy of this letter.

“Phylippus Dei gratia Franc. Rex, karissimo amico suo duci Austriae, salutem, et sinceræ dilectionis plenitudinem. Quoniam quam perverse, et contra Deum et contra homines, Rich. impiissimus Rex Angliæ in transmarinis partibus vixerit et fecerit, oculo ad oculum vidistis et audistis, singula nobis ad

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memoriam non oportet reducere. Verum scimus vos fixâ tenere memoriâ quod Rich. Chunr. marchionem et dominum Tyri, qui usque ad supremum diei exitium defensor et columpna Christianitatis exstitit, sine causa et nullis præcedentibus meritis, consanguineum quondam vestrum karissimum et nostrum, per assassinos crudeliter fecerit interfici. Modis igitur omnibus quibus possumus, preces ex intimo cordis affectu procedentes vobis porrigimus, quatenus intuitu misericordiæ Dei et respectu cujusque servitii quod unquam vobis potuerimus exhibere, prædictum Richardum sub arcta teneatis custodia; nec aliquo modo eum liberetis, donec vobis et nos, cum illustri Rom. imperatore ore ad os, aut per nuncios de latere nostro, locuti fuerimus."

The XXXIXth No. of the *Vienna Jahrbücher*, just published, contains the first part of a review by Mr. von Hammer of 63 recent works on Arabic and Persian literature, published in Germany, France, England, &c. The list includes works published by Professors Nicoll of Oxford, and Lee of Cambridge, Dr. Gilchrist, Major Stewart, Major Price, and Mr. Marsden, in England; by Silvestre de Sacy, Jaubert, Caussin de Perceval, &c., in France; von Hammer, Freytag, Hamaker, &c., in Germany, &c.; Fraehn, in Russia. Generally speaking, the article notices every work of importance published on Arabian or Persian literature during the last six years. This number also contains reviews of Frayssinous' Defence of Christianity; a continuation of the article on the New Persian Dictionary, by the Sultan of Oude, called the Seven Seas, by von Hammer;—the concluding part of the review of Meier's History of the Fine Arts in Greece; Raumer's History of the Hohenstaufen; Aug. Neander's Church History; Commentaries on Dante, by Abeken, (Berlin, 1826,) and Taafé's Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, published by Mr. Murray in 1822.

BAVARIA.

THE University of Munich now reckons in its establishment five Professors in the various branches of Theology; twelve of Jurisprudence; seven of Political Economy; sixteen of Medicine; and thirty-six of the various other sciences. Among these Professors are many very celebrated men, and it is confidently expected that this University will soon realize to their fullest extent, the exalted ideas of its illustrious renovator.

Dr. Frank, of Munich, has lately established a Sanscrit printing press at Munich; and from the first number of his new Journal, entitled "*Vjasa*," on the Philosophy, Mythology, Literature, and Language of the Hindoos, we are led to anticipate a new era in Sanscrit literature. It contains a dissertation on the scientific importance of Sanscrit lucubrations, and a fragment of Jadschurnada, with a Latin translation.

Dr. Ehrenberg intends publishing the materials collected by himself and the late Dr. Hemprich, his travelling companion, under the title of "*Travels by two Naturalists in Northern Africa and Western Asia*." The first part will consist of two volumes, containing a map of the Red Sea, an outline of all its eastern and part of the western coasts; a catalogue of the islands on the east side and on the west; a view of Mount Sinai; a map relative to the expedition before the last of the Pasha of Egypt's troops in the Hedjaz; the route from Berath to Balbeck by the snowy mountain of Sanin, in Libania, and the route back to the coast by another snowy mountain called Makmel;

a catalogue in Arabic and Latin characters of 619 places in the north-east part of Libania; a series of 763 observations by the thermometer, made for the most part between the tropics; vocabularies of the various dialects of the Arabic, the language of the Berbers, of the Massana, the Amharic, the Tigric, the Gabo, and the Joenke, unknown to the present time, and spoken by a negro tribe of Upper Senaar; various portraits, and plates representing utensils, and new plants, &c. The second part, as it will contain many plates of natural history, cannot be published till the author is enabled to defray the expense.

A selection from the works of the old German Poet Hans Sachs is announced to appear at Nürnberg, edited by Professor Büsching.

BOHEMIA.

BOHEMIAN Literature at the present day is far from being in a state of inactivity. Tschelakowsky has translated Göthe's Play, "*Die Geschwister*," and Rhese's collection of popular national songs of the Lithuanians. Machatschek, who many years ago translated Göthe's "*Iphigenia in Tauris*," is the author of a comedy entitled "*The Wooer*," which is esteemed the best in the Bohemian language. Tschelakowsky has also published a collection of the most popular national songs of the various Slavonian nations, of which the first volume appeared in 1822, the second in 1825, and the third during the present year. A collection of Bohemian songs, accompanied with music, also appeared in 1825, but the want of explanatory and critical remarks is to be regretted. Some excellent observations on the National Songs of Bohemia, by Prof. Anton Müller, are contained in the August No. of the Quarterly Museum. Holmann published the Poems of Ossian in Bohemian, and Tomsa has translated Claren's Tales. The same publication contains extracts in the Bohemian language, as well as specimens of the Poems of Kollar, the best Bohemian poet.

Führich has just published five prints to Bürger's "*Wild Huntsman*," of surpassing excellence. The subject has afforded him ample scope for the display of his wonderful powers, which delight in depicting the contending elements of good and evil. These prints display extraordinary life and animation. The perdition of the wild Count, the deepening fiendishness of the evil spirit, and the increasing grief in the countenance of the good angel, are portrayed with the hand of a master.

DENMARK.

DR. HARSCH, professor of the University of Sorøe, has, after a residence of six years in France, Italy, and Germany, returned to Copenhagen, and has brought with him four plays, composed while he was abroad, and written both in German and Danish. According to Dr. Heiberg's *Flyvende Post*, Tieck, who superintended the German edition, is stated to have given it as his opinion, "that since Göthe's best time nothing more excellent in dramatic literature has appeared than these four plays."

Professor Rask has brought from Ceylon a collection of fifty Cingalese MSS. which have been deposited in the Royal Library of Copenhagen.

Among them are several in the Pali language; the rest are all in the vulgar dialect of Ceylon. These MSS. form the subject of an article in the first No. of the *Nordisk Tidsskrift*, published at Copenhagen, by M. Chr. Molboek. Mr. Rask has also just published (in Danish), a work on the Ancient Egyptian Chronology.

FRANCE.

THE Royal Academy of Medicine has distributed the prizes founded by the will of the late M. De Montyon for those who shall have contributed to the improvement of the healing art. Ten thousand francs have been awarded to Messrs. Pelletier and Caventou for the discovery of the sulphate of quinine. The other 10,000 francs have been adjudged to M. Civiale, as the first who has practised *Lithotritie*, being a method of crushing, by means of an instrument, the stone in the bladder, and extracting it, and in this manner for having effected many cures.* Medals were also distributed to several other medical men for having published works of great utility; and to the late M. Laennec 5000 francs were awarded for the second edition of his work on Auscultation, which has lately been translated into English.

The Academy proposed, as a subject for a prize of 1000 francs to be awarded in 1838, the following question:—"How far it appears possible from experience and observation to prevent, by mechanical means, the absorption of deleterious substances in general, and in particular of the rabid virus?"

The annual prize founded by the late M. Montyon for the work most useful to public morals, has been awarded this year as follows; 8000 francs to the work of the late Mme. Guizot, intitled *Education Domestique, ou Lettres de Famille sur l'Education*, 2 vols. 8vo.; 4000 francs to the work of Dr. Alibert, intitled *Physiologie des Passions, ou Nouvelle Doctrine des Sentimens Moreux*, 2 vols. 8vo.; and 3000 francs to the novel of M. Merville, intitled *Les Deux Apprentis*, 4 vols. 12mo., a work intended by the author for the class of young mechanics, whom it seeks to dissuade from the dissipation and vice produced by keeping bad company.

An annual Prize, for the best Statistical Treatise, was also founded by the late Baron Montyon, to be awarded by the Academy. The principal object of this prize was to encourage inquiries into authentic facts relating to public economy, and to diffuse the knowledge of these facts. This year has produced several remarkable productions of this nature, and the Academy has seen with great satisfaction that the science of Statistics and its numerous applications has made great advances of late years. The government offices have freely allowed access to their stores, and have even published some important works, which have been taken as a model.

The prize was this year assigned to two works, of equal merit—*The Statistics of the Department of L'Aisne*, by M. Brayer, head of the Prefecture of that department; and to a work entitled *Oenologie Française*, by M. Cavoleau.

* We observe by the newspapers, that M. Civiale has proved the efficacy of his method on the Baron de Zach, the celebrated astronomer, whom he has completely cured. The Baron had no less than forty small stones, all of which were crushed and extracted by the natural passages without the least accident.

M. Minoide Mynas, a native of Greece, formerly Professor of Rhetoric in Macedonia, and already known to the learned by his *Essays on the Pronunciation and Grammar of the Greek Language*, intends publishing at Paris a new edition of Aristotle's Rhetoric, with an entirely new translation in French. He says, and we place confidence in his judgement, that *all* the continental translations hitherto published are very imperfect, and frequently fail in giving the author's meaning. The specimen of his translation, which we have seen, leads us to think well of the enterprize, and to hope it may be brought to a conclusion.

The celebrated French Orientalist, Fortunatus Albrand, lately died at Madagascar, (where he had founded the colony of St. Mary,) in the 32nd year of his age. He spoke and wrote with equal facility the Modern Greek, Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Hindoo, Sanscrit, Malay, and many other languages.

Dr. Thomas Young has been elected a foreign member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, in the room of M. Volta, deceased.

The exertions of the Asiatic Society of Paris, and its activity and zeal in promoting the study of Oriental Literature, are beyond all praise. With limited means, it has already published the following works, since the short period of its commencement (in 1822):—I. Vartan, *Choix de Fables Armeniennes, avec une traduction litterale en Français*, par M. St. Martin, in 1 vol. 8vo. II. Rodriguez, *Elemens de la Grammaire Japonnaise*, revu par M. A. Remusat, 1 vol. 8vo.—*Supplement à la dite Grammaire*, par MM. Humboldt et Landresse, 8vo. III. *Essai sur le Pali, ou Langue Sacrée de la presqu'île au delà du Gange, avec 6 planches et la notice des MSS. Palis de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, par MM. Burnouf et Lassen, 8vo., avec *Supplement*. IV. Meng-Tseu ou Mencius, le plus célèbre philosophe Chinois après Confucius, traduit litteralement en Latin; le texte Chinois lithographié; avec des notes par S. Julien, 2 vols. 8vo. V. *Yajnadattabada, ou la Mort d'Yadjnadatta, episode extrait du Ramayana, poème epique du Sanscrit, texte et traduction Française et Latine*, par Chezy et Burnouf, in 4to. VI. *Vocabulaire Georgien redigé par M. Klaproth, 1ere partie*, in 8vo.

Among the foreign members, we have remarked the names of many of our own distinguished Orientalists, such as Sir George Staunton, Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Colebrooke, Mr. Marsden, Mr. Haughton, Sir A. Johnstone, Drs. Nicoll, Macbride, and Knatchbull of Oxford, Professor Lee of Cambridge, Colonel Fitzclarence, &c.

The Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres held its annual public meeting on the 27th of July, under the presidency of M. Abel-Ramusat. The Academy had proposed as the subject for a prize, an "Inquiry into the political state of the Greek cities of Europe, and the islands of Asia Minor, from the commencement of the second century before our era, till the establishment of the empire of Constantinople." The competitors were to collect from historians and monuments of every description, all facts calculated to throw light either on the internal administration of these cities, or the connection between them and the empire. None of the works sent in having been judged worthy of the prize, the same subject was again proposed for 1829.

The Academy repeated the announcement made last year on the subject of the prize for 1828. It consists in "presenting a view of the commercial relations of France and the other parts of southern Europe with Syria and Egypt, from the decay of the powers of the Franks in Palestine, till the middle of the 6th century; to determine the extent of these relations; to fix the date

of the establishment of Consuls in Syria and Egypt; to point out the effect produced on the commerce of France and of southern Europe with the Levant, by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and the establishment of the Portuguese in India." The prize is a gold medal of 1500 francs.

M. Grassi, an officer of the Legion of Honour, published, in 1825, a work under the title of *Charte Turque*, the materials for which he pretends to have derived from an excellent History of the Turkish Empire by the Abbate Sillostri, which appeared at Venice during the latter half of the last century in Greek and Italian. The existence of this work of Sillostri is altogether apocryphal.

At the end of the 15th century, Martyr, Bishop of Arzendjan, in Armenia, wrote an Account of his Voyages to Europe, &c. which has just been translated into French by M. St. Martin, and published along with the original text. The style is simple and unaffected, the book possesses internal evidence of authenticity, and the learned translator has added notes derived from valuable documents, which throw much light on passages that required explanation.

The Voyages of Sidi Aly, Admiral of the Turkish Fleet under Soliman II. have also just appeared in a re-translation from a German version. As the inhabitants of eastern countries seldom venture abroad, and it is only some extraordinary excitement which can thus rouse them from their usual lethargy, this narrative, written by a Turk, may be considered rather curious. It describes the Admiral's voyage home by land, after he had the misfortune to lose all his ships. The notice by the German translator, which is prefixed, is both amusing and instructive.

Since the example and the success of the Abbé de l'Épée awakened the public interest in behalf of the deaf and dumb, numerous establishments have arisen, formed after his model. The art, however, which his genius created, is still far from having attained that degree of perfection which might have been expected, from the labours of so many able instructors. Even the true principles of tuition are not yet agreed upon. Each school has its own method, and even in the same school, the teachers often pursue a different system.

In order to concentrate the scattered facts which bear upon this important subject, a centre of communication was wanted, which might reflect a steadier light on the different branches of instruction; and for this purpose a Journal has been established, in which will be embodied, 1st, all the observations collected during a long experience, or which have been communicated by parents or teachers, on the moral and intellectual state of the deaf and dumb before their instruction, and on the developement of their faculties, in their ideas, language, and education.

2dly. A comparative estimate of the various methods hitherto employed for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and notices of the various works published in France or in foreign countries on the same subject.

3dly. An historical notice of all the schools of the deaf and dumb which are known to the Editor, and of the most celebrated teachers.

4thly. An exposé of the various methods which seem best adapted, from their simplicity and effect, to promote the object intended.

In short, nothing will be neglected at all bearing on this subject, which touches on some of the most interesting questions in philosophy, morals, and even legislation.

It is hoped that this Journal will remove the obstacles which have too long impeded the progress of the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and that it will contribute to improve and diffuse the practice of an art whose object is to restore so many thousands * of unfortunate beings to the blessings of social life, and the consolations of religion. Eight numbers of the Journal have already appeared.

Dr. Zohrab, a learned American, has made a present to the Royal Library at Paris, of the MS. which was used for the Armenian translation of Eusebius, printed at Milan in 1818. The Latin translation of this important work, by Dr. Zohrab and M. Mai, is the only one which exhibits a complete and faithful copy of the original.

The third letter of M. Champollion, relative to the monuments in the Egyptian Museum at Turin, which will shortly appear, will embrace the dynasties of Egypt, subsequent to the 23d, being the epoch of the Ptolemies. In these three letters, the annals of Egypt are established from the earliest period down to the reign of Augustus.

The 49th volume of the *Biographie Universelle*, recently published, which includes the Letter V, contains a most interesting life of *Charles Villers*, (the author of the *Essay on the Spirit of the Reformation of Luther*, and other valuable works connected with German philosophy and literature,) by Mr. Stapfer. This great work is now drawing fast to its conclusion, and, when completed, will form by far the most complete and valuable body of biography which exists in any language. It has been already fifteen years in progress; a feature which serves to distinguish it from all previous undertakings of the kind, is, that every article is signed with the initials of its author, and a list of these, with their names at full length, is prefixed to each volume. In no other work that we are acquainted with, have the lives of *authors*, and the titles of their various works, been given with such copiousness and general accuracy.

GERMANY.

In Germany the study of History is pursued with unabated energy. Among the most distinguished works recently published, we may particularly mention the *Primitive History of Germany*, by Bahrd; the *Manual of German History* by Wilken; the *History of the States and Law of Germany*, by Eichhorn, jun.; the *History of the Free Cities*, by Hallmann and Gaupp; of the *Lombard Confederacy*, by Leo; *Raumer's Hohenstaufen*; *Kortum's Frederic Barbarossa*; *Manso's Ostrogoths*; *Wachter's Thuringia*; *Mannert's Bavaria*; *Ranke's Romano-Germanic Nations*, and *Wersebe's Greek Colonies*; to which, indeed, many others might be added of equal importance. The names of Schlosser, Wachler, Dippold, Rottek, &c. in *Universal History*; of Ideler, in *Mathematical and Technological Chronology*; the *Roman History of Niebuhr*; the admirable works of Boeckh on the *Constitution of Athens*; that of W. Humboldt on the *Basque Language*; the ingenious researches of *Buttmann* on the *History and Language of Greece*; altogether display a vast field, of which the English public have but partially begun to reap the fruits.

* It is calculated that there are upwards of 80,000 deaf and dumb in Europe alone.

We must not omit to mention two other works, which for extent of learning and industry are truly gigantic; viz. The Geography of Charles Ritter, and the German, or rather Teutonic, Grammar of Grimm; a work which, on account of its deep historical research, must have incalculable influence on the study of Philology, not only in the author's, but in every other country. Of this last work we hope to give an account in an early number.

HANOVER, AND MINOR STATES OF GERMANY.

DR. PHILLIPS, of Göttingen (author, we believe, of an Essay on Anglo-Saxon Law,) and formerly Private Teacher at the University of Berlin, has been elected an Extraordinary Professor in the Juridical Faculty of that University.

On the 25th June, the University of Göttingen lost one of its oldest and most celebrated Professors, Johann Gottfried Eichhorn, Knight of the Guelphic Order, &c. He was in his 75th year, and had been a Professor for 39 years. His important labours, not only with regard to the Holy Scriptures, but in every department of historical enquiry, require no eulogium from us.

In the Göttingische Gelehrte Anzeigen for the present year, there is a review of Müller's "Homerische Vorschule," in which the reviewer makes some important remarks on the origin of the Homeric Epics and dialect, especially on the poet's design in the construction of his works, and the manner in which the poems were delivered to the world. He particularly endeavours to show that Wolf's idea of a defect in unity and connection is erroneous, and that the Iliad and Odyssey have an original internal connection, although they may not have been all written by one poet, whose original and less extensive plan may have been afterwards extended and enlarged. The unity of both the poems is further pointed out, and the connection of the several books shortly given.

The sale of a collection of 43,000 dissertations on Law, formed by a celebrated jurisconsult lately deceased, has been recently advertised in Germany. They form nearly 3000 volumes in 4to. M. Niemann, Pastor at Altona, is entrusted with their disposal.

ITALY.

ROME.—A work will shortly appear by the Abbate Lanci, entitled *La Sacra Scrittura illustrata con monumenti Fenico-Assirj ed Egiziani*.

Ib.—The Abbate Mai has discovered several more fragments of Gothic literature, every vestige of which, however small, is of the greatest importance, as being the most ancient and polished of the German languages. They are three leaves of a Palimpsest of the Vatican library, from which Mr. Mai formerly took the works of Fronto; they correspond with some other leaves of a Palimpsest of the Ambrosian library in Milan. Both codices came from the monastery of Bobbio on the Trebbia, one of the most ancient seats of Christian learning in that country. The contents are a dogmatical Essay or Sermon, with numerous passages of scripture. About the year 360 Saint

Chrysostom caused a Gothic priest to read the Bible in his own language in the Church of St. Paul in Constantinople, and to preach upon it. This essay or Sermon is perhaps something of that kind, at all events it is a valuable addition to Gothic literature.

The Abbate Mai has also just published the second volume of his valuable collection, "*Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio e Vaticanis Codicibus Edita*," the first volume of which, with the date of 1825, appeared last year, and has recently reached this country. Both volumes are dedicated to Pope Leo XII., and consist of fragments of Greek authors, accompanied by a Latin translation; in the *Prolegomena* to each, the editor gives a full and satisfactory account of the pieces they contain (with notices of their authors), all of which have been discovered, and are now published, for the first time, by himself. The first volume consists of 752 pages in all, and is divided into three parts, each of them separately paged. The first part contains, *Eusebii Cæsariensis Quaestiones Evangelicæ ad Stephanum*—*Ejusdem Quaestiones ad Marimum*—*Ejusdem Excerpta Comment. in Lucam*.—*Apolinarii Laodicensi Fragmenta Comment. in Lucam*.—*Photii Patriarchæ Specimen Comment. in Lucam*.—*Ejusdem Photii Quaestiones ad Amphilochoium*.—*Ejusdem Responsa Canonica Quinquæ*.—*Anastasi Sinaitæ Lucubratiuncula duæ de vitæ terminis, et de iis qui ex hac vitâ migrant*.—*Joannis VIII. Papæ Epistola*. The second part contains, *Chronicon Breviatum ex Eusebii Opere de Temporibus, cum addit. aliquot usque ad Sæc. Christi IX.*—*Theodori Mopsuesteni in Prophetas Septem Minores Commentarii*.—*Polychronii ex Comment. in Daniele*.—*Catena 14 auctorum in Daniele*.—*Chronici Paschalis Fragmentum*.—*S. Hippolyti in Proverb. Supplem.* The third part contains, *Aristidis Rhetoris Oratio adversus Demosthenem de immunitate*.—*Leontii Presbyteri et Johannis Monachi Index Libri II. Sacrorum Rerum. Prædicti Operis Specimen. Index.*

The second volume, as we learn from the *Biblioteca Italiana* of August and September last, contains fragments of the following authors:—*Diodorus Siculus*, *Dion Cassius*, *Eunapius*, *Desipnus*, *Jamblichus*, *Menander*, *Appian*, *Polybius*, *Diomysius Halicarnassensis*, *Petrus Magister*, *Nicephorus Blemmides*, *Eubulus*, *Julianus Laodicensis*, *Basilus Imperator*, *Photius*, or *Germanus*, and *Theodorus Metochita*. The two articles in the *Biblioteca* contain some interesting notices respecting the different pieces, and the Palimpsests (*Codices rescripti*) from which they are taken.

ROME.—We are looking with much interest for a work on Syriac literature, which is soon expected to make its appearance. Its author is Dr. Wiseman, Vice-Rector of the English College in this city, whose known talents, industry, and research lead us to entertain the most favorable anticipations of its success. The work will form an octavo volume, and is entitled *Horæ Syriacæ, seu Sylloge Commentationum et Anecdotorum, res vel Litteras Syriacas spectantium*. The work, among other dissertations, contains a particular one on the words used by our Saviour in instituting the sacrament of the Eucharist. The second part of it is entitled, "*Symbola Philologica ad historiam versionum Syriacarum Veteris Fœderis; adhibitis, ex parte, fontibus adhuc intactis. Particula Prima: de versionibus generatim, deinde de Peschito.*" This portion of the author's contributions to the history of the Syriac versions is said to contain a variety of new facts which will enable us to fix more accurately the country and age of the Peschite or simple Syriac version. The second portion, entitled "*Particula secunda: Karkaphensem recensionem nunc primum describens*," is entirely new, since the very existence of the Karkaphensian version has been hitherto disputed, and of its nature nothing was positively known until the author of this work had the good fortune to discover two, if not three MSS. of parts of it, sufficient to ascertain both. He says, that besides glean-

ing some notice of its existence in the East, he has demonstrated that the MSS. in the Vatican and Barberini libraries, which he has consulted, contain this text; he has given a minute description of these truly curious documents and accompanied it with an accurate fac-simile of the Vatican Karkaphensian MS. There is also a piece, entitled "*Fragmentum Syriacum ineditum chronologiam XVIIIæ Dynastiæ Egyptiorum illustrans*," which the author found in a Vatican MS., and which strikingly confirms one of Champollion-Figeac's calculations on the Egyptian Chronology. Through the whole work are interspersed notes to illustrate points of Syriac literature, and to correct the errors of former writers on that subject. The Syriac type, used in the printing of the work, is perfectly new, and has been pronounced to be the most beautifully formed in Europe, and no trouble has been spared to have the vowel points correct.

M. Sylvester Guidi, who has for many years continued to enrich the Clementine Museum at Rome with Egyptian antiquities, has just imported a fresh collection. Among other articles is a Greco-Egyptian papyrus, which is supposed to have belonged to Ptolemy Philadelphus; it is in perfect preservation, not a single letter being wanting.

KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

A new periodical work for the exact sciences, on nearly the same plan as Mr. Hachette's *Correspondance de l'Ecole Polytechnique*, has been lately established at Brussels by Professor Quetelet, and is intended as a medium of communication on these subjects, for the Universities and other public institutions in the Netherlands, or as a repository for the numerous disquisitions which the improved state of science is daily producing.

M. Siegenbeek, of the University of Leyden, has published an Abridgment of the Literary History of the Netherlands, of which a translation into French has been published at Ghent; this work is praised in the Brussels Journals as a valuable manual. After a rapid sketch of the origin of literature in these States, Mr. S. traces its progress from the 13th century to the present time. Prose writers and poets pass in review before him, and he characterizes their genius and style with great impartiality and judgment. This work fully proves that the national literature is not so barren as many foreigners have imagined. The Romances written by two ladies, Elizabeth Wolf, whose maiden name was Bekker, and Agatha Deken, merit particular notice. The first is distinguished by her vivacity and quickness of observation, and the second by the grave character of her style. Their romances are generally remarkable for the accurate and natural delineation of the manners of their country. Among modern writers, after alluding to a particular species of historical novel, Mr. S. instances Mr. Loosjes, as having eminently succeeded in the faithful representation of the customs and moral physiognomy of the Low Countries, during the different periods of their history. By bringing forward great men in the most important scenes of their lives, he has succeeded in painting, with singular felicity, their character and manners.

In the month of December, 1826, his Majesty directed that proposals should be published, inviting men of learning to send in Memoirs, with plans, for *A General History of the Netherlands*. In consequence of this invitation, above forty men of letters communicated their ideas upon this subject to the Govern-

ment. The King, in the month of June, appointed a Committee of distinguished literary and official characters to examine the Memoirs sent in, and to report upon them. Another Committee, consisting of MM. Raoul, de Reiffenberg, Willems and Bernardi, has been appointed for the purpose of publishing, at the expense of the Government, some ancient MSS. relative to the language and history of the Netherlands. This Collection is to be brought out under the title of *Rerum Belgicarum Scriptores*.

It has also been determined that the MS. *Chronicles of Brabant*, by De Dinter and A. Thimo, or Vander Heyden, authors of the fifteenth century, which are written in Latin, (and the first too in very bad Latin, if we may believe their countryman, the learned Valerius Andreas,) shall form part of this Collection. As every body is not acquainted with these ancient Chroniclers, says a Brussels Paper, we will give a short notice of them. Edmundus Dinterus, or De Dinter, of the village of that name in Brabant, was at first secretary to several Dukes of Burgundy, in the fifteenth century, afterwards canon at Louvain, and died at Brussels in 1448. At the request of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, he wrote the *Chronicon Brabantiae*.—Petrus à Thimo, or Vander Heyden, was born in a village near Turnhout, and became an advocate, treasurer, and canon at Brussels; he was a man of great probity and humanity, and died in 1473, aged 80 years. There is a posthumous work of his, called *Chronicon Brabantiae*, which comes down to the time of Charles, Duke of Burgundy and Brabant. The three volumes, of which this work is composed, have been preserved in the archives of the city of Brussels.

The third chronicler is Jean de Helu, or Jan van Helu, also called Leeuwe. He is an author of the 13th century, and passed his life in a convent at Leeuwe, in Brabant. He composed a Chronicle in Flemish verse, in two books, containing the military exploits of John I. Duke of Brabant, and particularly an account of the victory of Woeroc or Woeringen (a small town near Cologne), gained in 1288 by this duke over Count Rainaud de Gelder. A fourth, Jacques de Maerlant, is sufficiently known in the national literature by his *Spiegel Historiae*. If his Bible in rhyme, (*Rymbybel*) of which there are also MSS. in Holland, has not been published, it is because it is not thought worth the pains and expense.

Mechanics' Institutions are becoming very generally more diffused over this country. The Government, ever disposed to render assistance towards the diffusion of knowledge, has endowed Professorships in the Universities, for teaching the application of mechanics to the useful arts, thus showing the importance attached to this branch of instruction; while the public, on the other hand, have not been slow in availing themselves of such advantages. Many excellent works, the fruits of these lectures, have appeared, among which the *Leçons de Mécanique*, by M. Dandelin, are particularly remarkable.

Professor Hamaker, of Leyden, has announced a work on Phœnician Antiquities, entitled *Miscellanea Phœnicia*, which will contain some new and interesting disquisitions on the Paleography, the Grammar, the Lexicography, the Geography, and the Religion of the Phœnicians, and on the analogy of the latter with that of the Greeks. The great questions of the origin of writing and of hieroglyphics, which are now so much agitated, will gain an additional elucidation by some reflections arising from an attentive examination of the remains of antiquity, and their accordance with historical testimony. The celebrated passage of Clemens Alexandrinus, in particular, on the various kinds of hieroglyphics, on the meaning of which opinion is still divided, will receive new light by comparison with a passage almost similar, which seems to have escaped all preceding research. With regard to the more particular object of the work,

Phœnician Antiquities, the unexpected discovery of many valuable monuments has furnished him with fresh materials for research;—numerous Phœnician, Punic, and other medals, and in particular, the celebrated medal of Sidon, of four lines,—that attributed to Tarsus, and two of the Hasmoneans, the characters of which appeared unintelligible to the learned Bayer. Not confining himself to these remains of antiquity, the author has examined many proper names and Phœnician and Cypriot comments, partly preserved in ancient authors, and hitherto imperfectly explained. Under their Greek or Roman disguise he has submitted them to a severe scrutiny, in order to detect the unknown forms of the Phœnician, and to trace its analogy with other dialects. The work is to be in 4to, with illustrative plates, containing accurate copies of the monuments, coins, inscriptions and alphabets.

The Society of Arts and Sciences in Batavia has sent to its correspondents in Europe the first volume of its Transactions. It contains an *Essay* by Dr. Blume on the various kinds of pepper grown in the East Indies, and one by Baron Von Siebold on the Japanese language.

POLAND.

THE Science of legislation, enlightened by philosophy, has found many individuals in Poland, who have made it their study, and who have left valuable works on the subject. We cannot read without surprise, in the works of Kirszteyn, an old author, a passage on the application of *torture*, in which he is not afraid to denounce it, 200 years before Beccaria. The following is a literal translation of the passage alluded to:—"A robust mountaineer will undergo torture without confessing the truth, whilst a feeble warmer of stoves will confess himself guilty of a crime which he would not have had the courage to commit. The executioner exercises the punishment on the mere suspicion of crime, before the judge has declared that it has been committed. Who can indemnify the sufferer for the shame and the tortures that he has endured? Who will be punished for inflicting torture before conviction of the crime? Would it not be better for proving it, that the judge should call heaven to witness, examine the declarations of witnesses, and the confessions of the accused, without having recourse to punishment?"—Our surprise is not less at finding such a coincidence of ideas between two jurisconsults of the 16th century, and the opinion of Beccaria and Filangieri, who certainly knew nothing of the work of the Polish authors, nor ever even had heard of their names. In other respects, also, Poland may well be proud of her old renown in literature, as we shall afterwards have occasion to prove.

A Monthly Journal, under the title of *Polsische Miscellen*, is published at Warsaw, by M. A. Drake, a German. It contains extracts from Polish works, in prose and verse, as well as literary essays by Germans travelling in Poland, or who are settled in that kingdom.

The last Prospectus of the Public Lectures at the University of Cracow contains an interesting notice by M. Girtler, on the valuable present made to the University by Professor Senkowski, of St. Petersburg, of an Egyptian papyrus, which he had brought with him from Egypt, and which is supposed to be one of the finest ever brought to Europe. It is 14½ feet long, and 6½ inches broad, and consists of ten large leaves of papyrus, which are fastened to each other. The upper surface is covered with beautiful handwriting, in hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic characters, in perpendicular lines, forming 27 columns.

PRUSSIA.

EVERY German must rejoice that the great men of past ages, who have raised the fame of Germany so high, still live in the grateful recollection of their countrymen. With such feelings we received Mr. Heller's *Life and Works of Albert Durer*; the work is drawn up with great care, and contains many useful notices, and corrections of former errors. Equal thanks are due to Mr. Hegner, who has undertaken a similar work on the life and productions of Holbein whose history, from the lack of materials, presents considerable difficulties. In such labours he required a predecessor like Bartsch who, however, has not included that great artist in his *Peintre-Graveur*, nor given any reasons for the omission.

Mr. Ideler of Berlin, author of a work on *Mathematical Chronology, &c.* has just published a pamphlet, in which he attempts to prove that the Saviour was born six years before the period usually assigned by history, and that consequently the year 1827 ought to be 1833.

A new edition of the works of Cujacius, with a copious index, will appear shortly at Bonn.

The new *History of Philosophy*, by Professor Ritter, of Berlin, on which he has been occupied for the last ten years, is shortly about to be published. The following is the author's opinion of his predecessor Tenneman's *History*:—"The work of Tenneman, which is justly considered the best of its kind, no longer affords that satisfaction which we have a right to expect from the historian of philosophy. Many things are now seen in a different point of view from that in which they appeared when Tenneman commenced his work. The deeper knowledge of antiquity which we have since gained, has thrown a new light on the history of the human mind, and the consequence is, that what he has written on the philosophy of Plato, no longer satisfies any one. The middle ages also appear to us in a new light, and it cannot be denied that however valuable the work of Tenneman may be in many respects, it still leaves much to be wished for, and, with regard to modern times, he necessarily shows himself partial and imperfect, viewing them, as he does, through the medium of the philosophy of Kant, which arose from the wish to reform, to combat, and to replace the systems which had immediately preceded it. In general, this is the capital defect of Tenneman's work, and his habit of estimating all systems by their accordance with that of Kant, has done the greatest injury to the historical appreciation of the revolutions in philosophy."

The first number of a new *Literary Journal* has been published at Berlin, which is to contain a summary of all the criticisms in the principal reviews of Germany. To save room, certain signs, such as asterisks, crosses, &c. will be used, to indicate such works as have been favourably noticed, and such as are of middle merit, or positively bad.

The *Berlin Journal*, called the "*Conversations-Blatt*," gives some account of a collection of MS. documents relative to the thirty years' war, which are of the highest importance. They belong to Mr. Karig, Director of the National Institution for the Culture of Silk in Prussia, who has sent them,

for the purpose of publication, into the hands of Professor J. Forster, author of a History of Frederick the Great. The first article respecting them in the above-mentioned Journal is headed,—“Four Hundred Letters and Reports of Wallenstein, for the most part autograph, confidential and official, in the years 1627 to 1634.” In No. 182 of this Journal, three of Wallenstein’s letters of the year 1627 are inserted. The public are particularly anxious for some documents of 1634, because many particulars relative to the assassination of the Duke of Friedland are still involved in darkness.

Dr. Neander, Professor in the University of Berlin, has successively published a History of the Emperor Julian and his times, (Berlin, 1819); a History of St. Bernard and his times, (1813); an Explanation of the principal Systems of the Gnostics, (1818); the Anti-Gnostic, or the Spirit of Tertullian, (in 1825); these works display great knowledge and candour, and shed much light on the periods of which they treat.

RUSSIA.

A SECOND and enlarged Edition has been published of the work of Eugenius, Bishop of Kiof and Galitz, called “Historical Dictionary of Russian Writers, belonging to the clergy of the Greco-Russian Church,” 2 vols. 8vo.

“A compendious French and Arabic Dictionary, by Mr. David Berggren, Chaplain to the Swedish Legation at Constantinople, edited and considerably enlarged by Mr. Joseph Senkowski.” Under this title, a work of great utility to travellers in the East is now printing at the press of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and will be published at the end of this year. The following is an extract from the Prospectus, drawn up by the celebrated Mr. Fraehn.

“The two above-mentioned gentlemen, of whom the first is advantageously known by his ‘Travels in the East,’ published at Stockholm last year, in 2 vols. 8vo.—the second, by the ‘History of the Usbecks in Great Bukharia,’ and by his ‘Materials for Polish History, from Turkish sources,’—had ample opportunities, during their travels in Syria and Egypt, to collect materials for this important work, which is properly a complete Dictionary of the vulgar Arabic. It is not however a mere vocabulary, but rather an Encyclopædia, or guide for Europeans, who visit those countries, or settle in them. It is meant to contain every thing that can be useful to a traveller, to a diplomatic agent, to a merchant, a missionary, or a physician; and the Editor has, with this object, made large additions of words and phrases to Mr. Berggren’s own Dictionary. Numerous and detailed geographical notices, with travelling routes, accounts of the manners, customs and prejudices of the modern Arabs, and also their proverbs, &c. will enrich this work. Thus, for instance, the articles,—Ablution,—Adultère,—Année,—Aqueduc,—Druse,—Montiwale,—Mariage,—Enterrement,—Reconciliation,—Jeux,—Instruments-à-Musique, &c. &c. contain detailed and valuable information relative to the religious opinions, manners, amusements, &c. of the Arabs. Under Asphalte,—Baume,—Café,—Dattier,—Miel,—Cheval,—Chameau,—Ver-à-soie,—Mesure,—Poids,—Bouteille,—Machine,—Barbe,—Teinture,—Maison,—Four,—Vaisseau, &c. &c. are remarks on the agriculture, trade, and arts of those countries. The article Cuisine gives a description of

the common articles of food, and the mode of dressing them ;—Habit, an accurate account of their dress ;—and under Contrat, Adieu, Adresse-à-lettre, Compliment, Politesse, Congé, &c. are various forms which custom and etiquette have sanctioned. Under Arabe is information respecting the Bedouin tribes, and under Couvent, a list of the monasteries on Mount Lebanon. Lastly, the articles *Alep, Bethlem, Desert, Nazaret, Liban, Syrie, Egypte, Caravane, Itinéraire, &c. &c.* contain numerous geographical notices, local descriptions, and other information useful to the traveller and the merchant.

“ In order to make the work still more useful to the persons for whom it is intended, M. Senkowski has added, in Roman characters, the vulgar Arabic pronunciation, which differs materially from the pronunciation given by grammarians. To the Dictionary will be added, 1. A Vocabulary of the Names of Plants, collected with great care by M. Berggren ;—2. A complete Arabic Register of all the Arabic words used in the work ;—and 3. A Map of Syria, compiled from the best and most recent authorities, by the able Swedish Geographer Hällström. The whole will make two volumes 4to., amounting to 6 or 800 pages ; the first, of which a great part is printed, will appear at the end of this year. It is extremely well printed, in a small type, and care has been taken to avoid blank spaces as much as possible.”

St. PETERSBURGH, July.—Dr. Schmidt, who has gained great reputation by his “ *Researches into the History of Central Asia,*” and by other works, is now enabled to publish his translation of the “ *History of the Eastern Mongols and their Dynasty,* by *Sanana Sársan, Chungtaidschi of the Ortus.*” This translation, which has been finished for some years, and has been impatiently expected by the learned of other countries, will be accompanied with the original Mongol text. His Majesty, the Emperor, has graciously assigned a sum of 10,000 rubles for the printing of this most important work.

If the publication of this work of a hitherto unknown historian is in itself interesting, this interest is enhanced by the circumstance, that he is, as far as we know, the only one of his nation,—a nation which had so great an influence on the fall of the neighbouring states, and which has found among those it conquered many writers to record its deeds, of which we have hitherto no knowledge but from them. The publication of the original will be equally acceptable. To acquire a knowledge of the Mongol language, we had no helps except vocabularies, and short specimens, till Dr. Schmidt offered a more complete help to the study of it, in his Mongol translation of St. Matthew and St. John, which he published a few years ago, as a specimen of his translation of the whole of the New Testament, which is now terminated.

M. Sopikoff, in an *Essay on Russian Bibliography*, published at St. Petersburg, in 1823, in 5 vols. 8vo. presents us with a grand total of 13,249 articles, (or about 80,000 volumes,) published in the Slavonic, or Russian languages, from the introduction of printing into Russia, in the year 1551, down to the year 1813. Among the works published since, there are many translations from the French, German and English, and from the latter we perceive the *Voyages and Travels* of Buchanan, Duveau, Parry, and Ross ; the *Poems* of Milton, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and the *Novels and Tales* of the latter. There are at present in the Russian empire, including Poland, 40 learned societies ; viz. 14 at St. Petersburg, 7 at Moscow, 2 at Wilna, 3 at Riga, 1 at Abo, 1 at Krzemienecz, 1 at Gitomir, 1 at Kalouga, 2 at Kasan, 1 at Kharkóf, 1 at Jaroslav, 1 at Novo Tcherkack, 1 at Mittau, and 4 at Warsaw.

M. Von Blauenberg, Privy Councillor to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, has made an important discovery, by which a problem may be solved, that has been deemed worthy of attention since the days of Strabo. Accompanied in

his researches by Halli-Gueret-Crim-Gueret, a descendant of a Tatar family, M. Von B. discovered at a distance of about a verst S. E. from Sympheropol, the remains of a fortress erected by King Seilanus, the conqueror of Mishri-dates Eupator.

Mr. Zosimus, a Greek gentleman, resident at Moscow, who has made several considerable donations to different schools, and particularly to the commercial academy of that capital, has presented to the Governor-general of Moscow an old Manuscript with coloured figures, which he requested his Excellency to have examined, and if it was thought worthy, to present it to the Emperor. Dr. Hamel, who was commissioned by Prince Galitzin to examine the Manuscript, ascertained that it was a portion of a great historical work, hitherto little known, which was probably compiled at the beginning, or during the first half of the 12th century, from various ancient annals. In all probability, it commenced with the creation of the world, and came down to the end of the 16th or the beginning of the 17th century. It is all written in the same hand, on separate leaves, and the most remarkable events are presented in coloured figures. The leaves not being bound or sewed together, and not even numbered, had been dispersed, and came into the possession of different private persons. A part of it was discovered by Prince Scherbatoff, and printed in 1772, by order of the Empress Catherine II. and is now in the library of Count Th. Tolstoy. Some other fragments were likewise discovered by Prince Scherbatoff, and printed at the desire of the Empress. In 1814, Mr. Schoumiloff, a merchant of Tomsk, gave to the Imperial Library a Manuscript, with figures, which is part of this work, and contains passages that are wanting in the parts which had been previously printed. Mr. Sapteff, merchant of St. Petersburg, possesses a fragment of the same manuscript, and we may hope that in time the parts which are still wanting will be recovered. Those parts, both manuscript and printed, to which we allude, contain the periods from the year 1114 to 1553 of the Christian æra. The fragment presented by Mr. Zosimus was purchased by him at the evacuation of Moscow by the French troops, in 1812. It contains the History of Rome and Greece from the year 81 to 919. This, therefore, is the part of the work, which relates to the most remote æra, and which, according to the opinion of Mr. Krag, of the Academy, may serve to correct many particulars in the Annals of Nicon.

The Governor-general having transmitted this Manuscript to the Emperor, his Majesty ordered it to be deposited in the Imperial Library, and sent to Mr. Zosimus a diamond ring, with his cypher.*

Materials for the History of the Progress of Knowledge in Russia, (in the Russian language,) collected by Peter Koppen, doctor of philosophy, are publishing in numbers.

Dr. Ledebarn, Professor of Botany at Dorpat, has just returned from his scientific excursion among the Kirghises, and to the Altaic mountains. This journey is expected to have important results for the study of natural history, and in particular with regard to botany. The Professor has collected nearly 500 new plants, of which he has made very accurate drawings. It would be highly desirable to see them published, and that the Russian Government, which has already done so much for science, should encourage the publication by a liberal grant, like that afforded by the French Government to the splendid

* According to Prince Scherbatoff, this work was used in the education of Peter the Great.

works on Zoology and Botany, forming part of the voyage of Captain Freycinet. Without some such aid, it is to be feared that many enterprises like the present may be lost to science and to the public.

A Work in French is shortly to be published under the following title :— *Tableaux Historiques, Chronologiques, Géographiques, et Statistiques, de l'Empire de Russie, avec une Carte Généalogique*. The author has mostly followed the plan of Lesage's Historical Atlas, and has divided his work into the following Tables :—

I.—IV. Historical Account of Russia, divided into *five periods* ; preceded by a view of the times anterior to the foundation of the monarchy. The first table contains the three first periods, with a Map of Russia in the 11th century, on which are marked the nations which inhabited it, its limits under Rurik, its first sovereign, as well as those under Jaroslaf, which was the era of its greatest extent. The 2nd, 3d, and 4th Tables contain the 4th and 5th periods.

V. VI. Chronology of the sovereigns and principal events in the history of Russia.

VII. Genealogy of all the Houses which have reigned in Russia, with historical remarks. The different dynasties are distinguished by colours. Particular care has been taken to mark the alliances with foreign Houses, as they serve to show the relations of the ancient sovereigns with the principal powers of Europe.

VIII. Map of Russia in Europe, exhibiting its progressive increase from the reign of Tzar Alexis Mikhailovitch, since which time the boundaries of Russia have been continually enlarged. The acquisitions are marked by colours, with explanations. This Map contains, besides, a table of the principal treaties of peace, indicating the places where they were concluded, and their object.

IX. Map of Siberia, showing its progressive discovery, and a description of the conquest of this country ; on this the route taken by Jermak is marked.

X. Table of the limits of the empire, its progressive extent, the gradual state of its force, the rivers, lakes, chains of mountains, canals ; the inhabitants are divided into races, pointing out their abodes ; the total population of Russia, divided according to classes, religions, &c.

XI. The principal natural productions of the three kingdoms, especially those of the mines, fisheries, and agriculture.

XII. Public instruction ; manufactories ; foreign, inland, and transit trade.

XIII. Division of Russia into governments, dioceses, &c. with the chief towns of the governments, and their population, the district towns, &c. number of square miles, &c.

XIV. Countries not included in the governments ; the kingdom of Poland, Finland, Georgia, country of the Cossacks of the Don.

XV. Money, weights and measures, compared with those of the other countries of Europe.

The Department for Popular Instruction has published a Daco-Wallachian Grammar, by Stephen Murzella, Councillor of State. Though this language is spoken in Bessarabia, Moldavia and Wallachia, there have hitherto been no means of acquiring a knowledge of it. The first part contains a selection of phrases, and the second the Grammar.

SAXONY.

THE Journal of the Travels in the East by the late M. Seetzen has been prepared for the press by several learned men, and will be edited it is said by Professor Kruse of Halle.

M. Ebert, the celebrated Bibliographer and Librarian of the Royal Library at Dresden, is now publishing a periodical work, entitled "Contributions to the History, Literature, and Arts of former and present Times." A new number (the third) has just appeared, of which the following are the contents:—1. A Glance at Bohemia, by T. E. Faber—2. A Trait in the Character of Frederic William I.—3. A Letter of Klopstock—4. Voltaire's Opinion of Frederic II. in 1740—5. Recollections of Berlin in 1796, by Böttiger—6. Printing in Portugal in the 15th century—7. On the History of the Bridges at Dresden—8. Swiss Life and Manners—9. Inedited Letters of Winkelmann—10. A Journey to the University of Kiel, with remarks on the state of literature there in 1797, by Böttiger—11. Sir Walter Scott and his German translators.

Mr. Rosetty, of Bucharest, who has been studying two years in Leipzig, and takes particular pains to cultivate the Daco-Wallachian language, is the first of his nation who has made an attempt to publish a journal in that language, under the title *Leipzig Fama für Dacien*; the first four numbers of which have already been printed by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, and sent by Mr. Rosetty to his country.

In the second volume of the "Anti-Symbolic," lately published by Voss, some curious particulars of his own life are given by the author, together with anecdotes of literary men in Germany with whom he had been connected, among others of Heyne, who it appears wrote reviews of nearly 800 works during the time he was connected with various Journals. Voss himself, independently of his other undertakings, wrote 100 dissertations, and every year about 3000 letters or notes, gave several courses of lectures, besides superintending the pecuniary concerns of several public institutions, &c. &c.

SPAIN.

THE Madrid Gazette announces a Spanish translation of Cobbett's History of the Reformation, by M. Chalumeau de Verneuil, dedicated to the Infant Don Francisco, brother of the King. A most pompous eulogium is bestowed on the original, "the production," says the Gazette, "of Sir William Cobbett, which has produced the most powerful impression in favour of the Catholics through all parts of the British Empire."

M. Inguanzo, Archbishop of Toledo, has lately published an order, prohibiting almost every description of books, prayer-books excepted, from entering his diocese. Every work in a foreign language, and every translation, and all the French and English Journals *en masse* are forbidden. Not satisfied with this, he has even prohibited his diocesans from entering the reading-rooms lately established, also from reading the works of Llorente, or Sempere on the revenues of the Church in Spain. An edition of the Psalms, published last year, and dedi-

cated to the King, has been also condemned, for which we have not heard any cause assigned. The French Minister, on the Archbishop's interference, has requested the members of the diplomatic corps not to show the Journals which they receive from France.

"Coleccion General de Comedias Escogidas." Under this title, and in 16 vols. it is intended to publish in a neat and correct form the best pieces of the old Spanish Theatre, since the time of Lope de Vega. Eight parts are already published, each containing two plays, by the same author. The productions of eight different authors will be included; the principal are Lope de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Rosa, and Montalvan. At the end of each piece the Editor gives a critical summary.

"Arte de hablar, en prosa y verso, por D. Jose Gomez Hermonilla, Secretary to the Council of Public Instruction," in 2 vols. Madrid, 1826. Dedicated to the Queen of Spain. This work seems, without any assignable cause, to have been suppressed, though it had been printed and published with the license of all the necessary authorities.

The Members of the Historical Academy at Madrid are now engaged in printing the *"Fuero Real,"* and several other works on legislation, of Alonzo the Wise, together with the Chronicle of the reign of Frederic IV. his grandson. They are also preparing a complete edition of the *"Historia Natural y General de las Indias, Ilas, y Tierra Firme del Mar Oceano,"* by Gonzalez Fernandez de Oviedo, (a contemporary of King Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the Emperor Charles V.) whose work is the result of his own observations in America, where he was long employed by the Spanish Government. His work contains information received personally from Columbus himself and the first conquerors of America. The work of Oviedo is in three parts, of which the first only was long since published, and was translated into French and Italian. The complete edition of the Madrid Academy will be illustrated by an extensive appendix, and learned notes on the history of America.

"Diccionario Geografico-Estadistico di España y Portugal, dedicado al Rei nuestro Señor, por el Dr. D. Sebastian di Miñano." This great work was originally commenced by the Spanish Academy of History, but they had not proceeded in it beyond the Basque Provinces and Navarre. Dr. Minano, who is also an academician, has availed himself of all the materials which have been collected for the work, and has also obtained more additional documents, through the assistance of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of different cities and provinces. He has already published 6 volumes in 4to, each volume containing more than 400 pages. The number of volumes is not fixed. The work includes a new general Map of Spain, besides many other maps and plates.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

THE journey which Professor Hansteen, of Christiana, has for some years meditated into Siberia, for the purpose of investigating the subject of the Magnetic Poles, is about to be performed at the public expense. The sum necessary for the purpose (4500 dollars) has been granted him by the Norwegian Diet. Naturalists and astronomers take the greatest interest in this expedition, of which Professor Hansteen has received from all quarters the

most flattering proofs. Professor Erman, in Berlin, has offered, that if Professor Hansteen will take his son, Dr. Erman, with him, he will not only provide him with the necessary instruments, but also contribute a thousand dollars to defray the expense of the journey.

The first part of the "Collection of the Ancient Laws of Sweden," edited, by the command of his Majesty, by Messrs. Collin and Schlyter, is now published. This first part contains the *Code of West Gothland*, with Glossaries, Preface, &c. The second volume, containing the *Laws of East Gothland*, is in preparation.

TURKEY.

Library of the Seraglio, at Constantinople.—It was Theotoky, of Corfu, who was raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Astrakan by the Empress Catherine, that suggested to Gregory Ghika, Secretary-interpreter to the Ottoman Porte, the idea of examining the remains of the library of the last Greek Emperors, preserved in the interior of the Seraglio. This interpreter being on very intimate terms with the eunuch who had the charge of the treasury of the Ottoman Porte, was allowed to enter the apartment of the library; for want of more valuable MSS. he took away the Series of Commentaries on the Old Testament, of which he had a copy made, and then restored the original. Notwithstanding the testimony of Ghika, it was still believed that some of the lost works of the Greek and Latin Classics would be found in the Library. But his testimony was confirmed by General Sebastiani. This skilful diplomatist, when ambassador from France to Constantinople, availed himself of the personal attachment of Sultan Selim, and his extraordinary influence over the Ottoman Ministry, to obtain permission, (which he applied for as the greatest favour,) to visit this library. Selim not only granted his request, but ordered the keeper of the imperial treasure to show the ambassador the whole of the library, and to offer him, as a present from himself, such books as he might select. Sebastiani carefully examined all the books contained in the library, but finding nothing except some theological MSS. he made choice of a magnificent MS. of the New Testament.—*Rizo, Cours de Littérature Grecque-Moderne.* "The Library of the Seraglio is built in the form of a Greek cross; one of the arms of which serves as the antichamber, and the other three with the center of the building contain the books. On the entrance-gate is an inscription in Arabic, *Enter in peace*. The middle of the cross is covered by a cupola supported on four marble columns. The three arms have six windows, three above and three below. The doors of the book-cases are of brass wire, with bolts, and the seal of the librarian. The books are piled one upon the other, with their edges outside, on which the title is inscribed. There are 1294 manuscripts, most of them Arabic; also a few good Persian and Turkish authors, but scarcely a single Greek, Latin or Hebrew work, that may be said to be known, or of the least importance. Of the Koran there are 17 copies, and of commentaries on it 143. The collection of traditions, relative to Mahomet, forms 182 volumes, and there are 324 works on Mahometan jurisprudence. Among the Arabic Manuscripts is preserved the famous work of *Dcheffer Kitubi*, in which the wise men of the east believe are inscribed the name and the destiny of all the sovereigns of Turkey and of Egypt, to the end of the world." *Bib. Ital.*

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM JULY TO OCTOBER, 1827, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY.

- 390 BAUMGARTEN Crusius. D., Lehrbuch der Christl. Moral. 8vo. *Leipzig*. 8s.
- 391 Evangelii secund. Mathæum versio Francica Seculi IX. nec non Gothica
Sæc. IV. quod superest, cur. D. J. A. Schmeller. 8vo. *Stuttgart*. 4s.
- 392 Haupt, Biblisches Casual-Text-Lexicon. 8vo. *Quedlinb.* 7s. 6d.
- 393 ——— Biblische Real und Verbal Encyclopædie, in Histor., Geogr., Phys.,
Archæol., Exeget. und Practischer Hinsicht, 3r Bd. 1e Abtheil. N—R. 8vo.
Ebend. 6s. 6d.
- 394 Hug. D., Einleitung in die Schriften des Neuen Testaments. 2 Thl. 3te verb.
und verm. Auflage. 8vo. *Stuttgart*. 18s.
- 395 Kirche, die katholische, besonders in Schlesien, in ihren Gebrechen dargestellt,
von einem Kathol. Geistlichen, 2te Aufl. 8vo. *Altenburg*. 8s.
- 396 Kirchenzeitung, allgemeine, ein Archiv für die neueste Geschichte und Statistik
der christl. Kirche Jahrg. 1827. 4to. *Darmstadt*. 2l. 2s. *Annual Subscription*.
- 397 Knapp D., Vorlesungen über die christliche Glaubenslehre, nach dem Lehrbegriff
der evangel. Kirche. Aus der hinterlass. Handschrift herausg. von D. Thilo.
2 vol. 8vo. *Halle*. 1l.
- 399 Matthæi, D., Synopse der 4 Evangelisten, nebst Kritik ihrer Wandererzählungen.
8vo. *Göttingen*. 2s. 6d.
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